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A SELECT
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OF
OLD PLAYS.

VOLUME THE TWELFTH.



LONDON:

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May. 1873

OLD PLAYS



E L V I R A :

O R,

The WORST not always TRUE.

A

C O M E D Y.

By GEORGE Lord DIGBY.



✓

VOL. XII.

A



THIS play is said, in the title page, to be wrote by a person of quality, which I am informed, from very good hands, was George lord Digby, commonly called the great lord Digby. Whether his merit as a poet, is equal to his character as a statesman, the reader must judge; but I thought a piece of this nature from so celebrated a man, could not fail of being acceptable to the public.





Dramatis Personæ.

Don Julio Rocca.

Don Pedro de Mendoza.

Don Fernando Solis, *in love with* Donna Elvira.

Don Zancho de Monezes, *in love with* Donna Blanca.

Fabio, *servant to* Don Fernando.

Fulvio, *servant to* Don Pedro.

Chichon, *servant to* Don Zancho.

A Page.

Donna Elvira, *a beautiful lady, Don Pedro's daughter.*

Donna Blanca, *a lady of high spirit, Don Julio's sister.*

Silvia, *Elvira's disguised name, when she was put to wait upon Donna Blanca.*

Francisca, *Donna Blanca's Woman.*

SCENE, VALENCIA.



ELVIRA:

O R,

The Worst not always true.

A

C O M E D Y.

A C T I.

SCENE I. The room in the inn.

Enter Don Fernando, and at another door his servant Fabio, both in riding-cloaths.

Don Fernando.



AVE you not been with him, Fabio, and given him

The note ?

Fab. I found him newly got out of his bed;

He seem'd much satisfy'd, though much surpriz'd,
With your arrival ; and as soon as possibly
He can get ready, he'll be with you here.

He

He says, he hopes some good occasion brings you
To Valencia, and that he shall not be
At quiet till he know it. 'Twas not fit
For me, without your orders, to give him
Any more light, than what your ticket did.

Don Fer. 'Tis well: go now and see if Donna Elvira

Be stirring yet, for I would gladly have her
A witness, even at first, to what shall pass
Betwixt my friend and me in her concernments:
If she be still asleep, Fabio, make bold
To knock, and wake her, w'have no time to lose.
O here she comes—Wait you, Don Julio.

[*Enter Donna Elvira. Ex. Fab.*]

Don. Elw. Ah, can you think my cares and sleep consistent?

Slumber, and tears, have sometimes met in dreams;
But hearts with such a weight as mine oppress'd,
Find still the heaviest sleep too light a guest.

Don Fer. Madam, though such least pity do
deserve,

Who by their own unsteadiness have drawn
Misfortune on themselves; yet truly, Elvira,
Such is my sense of yours, and my compassion,
To see a lady of your quality
Brought to such sad extreams in what is dearest,
As makes me even forget my own resentments,
Granting to pity the whole place of love,
And at that rate I'll serve you. Yet thus far
You must allow th' eruption of a heart
So highly injur'd, as to tell you frankly,
'Tis to comply with my own principles
Of honour, now, without the least relation
To former passion, or to former favours.

Don. Elw. Those you have found a ready way to
cancel;

Your sullen silence, during all your journey,
Might have spar'd you these superfluous words;
That had sufficiently instructed me

What power meer appearances have had,
 Without examination, to destroy,
 With an umbragious nature, all that love
 Was ever able on the solid'st grounds
 To found and to establish. Yet methinks,
 A man that boasts such principles of honour,
 And of such force to sway him in his actions,
 In spite of all resentments, should reflect,
 That honour does oblige to a suspense
 At least, of judgment, when surprising chances
 Yet unenquir'd into, tempt gallant men
 To prejudicial thoughts of those, with whom
 They had settled friendship upon virtuous grounds.
 But 'tis from heav'n, I see, and not from you,
 Elvira must expect her vindication ;
 And until then submit to th' hardest fate,
 That ever can befall a generous spirit,
 Of being oblig'd by him that injures her.

Fer. Nay speak, Elvira, speak, you have me attentive:
[With a kind of scornful accent.]

It were a wonder worthy of your wit,
 To make me trust my ears before my eyes.

Don. Elv. Those are the witnesses indeed, Fernando,
 To whose true testimony's false inference
 You owe my moderation and my silence,
 And that I leave it to the gods and time,
 To make appear both to the world and you,
 The maxim false, that still the worst proves true.

Enter Fabio.

Fab. Don Julio is without.

Fer. Wait on him in——

[Exit Fabio.]

And now, Elvira,
 If you'll be pleas'd to rest yourself awhile
 Within that closet, you may hear what passes
 Betwixt my friend and me, until such time
 As I by some discourse having prevented
 Too great surprize, you shall think fit t' appear ;
 He is the man, (as I have often told you
 During my happy days) for whom alone

I have

I have no reserves, and 'tis to his assistance,
 That I must owe the means of serving you,
 In the concernments of your safety and honour;
 And therefore, madam, 'twill be no offence,
 I hope, to trust him with the true occasion
 That brings me hither, to employ his friendship,
 Observing that respect in the relation,
 Which I shall always pay you.

[*Elvira retiring as into the closet.*

Don. Elv. There needs no management in the relation,

I am indifferent what others think,
 Since those who ought t' have thought the best, have
 fail'd me:

Sir, I obey, resign'd up to your conduct,
 Till mistress of my own.

[*Exit.*

Enter Don Julio; Fernando and he embrace.

Don Jul. My joy to have my dear Fernando here
 So unexpectedly, as great as 'tis,
 Cannot make Julio unsensible
 Of th' injury you have done him, t' have alighted
 And pass'd a night within Valencia,
 At any other place than at his house;
 Donna Blanca herself will scarce forgive it,
 When she shall know it.

Don Fer. I hope she's well.

Jul. She is so, thanks to heaven;
 But I must bid you expect a chiding from her.

Fer. You both might well accuse me of a failure,
 Did not th' occasion of my coming hither
 Bring with it an excuse, alas too just,
 As you will quickly find.

Don Jul. Nay, then you raise disquiet, ease me quickly,
 By telling me what 'tis; of this be sure,
 Heart, hand, and fortune, are entirely yours
 At all essays.

Fer. It is not new t'ye, that I was a lover
 Engaged in all the passion that e'er beauty,

[*After pausing awhile.*

In height of it's perfection, could produce ;
 And that confirm'd by reason, from her wit,
 Her quality, and most unblemish'd conduct ;
 Nor was there more to justify my love,
 Than to persuade my happiness in her
 Just correspondence to it, by all the ways
 Of honourable admission, that might serve
 To make esteem transcend the pitch of love.

Don Jul. Of all this I have not only had knowledge,
 But great participation in your joys ;
 Than which, I thought nothing more permanent,
 Since founded on such virtue as Elvira's.

Don Fer. Ah, Julio, how fond a creature is the man,
 That founds his bliss upon a woman's firmness !
 Even that Elvira, when I thought myself
 Securest in my happiness, nothing wanting
 To make her mine, but those exterior forms,
 Without which, men of honour that pretend
 In way of marriage, would be loath to find
 Greater concession, where the love is greatest :
 As I was sitting with her, late at night,
 By usual admittance to her chamber,
 As two whose hearts in wedlock-bands were join'd,
 And seem'd above all other care but how
 Best to disguise things to a wayward father,
 Till time, and art, might compass his consent ;
 A sudden noise was heard in th' inner room
 Belonging to her chamber : she starts up
 In manifest disorder, and runs in,
 Desiring me to stay, till she had seen
 What caus'd it ; I impatient, follow,
 As fearing for her, had it been her father :
 My head no sooner was within the room,
 But strait I spy'd, behind a curtain shrinking,
 A goodly gallant, but not known to me.

Don Jul. Heavens ! what can this be ?

Fer. You will not think that there, and at that hour,
 I stay'd to ask his name ; he, ready as I
 To make his sword th' expresser of his mind,

We soon determin'd what we fought ; I hurt
 But slightly in the arm, he fell as slain,
 Run through the body : what Elvira did,
 My rage allow'd me not to mark ; but strait
 I got away, more wounded to the heart,
 Than he I left for dead.

Jul. Prodigious accident ! where can it end ?

Fer. I got safe home, where carefully conceal'd,
 I fought, by Fabio's diligence, to learn
 Who my slain rival was, and what became
 Of my unhappy mistress, and what course
 Don Pedro de Mendoza took, to right
 The honour of his house.

Don Jul. You long'd not more to know it then, than I
 Do now.

Don Fer. All could be learn'd was this : That my
 rival,
 Whom I thought dead, was likely to recover,
 And that he was a stranger lately come
 Up to the court, to follow some pretensions ;
 His name he either learn'd not perfectly,
 Or did not well retain. As for Elvira,
 That none knew where she was, and that Don Pedro
 Had set a stop to prosecution
 In any publick way ; with what reserves
 Was not yet known.

Don Jul. More and more intricate.

Don Fer. I must now come to that you least would
 look for.

I had but few days past in my concealment
 (Resentment and revenge still boiling in me)
 When late one evening, as I buried was
 In deepest thought, I suddenly was rous'd
 By a surprising apparition, Julio,
 Elvira in my chamber, speaking to me
 With rare assurance, thus — Don Fernando,
 I come not here to justify myself,
 That were below Elvira, towards one
 Whose action in deserting me hath shown

So disobligingly, his rash judgment of me.
 I come to mind you of honour, not of love :
 Mine can protection seek from none but yours.
 I've hitherto been shelter'd from the fury
 Of my enrag'd father, by my cousin Camilla ;
 But that's no place, you easily may judge,
 For longer stay ; I do expect from you
 'To be convey'd, where free from violence,
 And from new hazards of my wounded fame,
 I may attend my righting from the gods.

Don. Jul. Can guilt maintain such confidence in a
 maid ?

Yet how to think her innocent, I know not.

Don Fer. 'Twere loss of time to dwell on circum-
 stances,

Either of my wonder, or reply ; in short,
 What I found honour dictated, I did ;
 Within two hours I put her in a coach,
 And favour'd by the night, convey'd her safe
 Out of Madrid to Ocana, and thence
 In three days hither to Valencia,
 The only place where, by your generous aid,
 I could have hopes to settle and secure
 Her person and her honour. That once done,
 Farewell to Spain : I'll to the wars of Milan,
 And there soon put a noble end to cares.

Don Jul. Let us first think how to dispose of her,
 Since here you say she is ; that done which presses,
 You will have time to weigh all other things.

Don Fer. My thoughts can pitch upon no other way
 Decent or safe for her, but in a convent,
 If you have any abbess here to friend.

Don Jul. I have an aunt, ruling the Ursulins,
 With whom I have full power, and she is wise,
 In case that course were to be fix'd upon ;
 But that's not my opinion.

Don Fer. What can your reason be ?

Don Jul. Last remedies, in my judgment,
 Are not to be used, till easier have been try'd ;

Had

Had this strange accident been thoroughly
 Examin'd, in all its circumstances,
 And that from thence she were convicted guilty,
 Nought else were to be thought on, but a cloister :
 But as things stand imperfectly discover'd,
 Although appearances condemn her strongly,
 I cannot yet conclude a person guilty
 Of what throughout so contradictory seems
 To the whole tenor of her former life,
 As well as to her quality and wit ;
 And therefore let's avoid precipitation.
 Let my house be her shelter for a while ;
 You know, my sister Blanca is discreet,
 And may be trusted, she shall there be serv'd
 By her and me, with care and secrecy.

Don Fer. The offer's kind, but nowise practicable,
 And might prove hazardous to Blanca's honour,
 When it should once break out (as needs it must)
 From servants seeing such a guest so treated.

Don Jul. That, I confess, I know not how to answer ;
 But could Elvira's mind submit unto it,
 I could propose a course without objection.

Don. Fer. That she can soon resolve ; what is it,
 Julio ?

Don Jul. A gentlewoman who waited on my sister,
 Hath newly left her service for a husband,
 And it is known she means to take another ;
 I have a ready way to recommend one,
 By Violante, of whose love and mine
 You are not ignorant, since that e'er this
 We had been married, had not kindred forc'd us
 To wait a dispensation for't from Rome ;
 Blanca I'm sure will readily embrace
 Any occasion of obliging her.

Don Fer. That were a right expedient indeed,
 Could but Elvira's spirit brook it.

[Enter Elvira as from the closet.

Elv. You have ill measures of Elvira's spirit,
 Mistaken Don Fernando. Till heaven's justice

Shall her entirely to herself restore,
 The lowlier shape her fate shall hide her under,
 The more 'twill fit her humour.

[Julio starts back as it were amazed.]

Don Jul. [Aside.] O heavens! can guilt with such
 perfection dwell,

And put on such assurance? It cannot be.

[Don Julio addressing himself to her, and beginning.]

She holding out her hand and interrupting him,

Don Jul. Madam.

Elv. Spare compliments, and let your actions speak,
 Those may oblige both him and me; your words
 Cannot comply with both.

Julio aside. — Did ever yet
 Such majesty with misery combine,
 But in this woman?

To her.] ————— Madam, I obey,
 And since you 're pleas'd t'approve what I propos'd,
 No moment shall be lost in th' execution.

[Exit Julio, Fernando accompanying him and Fabio.]

Elvira sola.

O how unkindly have the heavens dealt
 With womankind, above all other creatures!
 Our pleasure, and our glory, to have placed
 All on the brink of precipices, such
 As every breath can blow the least light of us
 Headlong into, past all hopes of redemption:
 Nor can our wit, or virtue, give exemption.
 'Tis true, I lov'd; but justify'd therein
 By spotless thoughts, and by the object's merit,
 I deem'd myself above the reach of malice;
 When in an instant, by another's folly,
 I am more lost than any by my own.
 Accurs'd Don Zanco, what occasion
 E'er gave Elvira to thy mad intrusion?
 Unless disdain and scorn incentives are,
 To make men's passions more irregular.
 Ah, matchless rigor of the powers above!
 Not only to submit our honour's fate

Unto

Unto the vanity of those we love,

But to the rashness even of those we hate. [Exit.

[Enter Donna Blanca at one door, reading a paper with great marks of passion and disturbance, and her waiting woman Francisca at another, observing her.]

Blan. Ah, the traitor !

Fran. What can this mean ? [Aside.

Blan. Was this thy sweet pretension at Madrid,
Drawn out in length, and hind'ring thy return ?
Thy fair pretence thou should'st have said, false man.

Fran. For love's sake, madam, what can move you thus ?

Blan. For hate's sake, say, and for revenge, Francisca,

And so thou may'st persuade me to discover
My shame unto thee. Read, read, that letter ;
'Tis from your favourite, Chichon.

[Francisca takes the letter and reads it.]

Madam, to make good my engagements of concealing nothing from you, during this absence of my master ; I am bound to tell you, that some ten days since, late at night, he was left for dead, run through the body by another unknown gallant, in the chamber of a famed beauty of the court. Whilst the danger continued, I thought it not fit to let you know either the accident, or the occasion ; which, now he is recovered, and thinking of his return to Valencia, I must no longer forbear. I hope you will have a care not to undo me for being more faithful to you, than to the master you gave me.

Your creature Chichon.

Blan. Have I not a worthy gallant, think you ?

Fran. Madam, this comes of being over-curious,
And gaining servants to betray their masters ;
How quiet might you have slept, and never felt
What pass'd with your Don Zanchó at Madrid !
His pale and dismal looks at his return,

Though

Though caus'd by loss of blood in the hot service
 Of other dames, might fairly have been thought
 Effects of care, and want of sleep for you ;
 And taken so, have pass'd for new endearments,
 Who ever pry'd into another's letter,
 Or slyly hearken'd to another's whisper,
 But saw, or heard, somewhat did not please him ?
 'Twas Eve's curiosity undid us all.

Blan. Away with thy moralities, dull creature,
 I'll make thee see, and false Don Zanchó feel,
 That Blanca's not a dame to be so treated.
 But who are those I hear without, whoe'er
 They be, they come at an unwelcome hour.

[*Francisca looks out.*

Fran. Madam, it is a page of Violante's
 Ushering a handsome maid.

[*Enter a page with a letter and Elvira ; the page
 presents the letter to Blanca, she addresses her-
 self to Elvira, and she throws up her veil.*

Blan. This letter is in your behalf, fair maid,

[*Having read the letter.*

There's no denying such a recommender ;
 But such a face as yours is, needed none.
 Page, tell your lady as much ; and you, Silvia,

[*Turning.*

(For so she says you are call'd) be confident
 Y're fallen into the hands of one that knows
 How to be kind, more as your friend than mistress,
 If your demeanour and good nature answer
 But what your looks do promise.

Elv. Madam, it is the noble charity

[*By the name of Silvia.*

Of those you cast upon me, not mine own,
 To which I must acknowledge any advantage
 I ever can pretend to, more than what
 Fair Violante's mediation gives me.

Blan. She's strangely handsome, and how well she
 speaks! [*Aside to Francisca.*

Fran. So, so, methinks: you know new-comers,
 madam, Set

et still the best foot forward.

Blan. And know as well, that you decaying stagers
Are always jealous of new comers, young
And handsome.

Fran. You may be as sharp upon me, as you please,
know to what t'attribute your ill humour.

Blan. Francisca, entertain her, I'll go write
To Violante, and then rest a while
In hopes to ease the head-ach that hath seiz'd me ;
That done, sweet Silvia, we shall talk at leisure.

[Exit Blanca.

Fran. Sweet Silvia ! kind epithets are for new faces.

[Aside.

Silv. Now comes the hard part of my task indeed,
To act the fellow waiting-woman right.
But since the gods already have conform'd
My mind to my condition, I do hope,
They'll teach me words and gestures suitable. [Aside.

[Francisca embraces Silvia.

Fran. Let me embrace thee, my sweet sister, and beg
you

To be no niggard of a little kindness ;
A very little serves with such a face,
To gain what heart you please.

Silv. If it can help to gain me yours, I'll take it
For the best office that it ever did me,
And love it much the better.

Fran. Make much on't then, for that it has done al-
ready.

Silv. If you will have me vain enough to think it,
You must confirm it, by the proof of being
My kind instructor how to please my lady,
For I am very raw in service.

Fran. ——— O that
I were so too, and had thy youth t'excuse it ;
But my experience, sister, shall be yours,
By free communication. Come, let's in
And rest us in my chamber, there I'll give you

First

First handſel of the frankneſs of my nature.

[*Exeunt Silvia and Francisca.*]

Enter Don Zanche and Chichon his man, in riding habits.

Don Zan. I muſt confeſs, Chichon, the very ſmell
Of ſweet Valencia has even reviv'd my ſpirits.
There is no ſuch pleaſure, as to ſuck and breathe
One's native air.

Chich. Chiefly after being in ſo fair a way
As you, of never breathing any more.

Don Zan. Pr'ythee no more of that ; ſince I have for-
got it,

Methinks thou eaſily may'ſt.

Chich. Faith hardly, ſir, whiſt ſtill your ghawly face
Doth bear ſuch diſmal memorandums of it,
Apter to raiſe inquiſitivenefs in thoſe
Know nothing of the matter, than t'allay
Remembrance in partakers.

Don Zan. Heaven ſhield us from Donna Blanca's
queries,

No matter for the reſt.

Chich. You would not wiſh to find her ſo unconcern'd,
I'm ſure you would not ; faith I long to hear
Th' ingenious defeats, I make account,
You are prepar'd to give to her ſuſpicions.

Don Zan. Let me alone for that : but on thy life
Be ſure that nothing be ſcrew'd out of thee,
Neither by her, nor by her ſly Francisca.

Chich. Be you, ſir, ſure, that from your true Chichon,
They'll know no more to day, than yeſterday
They did, nor thence more to the world's end,
Than what they did before we left Madrid.

Don Zan. Truly, Chichon, we needs muſt find the
means

To get a ſight of her this very night ;
I die if I ſhould miſs it.

Chich. Laſt week left gasping for Elvira's love,
And ſcarce reviv'd, when preſently expiring
For Blanca's again—I did not think Don Cupid

Had

Had been a merchant of such quick returns.

Don Zan. Thou art an ass, and want'st distinctiveness
'Twixt love and love ; that was a love of sport,
To keep the serious one in breath.

Chich. Faith, sir, I must confess my ignorance,
That when I saw you groveling in your blood,
I thought your love had been in sober sadness.

Don Zan. Pr'ythee leave fooling, and let's carefully
Gain the back way into my house unseen,
That none may know of my return, till Blanca
Find me at her feet : And be you industrious
T'observe Don Julio's going forth this evening ;
Doubtless he'll keep his usual hours abroad
At Violante's, since not married yet.

Chich. I shall observe your orders punctually.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Don Julio, and knocks as at Blanca's door.

Don Jul. What, sister, at your Siesta already ? if so,
You must have patience to be wak'd out of it,
For I have news to tell you. [Enter Blanca.

Blan. No, brother, I was much more pleasingly
Employ'd, in serving you ; that is, making
My court to Violante, by receiving
To wait upon me in Lucilla's place,
A gentlewoman of her recommending.

Don Jul. Where is she ? let me see her.

Blan. ———'Twere not safe,
She is too handsome. You think now I jest ;
But, without raillery, she is so lovely,
That were not Violante very assur'd
Of her own beauty, and the strong ideas
That still upholds within you, one might question
Her wit, to have set her in her gallant's way.
But what's the news you mean ?

Jul. That our dear friend and kinsman, Don Fer-
nando,
Is come to town, and going for Italy :
The secret of it doth so much import him,
It forc'd him to forbear alighting here,

And

And lodging with us as he us'd to do ;
 But yet he says, nothing shall hinder him
 From waiting on you in the dusk of th' evening :
 I hope you'll find wherewith to regale him.

Blan. As well as you have drain'd my cabinets
 Of late, in presents to your mistress, some
 Perfumes will yet be found, such as at Rome
 Itself shall not disgrace Valencia.

Don Jul. I know your humour, and that the best
 present

Can be given you, is to give you the occasion
 Of presenting ; but I am come in now
 Only to advertise you, and must be gone ;
 Yet not I hope without a sight of one
 So recommended, and commended so.

Blan. I should have thought you strangely chang'd
 in humour,
 Should you have gone away so uncuriously.
 Ho !

[*She knocks.*]

Enter Francisca.

Fran. What please you, madam ?

Blan. Pr'ythee tell Silvia I would speak with her.
 Well, clear your eyes, and say I have no skill,
 If she appears not t'ye exceeding handsome.

[*Enter Francisca with Silvia ; Julio salutes her.*]

Don Jul. Welcome, fair maid, into this family,
 Where, whilst you take a servant's name upon you
 To do my sister honour, you must allow
 It's master to be yours, and that by strongest ties,
 Knowing who plac'd you here, and having eyes.

Silv. I wish my service, sir, to her and you,
 May merit such a happy introduction.

Don Jul. Farwell, sister, till anon, accompanied
 As now you are, I think you'll miss me little.

[*Exit Julio.*]

Blan. I must confess I ne'er could better spare you
 Than at this time, but not for any reason
 That you, I hope, can guess at.

Francisca,

Francisca, you and Silvia may retire

[*Exeunt Silvia and Francisca.*]

And entertain yourselves ; I'll to my closet

And try to rest.

————— Or rather, to vent freely

My restless thoughts. O the self-torturing part !

[*Aside.*]

To force complaisance from a jealous heart.

[*Exit.*]



A C T II.

SCENE changes to the room in the inn.

Enter Don Julio and Don Fernando.

Don Julio.

Albricias, friend, for the good news I bring you,
All has fallen out as well as we could wish.
As to Elvira's settling with my sister,
So lucky a success, in our first aims
Concerning her, I trust, does bode good fortune
Beyond our hopes ; yet, in the farther progress
Of this affair—

Don Fer. There's no such thing in nature left as
better,

Julio, the worst proves always true with me.
Yet pr'ythee tell, how does that noble beauty
(Wherein high quality is so richly stamp'd)
Comport her servile metamorphosis ?

Don Jul. As one, whose body, as divine as 'tis,
Seems bound to obey exactly such a mind,
And gently take whate'er shape that imposes.

Don Fer. Ah, let us mention her no more, my Julio ;
Ideas flow upon me too abstracted

From

From her unfaithfulness, and may corrupt
 The firmest reason : above all be sure
 I do not see her so transform'd, lest that
 Transform me too ; I'll rather pass with Blanca
 Both for unkind and rude, and leave Valencia
 Without seeing her.

Don Jul. Leave that to me, Fernando;
 But if you intend the honour to my sister,
 It will be time, the night draws on apace.

Fer. Come, let's be gone then.

[*As they are going out, enter Fabio hastily.*]

Fab. Stay, sir, for heaven's sake stay—

Don Fer. Why, what's the matter ?

Fab. That will surprize you both, as much as me,
 Don Pedro de Mendoza is below,
 Newly alighted ?

Don Fer. Ha ! What say'st thou, firrah ?
 Elvira's father—

Fab. Sir, the very same,
 And he had scarcely set one foot to ground,
 When he enquir'd, where lives Don Julio Rocca ?

Don Jul. For my house, Fabio ? It cannot be,
 I never knew the man.

Don Fer. The thing does speak itself, and my hard
 fate ;
 What else could bring him hither, but pursuit
 Of me, and of his daughter ? having learn'd
 The way we took ; and what so easy, Julio,
 Here at Valencia, as to know our friendship ;
 And then of consequence, your house to be
 My likeliest retreat ?

Don Jul. 'Tis surely so,
 Let us apply our thoughts to best preventives.

Don Fer. Whilst we retire into the inner room
 T'advise together, Fabio, be you sure
 (Since unknown to him) to observe his motions.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE changes to the prospect of Valencia.

Enter Don Zanco and Chicon, as in the street near Julio's house.

Don Zanc. Newly gone out, say you?
That is as lucky as we could have wish'd ;
And see but how invitingly the door
Stands open still !

Chic. An open door may lead to a face of wood—

[Aside to Don Zanco.]

But mean you, sir, to go abruptly in
Without more ceremony ?

Don Zanc. Surprize redoubles (fool) the joys of
lovers.

But stay, Chicon, let's walk aside awhile
Till yonder coach be past.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE changes to the room in the inn.

Enter Don Julio and Don Fernando.

Don Jul. There is no safety in any other way,
You must not stir from hence, until w'have got
Some farther light, what course he means to steer,
Let Fabio be vigilant, I'll get home,
Down that back stairs, and take such order there
Not to be found, in case he comes to enquire,
As for this night at least shall break his measures,
And in the morning we'll resolve together
Whether you ought to quit Valencia or no.

Don Fer. Farewel then for to night, I'll be alert ;
But see y' excuse me fairly to my cousin.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE

SCENE changes to Blanca's antichamber.

Enter Donna Blanca and Francisca.

Don. Blan. As well as Silvia pleases me, Francisca, I'm glad, at present, that she is not well, She would constrain me else ; she has wit enough To descant on my humour, and from thence To make perhaps discoveries, not fit For such new-comers.

Fran. If she has wit, she keeps it to herself, At least from me ; of pride, and melancholy I see good store.

Don. Blan. Still envious and detracting?

[Enter Don Zancho and Chicon.]

See who comes there, madam, to stop your mouth.

[Donna Blanca casting an eye that way, and Chicon clinging up close behind his master, and making a mouth.]

Chic. Sh' has spy'd us, and it thickens in the clear, I fear a storm ; goes not your heart pit-a-pat ?

[To his master, aside.]

Don. Blan. Ah, the bold traitor !—but I must dissemble,
And give his impudence a little line,
The better to confound him.

[Donna Blanca advancing to him, and as it were embracing him with an affected cheerfulness.]

Don. Blan. Welcome, as unexpected, my Don Zancho.

Don Zan. Nay, then we are safe, Chicon.

[Aside to Chicon.]

Incomparable maid, heaven bless those eyes,
From which I find a new life springing in me ;
Having so long been banish'd from their rays,
How dark the court appear'd to me without them ?
Could it have kept me from their influence,
As from their light, I had expir'd long since.

Don.

Don. Blan. Y' exprefs your love now in fo courtly
a ftile,

I fear you have acted it in earneft there,
And but rehearfe, to me, your country miftrefs.

Don Zanc. Ah, let Chicon but tell you how he
hath feen me

During my abfence from you.

Chic. I vow I have feen him even dead for love,
You might have found it in his very looks,
Before you brought the blood into his cheeks.

Don. Blan. E'en dead you fay for love, but fay of
whom ?

Don Zanc. Can Blanca ask a queftion fo injurious,
As well to her own perfections, as my faith?

Don. Blan. I can hold no longer. [*Afide to Francisca.*
My faithful lover, then it is not you—

[*To him scornfully.*

Chic. She changes tone, I like not, faith, the key,
The mufick will be jarring. [*Afide to his mafter.*

Don. Blan. 'Tis not then you, Don Zanchó, who
having chang'd

His fuit at court into a love pretention,
And his concurrents into a gallant rival,
Fell by his hand, a bloody facrifice
At his fair miftrefs' feet ; who was it then ?

[*Don Zanchó ftands awhile as amaz'd, with folded
arms. Chicon behind his mafter, holding up his
hands, and making a pitful face ; Francisca
fteals to him, and holding up her hand threat-
ningly.*

Fran. A blab, Chicon, a pick-thank, peaching varlet!
Ne'er think to look me in the face again.

[*Afide to Chicon.*

Chic. In what part fhall I look thee, haft thou a
worfe ?

It is the devil has discover'd it—
Some witch dwells here, I've long fufpected thee.

[*Afide to Francisca.*

Fran.

Fran. I never more shall think thee worth my charms.

Don. Blan. What, struck dumb with guilt? perfidious man!

That happens most to the most impudent,
When once detected. Well, get thee hence,
And see thou ne'er presum'st to come again
Within these walls, or I shall let thee see
'Tis not at court alone, where hands are found,
To let such mad men blood.

[She turns as going away, and Don Zanco holds her gently by the gown.]

Don Zanc. Give me but hearing, madam, and then if——

Don Jul. What ho, no lights below stairs?

[Aloud as below.]

Fran. O heavens! madam, hear you not your brother?

Into the chamber quickly, and let them
Retire behind that hanging, there's a place,
Where usually we throw neglected things.
I'll take the lights and meet him; certainly
His stay will not be long from Violante,
At this time of the night; besides, you know,
He never was suspicious.

[Don Zanco and Chicon go behind the hanging, and Donna Blanca retiring to her chamber, says]

Don. Blan. Capricious fate! must I, who whilst I
lov'd him

Ne'er met with checking accident, fall now
Into extreamest hazards, for a man
Whom I begin to hate?

[Exit; and Francisca at another door with the lights.]

[Francisca re-enters with Don Julio.]

Don Jul. Where's my sister?

Fran. In her chamber, sir,
Not very well, she's taken with a megrim.

Don.

Don Jul. Light me in to her.

[*Exit Don Julio, Francisca lighting him with one of the lights. Chicon peeping out from behind the hanging.*]

Chic. If this be Cupid's prison, 'tis no sweet one,
Here are no chains of roses; yet I think
Y' had rather b'in't than in Elvira's chamber,
As gay and as perfum'd as 'twas.

Don Zanc. Hold your peace, puppy; is this a time
for fooling?

Enter Francisca, and Chicon starts back.

Fran. coming towards him. Chicon, look out, you
may, the coast is clear. [*Chic. looks out.*]
Could I my lady's near concerns but sever
From yours in this occasion, both of you
Should dearly pay your falsehood.

Chic. You are jealous too, I see; but help us out
This once, and if you catch me here again,
Let Chicon pay for all, faithful Chicon.

Fran. Y'are both too lucky, in the likelihood
Of getting off so soon; stay but a moment
Whilst I go down to see the wicket open,
And see that there be nobody in the way.

[*Exit Francisca.*]

Chic. It is a cunning drab, and knows her trade.

Re-enter Francisca, and comes to the hanging.

Fran. There's now some witch o'th' wing indeed,
Chicon.

Julio, that never till this night forbore
To go to Violante's e'er he slept,
And pass some hours there; Julio, who never
Inquired after the shutting of a door,
Hath lock'd the gate himself, at's coming in,
And bid a servant wait below till midnight,
With charge to say to any that should knock

And ask for him, that he's gone sick to bed ;
What it can mean I know not.

Chic. I would I did not ; but I have too true
An almanack in my bones, foretells a beating
Far surer than foul weather. He has us, faith,
Fast in lob's-pond ; heaven send him a light hand,
'To whom my fustigation shall belong :
As for my master, he may have the honour
To be rebuked at sharp.

Fran. May terror rack this varlet ; but for you, sir,
Be not dismay'd, the hazard's not so great :
Yonder balcony at farther end o' th' room
Opens into the street, and the descent is
Little beyond your height, hung by the arms :
When Julio is asleep, I shall not fail
To come and let you out ; I keep the key ;
In the mean while you must have patience.

Chic. It were a nasty hole to stay in long,
Did not my fear correct its evil flavour. [*Aside.*
Dame, you say well for him, with whom I think
Y' have measur'd length, you speak so punctually
Of his dimensions ; but I see no care
For me, your pretty, not your proper man,
Who does abhor feats of activity. [*To her.*

Fran. Ill help you, with a halter.

[*Ex.. Fran. and Chic. retires.*

SCENE changes to Blanca's bed-chamber.

*Enter Blanca and Silvia, and soon after Francisca, as
in Blanca's chamber, she sitting at her toilet undressing.*

Blan. My brother told me I should see him again,
Before he went to rest.

Fran. I think I hear him coming.

Blan. to Fran. He'll not stay long I hope, for I am on
thorns
Till I know they are out. I'th' mean while
We must persuade Silvia to go to bed,

Left some odd chance should raise suspicion in her,
Before I know her fitness for such trusts.

Enter Don Julio. Silvia offers to unpin her gorget.

Don. Blan. I pr'ythee, Silvia, leave, and get thee
gone

To bed, you ha'nt been well, nor are not yet ;
Your heavy eyes betray indisposition.

Don. Silv. Good madam, suffer me, 'twill make me
well

To do you service.

Don. Blan. Brother, I ask your help, [To Jul.
Take Silvia hence, and see her in her chamber ;
This night she must be treated as a stranger,
And you must do the honour of your house.

[Julio goes to Silvia, and taking her by the hand
leads her away.

Sil. Since you will not let me begin to serve,
I will begin to obey. [Making a low courtsey.

Fran. Quaint, in good faith. [Bridling.

Don Jul. My sister's kinder than she thinks, to give
me [To Silv. as he leads her.

This opportunity of telling Silvia,
How absolutely mistress, in this place,
Elvira is.

[Francisca whispers all this while with Blanca.

Sil. Good sir, forget that name.

[Exeunt Julio and Silvia.

Don. Blan. If that be so, what shall we do, Fran-
cisca ?

What way to get them out ?

Fran. It is a thing so unusual with him,
It raises ominous thoughts, else I make sure
To get them off, as well as you can wish ;
But if already awaken'd by suspicion,
Nothing can then be sure.

Don. Blan. O fear not ; that what you have seen
him do

Of unaccustom'd, I dare say relates
To quite another business.

Fran. Then set your heart at rest, from all disturbance

Arising from this accident.

Don. Blan. If you are certain
To get them off so clear from observation,
Twill out of doubt be best; I'll tell my brother
Don Zanchó is return'd, and had call'd here
This evening to have seen him; for my fears
Sprang only from the hour, and the surprize,
Warm'd as he then had found me, since you know
How little apt he is to jealousy.

Fran. Madam, y' have reason, that will make all
sure,
In case he should be told of's being here,
The time of's stay can hardly have been noted.

Enter Don Julio.

Don Jul. As an obedient brother I have perform'd
What you commanded me.

Don. Blan. A hard injunction from a cruel sister,
To wait upon a handsome maid to her chamber.

Don Jul. You see I've not abused your indulgence
By staying long, nor can I stay, indeed,
With you, I must be abroad so early
To-morrow morning; therefore, dear, good night.

Don. Blan. Stay brother, stay, I had forgot to tell you
[*As he is going.*

Don Zanchó de Menezes is return'd,
And call'd this evening here t' have kiss'd your hands;
Francisca spake with him.

Don Jul. I hope he's come successful in his suit,
To-morrow I'll go see him. [Ex. D. *Jul.*

Don. Blan. You see he's free from umbrage on that
subject.

Fran. I see all's well, and may he sleep profoundly—
The sooner, madam, you are abed, the better.

Don.

Don Blan. Would once my fears were over, that my
rage

Might have its course.

Fran. I shall not stop it,

But after it has had its full career,

'Twill pause, I hope, and reason find an ear.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to the room in the inn.

Enter Don Fernando and Fabio.

Don Fer. Is he gone out ?

Fab. No, sir, not as yet ;

But seeing the servant he had sent abroad

Newly return'd, I listen'd at his door,

And heard him plainly give him this account—

That he had found Don Julio Rocca's house,

And having knock'd a good while at the door,

Answer was made him, without opening it,

Don Julio's not at home ; whereat Don Pedro,

Impatient, rose, and calling for his cloak

And sword, he swore he'd rather wait himself

Till midnight at his door, than lose a night

In such a pressing business—This I thought

Fit to acquaint you with, and that he spake

Doubtfully of his returning to lodge here.

Don Fer. You have done well, but must do better yet,

In following him, and being sure to lose

No circumstance of what he does.

Fab. To dog him, possibly might be observ'd,

This moon-light, by his servant; but since, sir,

We're certain whither he goes, my best course,

I think, will be to go out the back way,

And place myself beforehand in some porch

Near Julio's house, where I may see and hear

What passes, and then do as I shall see cause.

Don Fer. 'Tis not ill thought on ; but how late
soever

Your return be, I shall expect to see you
Before we go to bed.

Fab. I shall not fail.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to Donna Blanca's antichamber.

Enter Francisca, and goes to the hanging where Don Zanchico and Chicon are hid.

Fran. Ho—trusty servant with his faithful master !
Come out, the balcony's open, lose no time,
Julio's abed, and fast asleep e'er this—
'There's no-body in the street, it is so light
One may discover a mile, therefore be quick.

[*Don Zanchico and Chicon come out from behind the hanging, and follow her, as leading to the balcony.*]
[*Exeunt.*]

[*And soon after Don Zanchico and Chicon appear as in the balcony, and Francisca's head as peeping out of the door into it.*]

SCENE changes to the prospect of Valencia.

Enter Fabio as in the street, and settling himself in a porch.

Fab. Here is a porch as if 'twere built on purpose—

[*Fabio looking up, perceives them in the balcony.*]

Ha ! here's a vision that I little dreamt of ;
Stand close, Fabio, and mum.

[*Don Zanchico gets over the balcony, and letting himself down at arm's end, leaps gently into the street. Chicon offers at the like, but takes a fall as he lights, and rising, counterfeits lameness. Francisca retires and locks the balcony.*]

Chic. Curse on the drab, I think I've broke my leg.
Fab.

Fab. The moon has turn'd my brains, or I've seen
That person somewhere, and that very lately—

[*He pauses, scratching his head.*]

But sure I'm mad, to think it can be he.

[*Exeunt Don Zanco and Chicon as turning down
the next street.*]

Enter Don Pedro and Fulvio.

Fab. O, now I see my men.

[*Retiring into the porch.*]

Don Ped. This is the street, you say; which is the
house?

Fulv. That fair one over against the monastery;
Shall I go knock?

Don Ped. What else?

[*Fulvio knocks as at Don Julio's door, and no-
body answers.*]

Don Ped. Knock harder.

[*He knocks again, and one asks as from within,
who's there?*]

Don Ped. A stranger, who must needs speak with Don
Julio—

Although unknown to him, my business presses.

From within. Whoe'er you be, and whatsoe'er your
business,

You must have patience till to-morrow, sir,
Don Julio went sick to bed, and I dare not
Wake him.

Don Ped. Fortune takes pleasure, sure, in dis-
appointing

When men are press'd with most impatience;
But since there is no remedy, guide, Fulvio,
Unto the lodging y'have provided for me;
I hope 'tis near at hand.

Fulv. Not above three doors from Don Julio's,
There, where it makes the corner of the street. [*Pointing.*]

Fab. Here I must follow till I've harbour'd them.

[*Exeunt, Fab. stealing after them.*]

SCENE changes to the room in the inn.

Enter Don Fernando alone, as in his chamber.

Don. Fer. It cannot now be long e'er Fabio come,
And 'twere in vain to go to bed before,
For rest I'm sure I should not—

[He walks about the room pensively.]

Ah, my Elvira!—Mine? thou dost infect
My very words with falshood when I name thee:
Did ever mistress make a lover pay
So dear as I, for the short bliss she gave?
What now I suffer in exchange of that,
May make mankind afraid of joys excessive.
But here he comes—

[Enter Fabio.]

Have you learn'd any thing.

That's worth the knowing?

[To Fabio.]

Fab. Two things I think considerable, fir;
The one, that Julio hath found means to gain
This night to cast your business in, without
Admitting Don Pedro, whose pressures
Might have been troublesome, and urged you
To nasty resolutions; whereas, now,
You've time to take your measures. The other, fir,
Is, that Don Pedro lodges here no more,
And consequently hath eas'd you of constraint
Whilst you rest here, and left the way more free
For intercourse betwixt Don Julio and you;
This more I must observe t'ye, that Don Pedro
Took special care to have his lodging near
Don Julio's house, whereby 'tis evident,
That there he makes account his business lies.

Don Fer. The news you bring me, hath been worth
your pains,
And thanks t'ye for't; I suppose that is all—

Fab. Perhaps there's something else.

Don Fer. Say, Fabio, what is't?

Fab. Pray, fir, allow me
This night, to think whether it be fit or no

To

To tell it you ; since 'tis a thing relates not,
As I conceive, to you, nor to your business,
And yet in the concernments of another
May trouble you.

Fer. Be not over wise, I pr'ythee, I will know
What 'tis, since you have rais'd curiosity
By such grimaces.

Fab. You must be obey'd : but pray remember, fir,
If afterwards I am call'd fool for my pains,
Who made me so ; but since I do not only
Expect the fool, but ready to be thought
A madman too, e'er I have done my story,
In this I will be wilful, not to tell it
Till y'are a-bed, that I may run away—
So if you long to hear it, hasten thither.

[Exit Fab. as to the chamber within.]

Don Fer. Content i'faith, you ask no great compliance.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE changes to the room in Zanchó's house.

Enter Don Zanchó ; and Chicón, as at home, halting.

Don Zan. We're well come off from danger, would
we were

But half as well from Blanca's jealousy.

Chic. Speak for yourself, I never came off worse ;
A pox upon your Venery, it has made me
Another Vulcan.

[He halts about, grumbling.]

Don Zan. Go rest to-night, or grumble, as you please,
But do not think limping will serve your turn
To-morrow ; faith, I'll make you stir your stumps ;
Think you a lover of my temper likely
To sit down by it so?

Chic. I'm sure I am only fit to sit down by it,
Since I can hardly stand.

[He makes as if he would sit down, and Don Zanchó giving him a kick on the breech.]

Don Zan. Coxcomb, come away.

Chic. To night's to night, to morrow's a new day. *[Ex.]*

A C T III.

Enter Don Fernando and Fabio, as in the room in the inn.

Don Fernando.

ARE all things ready, Fabio? in case Don Julio when he comes conclude with me That I should begone presently.

Fab. Horses stand ready for you at the Post-house.

D. Fer. 'Tis well, attend without. [*Exit Fabio.*]

Enter Don Julio.

I see you sleep not in your friend's concerns,
You are so early, and since so, the sooner
We fix a resolution; certainly
'Twill be the better. 'Twas no small point gain'd,
To frustrate for a night Don Pedro's aims,
As Fabio tells me you have done, for he
Ne'er quitted him an inch last night, until
He had harboured him.

Don Jul. What, has he left his lodging?

Don Fer. That he has,

And which is more considerable, taken one
Close by your house, which evidences clearly
Where his suspicions lie; that being so,
I'm confident you'll be of my opinion
For my dislodging from Valencia
Immediately; for Elvira being
Already so well settled, nothing can
So much indanger her discovery,
As my remaining longer in these parts.

Don Jul. Were I but free as yesterday, Fernando,
To think of nothing but Elvira and your
Concernments, I must confess your absence
From hence were to be wish'd: but, cousin,
There's fallen out, this very night, a thing,
Which shews how little I beholden am

To

To fortune, that having so newly lent me
The means of serving handsomly my friend,
Calls back the debt already, and makes me
As needing of your aid, as you of mine.

Don Fer. Ho, Fabio, forbid the horses presently.

[*Fabio looks in.*

The least appearance, Julio, of my being [*To Julio.*
Useful to you, by staying, puts an end
To all deliberation for myself;

Say, what's the accident? you have me ready.

Don Jul. Such, and of such a nature, my Fernando,
That as to be communicated to none
But you, another self, so I am sure
It will astonish you with the rehearsal.
Ah! could you think it possible, that Blanca
Should raise disturbance in the heart of Julio,
As to the honour of his family?

Don Fer. Heavens forbid.

Don Jul. Never was brother so secure as I,
Or so unalterable in his persuasion,
Of having a sister of unmatch'd discretion,
Nor e'er could less than evidence itself
Have shaken such a confidence.

Don Fer. For God's sake, Julio,
Hold me no longer in such pain of mind;
But sure we shall be better there within,
Free from the noise of the street.

Don Jul. You say well.

[*Exit Julio.*

Don Fer. [*As he follows him aside.*] This is what Fa-
bio told me he saw last night
Discovered by some accident to Julio,
It can be nothing else—O women! women!

[*Exit Fernando.*

Enter Pedro and Fulvio, as in their new lodgings.

Don Ped. I am glad you have lighted on so fit a
place

For all I intend, as this is, Fulvio:

I shall repair the last night's disappointment

By early care this morning; in the mean while,

Fail not of your part in the discovery
Where my enemy dwells, and i'th' observation
Of all his motions ; that's the important part.

Ful. Rely, sir, on my care and diligence.

[*Exeunt Don Pedro and Fulvio.*]

Enter Don Julio and Don Fernando, as in the outward room of the inn.

Jul. It is a quarter
Always reserv'd to my own privacy,
There lying unsuspected, if whilst I
Continue late abroad under pretence
Of being at Violante's, you keep watch
Carefully within, he cannot 'scape us :
So you be sure t'observe punctually
'The sign agreed, and bolting of the doors
When he is once within.

Don Fer. Since you have so resolv'd and laid your
business,
Dispose of me, and lead the way, whilst I
Give Fabio his instructions what to do
During my absence.

[*Exeunt Fernando and Julio.*]

Enter Donna Blanca and Francisca, as in Blanca's antichamber.

Fran. Since the black cloud, that threaten'd you last
night
With such a storm, is luckily blown over,
Without a sprinkling ; I hope, madam, you
Will imitate the fates, and grow serene
From all those clouds which so much threaten'd others.

Blan. Ah ! Francisca can't thou—

[*She stops seeing Silvia coming.*]

Enter Silvia with a fine bason of flowers.

But here's Silvia.

[*Aside.*]

O the sharp thorns she brings me at this time
With flowers in her hand, by the constraint

Her

Her presence gives me !

Sil. Madam, I wish the ranging of these flowers
May be to your mind ; but alas, I fear
I am too dull for works of fancy.

Blan. 'Tis me you find too dull to relish them,
Anon they may be welcomer.

Sil. I'll wait that happy hour.

—————She's in ill humour.

[*Aside.*

[*Exit Silvia.*

Blan. But tell me now, didst ever see, Francisca,
So false and bold a creature ? The impudence
He had, to cloath his treachery with new courtships,
Provokes me most of all.

Fran. Last night indeed, incens'd as you were, madam,
I fain would know what air so soft and gentle
He could have breath'd, would not have blown the
flame

Higher and higher ; but methinks your pillow
Should in so many hours have had some power
T'allay and mollify : I then complied
(He present) with your anger, but now, madam,
You must allow me to speak reason t'you
In his behalf, before you go too far,
And put things, in your passion, past recall,
Which that once over, you would give your life
To have again.

Blan. Pray think me not so tame.

Fran. So tame say you ? I think you wild, I swear,
To take so much to heart, what at the most
Deserves but some such sparkling brisk resentment,
As once flash'd out in a few cholerick words,
Ought to expire in a next visit's coyness.

Blan. Make you so slight of infidelity ?

Fran. Cupid forbid ! I'd have men true to love ;
But I'd have women too, true to themselves,
And not rebuke their gallants, by requiring
More than the nature of frail flesh will bear.
Id have men true as steel ; but steel, you know,
(The purest and best polish'd steel) will ply,

Urg'd from its rectitude, forsooth ; but then
With a smart spring, comes to its place again.

Blan. Come leave your fooling, and speak soberly.

Fran. Why then in sober sadness, you're in the
wrong,

I do not say in being angry with him,
And nettled at the thing, that's natural.
We love no partners, even in what we know
We cannot keep all to ourselves ; but, madam,
To think the worse of him for it, or resolve
A breach of friendship for a slight excursion,
That were a greater fault than his, who has
For one excuse, long absence ; and in truth
Another, you'd be sorry he wanted, youth.

Blan. You talk as if—

[*Francisca interrupting her.*]

Fran. Stay, madam, I beseech you,
And let me make an end ; I have not yet
Touch'd the main point in his excuse, a suit
At court, enough I trow for any dog-trick.

Blan. How like a goose you talk ! a court pretension !
What has that to do, one way or other,
With his faith to me ?

Fran. So, one displeased to find his crawfishes
Shrivel'd within, and empty, said to his cook,
(Who laid the fault upon the wane o'th' moon)
What has the moon to do with crawfishes ?
Marry she has, 'tis she that governs shell-fish ;
And 'tis as true, in courts, that love rules business
By as preposterous an influence.

Blan. I pr'ythee make an end, or come to the point.

Fran. Why then I'll tell you, you may believe me,
(Having been train'd up in my youth, you know,
In the best school to learn court-mysteries ;
An aunt of mine being mother of the maids.)
Love holds the rudder, and steers in all courts.
How oft, when great affairs perplex the brains
Of mighty politicians, to conjecture
From whence sprung such designs, such revolutions,

Such

Such exaltations, madam, such depressions,
 Against the rules of their mysterious art,
 And when, as in surprizing works of nature
 Reason's confounded, men cry those are secrets
 Of the high powers above, that govern all ;
 Grave lookers on, stroaking their beards would say,
 What a transcendant fetch of state is this !
 These are the things that wisdom hides and hatches,
 Under black cap of weighty jobbernoll ;
 I mean Count Olivarez. All the while,
 We female Machiavels would smile to think,
 How closely lurking lay the nick of all,
 Under our daughter Doll's white petticoat.

Blan. All this I grant you may be true, and yet
 Ne'er make a jot for his excuse, Francisca ;
 His suit had no relation to such matters.

Fran. Whate'er the thing be, 'tis all one : d'you
 think

Suits, be they what they will, can be obtain'd
 By such as pass for fops, as all young men
 Without a mistress or a confident
 Are sure to do there ? a sharp pointed-hat,
 (Now that you see the gallants all flat-headed)
 Appears not so ridiculous, as a yonker
 Without a love-intrigue, to introduce
 And sparkify him there. Madam, in short,
 Allow me once to be sententious ;
 It is a thing that always was, and is,
 And ever will be true, to the world's end :
 That, as in courts of justice, none can carry
 On business well without a procurator,
 So none in princes courts make 'em surer,
 Than those that work them by the best procurer.

[Smiling a little.

Blan. Well, hast done, Francisca ?

Fran. Madam, I have.

Blan. Then letting pass

Thy fine reflections politick now vented,
 To shew thy skill in courts, I'll tell thee freely,

I'm

I'm not transported in my jealousy
 So far beyond the bounds of reason, as
 Not to know well the difference betwixt
 Such escapades of youth, as only spring
 From warmth of blood, or gales of vanity,
 And such engagements, as do carry with them
 Dishonour unto those, whose quality
 And love leave little to the serious part,
 Once embark'd by them in a gallantry.

Fran. I see the clouds disperse; there's no such art
 Of compassing one's ends with those above us,
 As that of working them into good humour,
 By things brought in by the bye. [*Aside.*]

Why surely, madam, unless anger lend you
 Its spectacles, to see things, I cannot think
 You judge Don Zancho's fault to be any other,
 Than of the first kind; so well stated by you.

Blan. Francisca, were I otherwise persuaded,
 I am not of an humour that could suffer
 Such parlies for him, much less intercession;
 But since, upon reflection, I find cause
 To think what he has done a folly only
 Of youth and vanity, when I shall find him
 Sufficiently mortified, I may pardon him.

Fran. Heavens bless so sweet a temper; but, madam,
 Have a care I beseech you of one thing.

Blan. What's that?

Fran. That whilst your pride of heart
 Prolongs his re-admission, his despair
 Urge him not to some precipitate attempt,
 That may expose your honour, safe as yet.
 You see what danger the last night's distemper
 Had like t'have brought you into; transported lovers,
 Like angels fallen from their bliss, grow devils.

Blan. What, would you have me appear so flexible?

Is't not enough

I tell you I may pardon him in due time?

Fran. Good madam, be advis'd; I do not press you
For

For his sake, but your own ; trust my experience,
 To women nought's so fatal as suspense ;
 Whose smartest actions ne'er did cast such blot
 On honour, as this, shall I ? or shall I not ?

Blan. I'd rather die, than have him think me
 easy.

Fran. Your spirit never can be liable
 To that suspicion—Madam, leave to me
 The conduct of this matter, I beseech you :
 If, e'er you sleep, you do not see the gallant
 Sufficiently humbled at your feet,
 Ne'er trust Francisca more.

Blan. You are so troublesome, do what you will.

[*Blanca turns away and exit as into her closet.*]

Fran. —What, gone away ?

I'll do what she would have, but dares not say.

Enter Don Julio, and Silvia as in Blanca's chamber.

Don Jul. Where's my sister, Silvia ?

[*Looking about him.*]

Silw. In her closet, sir,

As not yet ready.

Don Jul. And where's Francisca ?

Silw. She's with her, dressing her.

Don Jul. Why then, Elvira,

Let me not lose this opportunity

Of telling you, how sad a man I am

To see you in this posture, and to assure you

How gladly I would lay down life and fortune

To serve you in Don Fernando's absence.

Silw. Your generosity I make no doubt of :

But is Fernando gone ?

Don. Jul. I cannot say

That he is gone, for he was not himself,

With the thought of leaving you, and yet less

Himself, when e'er he thought of staying near you,

Tortur'd by two such contrary passions,

As love and sharp resentment.

Silw.

Silv. He is gone then?—

[*She pauses.*

Ah! generous Don Julio,

[*Putting her handkerchief to her eyes.*

You needs must be indulgent to a weakness,
Which whilst that he was present, indignation
And a just sense of what I am, had power
To keep within myself; but now I find
That check remov'd, nature will have its tribute,
And you must pardon my withdrawing, where

[*She weeps.*

Such grief may pay it with unwitness'd tears.

[*Exit Silvia.*

Don Jul. Can a demeanour so compos'd, so noble,
And yet so tender, want true innocence?

It cannot be. It grieves my heart, I swear,
T'have given her new affliction; but the secret
Of Don Fernando's close concealment here
Is so important, it necessitated
My saying what I did, since secrets are
Ever kept best by those that know them least.

Enter Blanca and Francisca.

Don Jul. Now high dissimulation play thy part.

[*To her.*] Good morrow, sister, have you rested well?
And do you rise serene, as does the sun,
Free from distemper, as the day from clouds?
Your looks persuade it me, they are so clear
And fresh this morning.

Blan. The pleasure of seeing you, puts life into them,
Else they'd be dull enough: this ugly head-ach
Having tormented me all night, you might,
Have heard me call Francisca up at midnight.

Fran. That was well thought on, for 'tis possible
He may have heard some noise.

[*Aside.*

Jul. How cunning she is!

[*Aside.*

Faith, now you put me in mind of it, I think,
'Twixt sleep and waking, I once heard some stirring.

Blan. The worst of my indisposition is,
That 'twill I fear hinder me again to-day,

From visiting Violante, to thank her
For Silvia.

Don. Jul. I charge myself with all your compliments ;

For this whole afternoon, till late at night,
I needs must pass with her, to make amends
For yesterday's failings, caus'd, as you know,
By Don Fernando's being in town.

Blan. I must not hope to see you then again
To-day, when once gone out.

Don Jul. Hardly, unless to wait on Violante,
In case she come to see you, as 'tis likely,
When I shall tell her you are indispos'd ;
And so farewell.

[*Exit Julio.*]

Blan. All's well I see, Francisca, as to him ;
I wish my heart were but as much at rest,
In what concerns Don Zancho.

Fran. It shall be
Your own fault, if it be not quickly so,
As I'll order the matter.

Blan. Take heed, you make him not grow insolent
By discovering to him my facility.

Fran. I'm too well vers'd to need instructions.

Blan. I leave all t'you—but how does Silvia
This morning ?

Fran. I think she has been crying,
She looks so dull and moped.

Blan. I'll in and see her.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to Don Zancho's house.

Enter Don Zancho, and Chichen limping.

Don Zan. What, not yet gone, thou lazy trifling
rascal ?

Chich. What juster excuse, sir, for not going,
Than is a broken leg ?

Don

Don Zan. If you find not your own leg quickly, sirrah,
I shall find you a wooden one.

Chic. Be as angry as you will, sir, I'll not go
Till I have made my conditions ; the true time
For servants to stand upon points, is, when
Their masters stand upon thorns.

Don Zan. What are they, owls-face ?

Chic. Assurance, sir, but of free air within,
With fair retreat upon an even floor,
And that it shall not be in a slut's power,
After having kept me in a nasty place,
To empty me out at window.

Don Zan. Pr'ythee, Chichon,
Ha' done, and miss not th' opportunity
By fooling ; unless you take Francisca
Just as she comes from mass, this day is lost,
And I lost with it.

Chic. Come, I'll hobble to her :
Expect a sorry account, but yet a true one ;
Truth always comes by the lame messenger. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to a fine pleasant apartment.

Enter Don Julio, and knocks as at the door of his private apartment ; Fernando opens the door and lets him in.

Fer. Y'have given me here a very pleasant prison :
But what news, my Julio ? are things disposed
For clearing of your doubts ? My own concerns
I cannot think on, during your disquiet.

Jul. And I come now so strangely moved with
yours,
I scarce have sense or memory of my own.
A heart of adamant could not be hindred,
I think, from liquefaction into tears :
'To've seen and heard Elvira, as I have done,
Upon th' occasion of my telling her

That

That you were gone ;
A sense so gallant, and so tender both,
I never saw in woman.

Fer. Can that high heart descend to tenderness ?

Jul. Whilst you were present noble pride upheld it ;
But nature once set free from that constraint,
O, how pathetick was her very silence !
And the restraint of tears in her swoln eyes,
More eloquent in grief, than others torrents :
If she be guilty, all her sex are devils.

Fer. O say no more ; for were there room but left
For self-deceit, I might be happy yet.
Ah evidence, too cruel to deny me that !

[*A noise without.*

Jul. But what can be the noise I hear without,
In the next room ?

[*Fernando peeps through the key-hole.*

Fer. S'life, I see Don Pedro,
Elvira's father ; there's no avoiding him ;
He'd not a come up so, without being sure
You are within.

Jul. Farther put-off would be of little use,
Since first or last he must be satisfy'd,
Being come hither upon such an errand ;
The sooner now we see what 'tis he drives at,
The sooner we shall take from thence our measures ;
I'll therefore go out to him, and be sure
To entertain him still so near the door,
That you may hear what passes.

Fer. I shall be attentive, and expect the issue
With much impatience. [Exit *Julio.*

SCENE changes to Don Julio's anti-chamber.

Enter Don Pedro and his servant, and Don Julio, and a page.

Don Ped. My business, sir, is to Don Julio Rocca :
[*Addressing himself to Don Julio.*
If

If you be he, I shall desire the favour
Of some few words with you in private.

Don Jul. Sir, I am he to serve you. Page, set chairs;
[He points to the page, and makes him set the chairs
by the door where Don Fernando is, and then the
page and Don Pedro's man retire.

[They sit down.

Don Ped. Having not the honour to be known t'you,
sir,

'Tis fit this letter make my introduction ;

'Tis from the Duke of Medina.

[He gives Don Julio the letter, which he receives
with great respect ; and going a little aside
reads it.

Don Pedro de Mendoza, my kinsman, and most particular friend, goes to *Valencia* in pursuit of one who hath highly injur'd his family, whose righting I am so much concerned in, as could it have been done without too much publication of the thing, I would have accompanied him myself, but my presence will be needless in a place where you have power ; I do therefore conjure you, and expect from your regard and kindness to me, that you employ it thoroughly in his behalf, and what service you shall do him, put it upon my account, whom you shall always find,

Your most affectionate cousin to serve you,

The Duke of Medina.

[Don Julio giving the letter to Don Pedro, and he taking it.

Don Jul. Sir, it is fit you see how heartily
The duke hath recommended your concerns,
Whose will's a law to me.

[Don Pedro having read it, and restoring it.

Don Ped. He told me indeed how very sure he was
Of your friendship and dependence.

I am proud to find he makes

So obliging use of it to my advantage.

Don Jul. I do avow myself his creature, sir ;

There.

Therefore the sooner you shall let me know
In what I may be useful t'you, the sooner
You'll see my readiness to serve you.

Don Ped. Your personal reputation, sir, as well
As your relation to the duke, assured me
Beforehand of what I find ; and therefore
As hard a part as it is for a gentleman
Of my blood and temper to become
Relater of his own shame, unreveng'd
On the author of it, I shall tell you in short ;
I live under an affront of th'highest nature
To the honour of my family ; and the person
Who did it, makes Valencia his retreat ;
'Tis against him, Don Julio,
That your assistance must support me here :
I have already got some notice of him,
And when I shall be ascertain'd, I'll repair
Again unto you for your friendly aid,
And for the present trouble you no farther.

[Don Pedro offers to rise as going away.]

Don Jul. A little patience, I beseech you, sir.
I have express'd my readiness, and be sure,
I am a man never to fail, where once
I have engag'd my word ; but, sir, withall,
You must consider with a fair reflection,
That in this place are all my chief relations
Of blood and friendship ; and though neither shall
Have power t'exempt me from the serving you
In any just pretension ; yet you know,
That men of honour ever ought to seek
How to comply with one duty, without
Violating another.

Don Ped. I understand you, sir ; and as 'tis that
Which well becomes a person of your worth
To have reflected on ; so it becomes me,
To satisfy before I engage you farther ;
Then give leave to ask you, whether or no
Don Zanchó de Menezes be of the number
Of those, towards whom y'are under obligation,

Either

Either of blood or friendship ?

[*Don Julio skewing some little surprize, but presently recovering.*

Don Jul. Don Zanchó de Menezes say you ?

Don Ped. Sir, the same—

He startled at his name.

[*Aside.*

Don Jul. He is a person I have always liv'd
In friendly correspondence with, without
Any such tie upon me towards him,
As ought to hinder my frank serving you.

Don Ped. You have reviv'd me ; and since I have
now nam'd

My enemy, I can conceal no longer
The grounds on which he is so. That Don Zanchó,
About a fortnight since, was late at night
Found in my house, run newly through the body,
And welt'ring in his blood, ready to expire ;
I by the outcry brought upon the place,
Supriz'd as you may imagine, and enrag'd,
Was yet so far master of my passion,
As to disdain the owing my revenge
To an unknown hand, perhaps as guilty
Towards me, as was the sufferer ; I made
Him straight be carried to a surgeon, where
I thought it generous to give him life
Then dead, that living I might give him death ;
Recover'd sooner than I thought, he fled,
And with him, as I have reason to believe,
My only daughter, who the very night
Of the accident was missing. O the curse
Of men, to have their honours subjected
To the extravagance of such vile creatures !

Jul. [*sighing.*] 'Tis our hard fate indeed.

Don Ped. I presently employ'd all diligence
To know what way he took, and having learn'd
'Twas towards this place, hither I have pursued him ;
Confirm'd in my pursuit, by information
Along the road, that an unknown gallant
Had with his servant guarded all the way

A conceal'd lady in a coach : And thus, fir,
 You have the story of my injury,
 Whereof I doubt not but your generous heart
 Will wed the just revenge.

Jul. You may rely on't, fir, without reserves,
 To th' utmost of my power.

Don Ped. May the gods reward you,
 The life that you renew to these grey hairs ;
 I'll take my leave at present, and return t'ye
 As soon as from the diligences used
 I shall have clearer lights.

Don Jul. Here you shall find me waiting your commands.

[Exit Don Pedro, and Don Julio waiting on him out.]

SCENE changes.

Enter Don Julio and Don Fernando, as in the private apartment.

Don Jul. I hope you over-heard us.

Fer. All distinctly,
 And with surprizing joy at his mistake ;
 Did ever blood-hound, in a hot pursuit,
 Run on so readily upon the change ?

Jul. I hope it bodes good fortune in the rest.

Fer. Were e'er two friends engag'd in an adventure
 So intricate, as we, and so capricious ?

Jul. Sure never in this world ; methinks it merits
 A special re-capitulation.
 You at the height of all your happiness
 Supplanted with your mistress, by a rival
 You neither knew nor dreamt of ; evidence
 Anticipating jealousy.

Fer. And when that rival, fallen by my sword
 In her own presence, is by miracle
 Revived, and fitter to serve her than I,

That faithless mistress, with the same assurance
 She could have done, had she been true as fair,
 And for my sake expos'd to fatal hazards,
 Flies to my arms for her protection.

Ful. And whilst that you, refining point of honour,
 In spite of rage, expose yourself to serve her,
 She asks, and takes, with a vowed indignation
 To be beholden t'ye, new obligations.

Fer. I have recourse unto my only friend,
 To help me in protecting my false mistress,
 And he, at the same time, by highest powers
 Impos'd upon, to be her persecutor.

Ful. Whilst the same friend, and by the self-same
 powers,
 Is urg'd to act, in their revenge, against
 The man, on whom you most desire to take it;
 And then, to heighten all beyond invention,
 That very friend is forc'd, even in that instant,
 To a dependence on your only aid,
 In his honour's nearest and most nice concerns.

Fer. Heaven sure delights t' involve us in a kind
 Of labyrinth, will pose itself t' unwind. [Exeunt.



A C T IV.

SCENE changes to the room at Zanchó's.

*Enter Don Zanchó, and Chicón at another door halting
 still, with a staff.*

Don Zanchó.

WHAT, here again already! have you sped?
Chic. Lame as I am, you see I have made
 good speed In

In my return, whate'er I have had in my errand.

Don Zan. Leave, fool, your quibbling, and deliver me

From the disquiet of uncertainty.

Chic. That's quickly done : fet, fir, your heart at rest

From the vain hopes of ever seeing Blanca—

Now you are at ease, I trow.

Don Zan. You'll be at little, unless you'll leave your jesting

With such edge-tools—Is banishment from her Matter of rallery ? Say, firrah, and say Quickly, what hopes ?

—Pr'ythee, if thou lov'st me, [Kindly.

Hold me no longer in suspense, Chicon.

Chic. Why then, for fear, the devil a bit for love, I'll tell you, fir, that luckily I met

The drab Francisca at the Capuchin's

Lodging, behind her lady, I think on purpose,

For I perceiv'd her eager sparrow-hawk's eye,

With her veil down (ne'er stirs a twinkling while

From it's sly peeping hole) had found me strait.

I took my time i'th' nick, but she out-nick'd me ;

For trudging on, her face another way,

With such a voice, as some you have seen have had

The trick to draw from caverns of their belly,

And make one think it came from a mile off,

She made me hear these words—About twilight

Fail not to pass by our door, and ask no more

At this time, varlet—And thus, fir, you see,

That neither she nor I have been prolix,

For this is all—You have leave to make your comment On a brief text.

Don Zan. As sweet methinks as short ; such words imply

Little less than a demi-assignation.

Chic. All puddings have two ends, and most short sayings

Two handles to their meaning.

Don Zan. I'm sure I'll still lay hold upon the
 pleasing't,
 Till it be wrested from me ; i'th' mean while
 If any visitants come this afternoon,
 Be sure to tell them I am gone abroad,
 That nothing else embark us at the time;
 You shall not go alone.

Chic. I thank you for it—

I cannot go alone.

[*Holding up his staff.*

[*Exeunt Chicón, halting.*

SCENE changes to Don Pedro's lodging.

Enter Don Fernando and Julio, as in their private apartment.

Don Jul. All things are rightly laid, for Violante
 Will pass the afternoon with Blanca, and then,
 I waiting on her home in th' evening, Blanca
 Will be secure from me till late at night.
 I shall be where I told you, in full view
 Of those two windows : If the gallant come
 Up the great stairs, he must pass through that room,
 And cannot 'scape your knowledge ; if up the back
 one,
 You needs must see him passing through the entry
 Close by that door. If this latter way,
 Be sure to set the candle in that window—
 If up the other, in that—And in either case
 As soon as he's within, fail not to bolt,
 On th' inside, the entry-door, that so he may
 Find no retreat that way, I coming up
 The other.

[*Pointing.*

Don Fer. Be assured I shall be punctual,
 As you direct.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE changes to Don Pedro's lodging.

Enter Don Pedro, and his servant Fulvio.

Don Ped. Are you sure of what you say?

Ful. As sure, sir,

As my own eyes can make me of what I saw;
You cannot doubt my knowing him, since 'twas I
(You may remember) fetch'd the surgeon to him,
And saw his wounds dress'd more than once or twice;
The tavern where I was, looks into his garden,
And there I left him walking, to come tell you.

Don Ped. We are well advanc'd then towards my
just revenge.

I found Don Julio as ready to comply
With all the duke's desires, as I could wish;
And my great fear is over, that Don Zancho
Might possibly have been some near relation
Of his own; so that now, Fulvio, if you
Keep but a careful eye upon his motions,
And give me notice, he can hardly 'scape us.

Ful. Doubt not my diligence. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to the garden.

*Enter Blanca and Francisca as in a fine garden with
orange-trees and fountains.*

Don. Blan. You must have your will, but know,
Francisca,

If you expose me to his vanity,
I never shall forgive you.

Fran. I tell you, madam, I will bring him t'ye
So mortify'd, he shall an object be

For pity, not for anger; you'll need employ
Kindness to erect the poor dejected knight.

Don. Blan. It fell out luckily that Violante
Came hither; for my brother now engag'd
With her, we're safe till ten o'clock at least.

Fran. But how shall we dispose of Silvia?
It will be hard to 'scape her observation,
For she has wit, and of the dangerous kind,
A melancholy wit—O the unlucky star
'That leads a lady, engaged in love-intrigues,
To take a new attendant near her person!

Don. Blan. 'Twas an unluckiness; but Violante
Could not be deny'd, I having told her
So often that I wanted one; besides
Who could have thought sh'had one ready at hand?
But we must make the best on't for this night:
'Twill not be hard to busy her, till 't be late,
In the perfuming-room. This near occasion
Well o'er, I think it will not be amiss
Against another, to say somewhat to her,
'That may, in case she have perceiv'd any thing,
Persuade her she is not distrusted.

Fran. Madam, take heed of that, whene'er you find
It necessary to say any thing,
Be sure to say that, that she may think all:
Take one rule more from my experience,
Nothing so fatal as a confidence
By halves in amorous transactions.
But here she comes—

Don. Blan. Come, Silvia, and take your part of this
sweet place;
This is a day indeed to taste its freshness.

Sil. Madam, I needs must say, within a town
I never saw so fine a one.

Don. Blan. In truth
I think not many sweeter—Those fountains
Playing among the orange-trees and myrtles,
Have a fine mix'd effect on all the senses;

But think not, Silvia, to enjoy the pleasure
Without contributing to make it more.

Sil. How can I be so happy?

Don. Blan. Francisca tells me she has over-heard
you

Warbling alone such notes unto yourself,
As have not only a good voice betray'd,
But skill to manage it.

Sil. It is Francisca
That has betray'd a very ill one, madam.

Don. Blan. Under yon palm-tree's shade there is a
feat

That yields to none, in the advantages
It lends to musick, let's go sit down there;
For this first time, one song shall satisfy.

Sil. When you have heard that one, I shall not fear
Your asking me another.

*[They go and sit down under the palm-tree, and
Silvia sings.]*

The S O N G.

S E E, O see!
How every tree,
Every bower,
Every flower,
A new life gives to others joys;
Whilst that I,
Grief-stricken, lie,
Nor can meet
With any sweet,
But what faster mine destroys.
What are all the senses pleasures,
When the mind has lost all measures?

Hear, O hear!
How sweet and clear

*The nightingale,
And waters fall,
In concert join for others ears ;
Whilst to me,
For harmony,
Every air
Echo's despair,
And every drop provokes a tear.
What are the senses pleasures,
When the mind has lost all measures?*

Don. Blan. I thank you, Silvia; but I'll not allow
One of your youth to nourish melancholy
By tunes and words so flattering to that passion.

Sil. The happiness of serving you may fit me
In time for gayer things.

Don. Blan. I will not ask another for the present,
Not for your reason, but because I'll be
More moderate in my pleasures. Now, Silvia,
I have a task to give you.

Sil. Whate'er it be, 'twill be a pleasing one
Of your imposing.

Don. Blan. 'Tis to gather store of
Fresh orange-flowers, and then carefully
To shift the oils in the perfuming-room,
As in the several ranges you shall see
The old begin to wither : To do it well
Will take you up some hours ; but 'tis a work
I oft perform myself ; and that you may
Be sure not to mistake, I'll go thither
With you, and shew you the manner of it.

Sil. I hope I shall not fail, so well instructed.

[*Exeunt.*]



SCENE

SCENE changes to the room at Don Zancho's.

Enter Don Zancho and Chicon.

Chic. Y'are so impatient, sir, you will mar all:
I tell you that 'tis yet too light by half,
The sun is hardly set ; pray fetch a turn
Or two more in the garden, e'er you go.

Don. Zan. You must be governour, I see, to-night,
You are so proud o'th' service you have done ;
Come, away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to the garden again.

Silvia appears in the garden, as gathering flowers from the orange-trees, and then with her apron full, going away, says:

Silv. The task enjoin'd me is a sweet one, truly,
But I smell somewhat more in the imposal.
So far I am happy yet in my misfortune,
That I am lighted into a lady's service
Of an obliging humour ; but most of all
One that as kind as she is, I see's as glad
To leave me alone, as I to be it. Somewhat
There is mysterious in her looks, and conduct:
Such motions just, such inequalities,
Such flatteries to those I trusted least,
Such pretty employments found, to busy those
I would be rid of ; and such arts as these
To single out her confident, un-noted,
I well remember would Elvira use,
Whilst the unquiet joys of love possess'd her,
How innocent soever. And besides,
Francisca's sitting up so late last night,

And going up and down so warily,
 Whilst others slept, is evidence enough
 What god reigns here, as well as at the court.
 But I forget myself—Let descants cease,
 Who serves, though she observes, must hold her peace.
 [Exit Silvia.]

SCENE changes to the prospect of Valencia.

Don Zanc. Advance, Chicon, I'll follow at a distance :

'Tis the right time, just light enough, you see,
 For warn'd expecters to know one another ;
 I hope she will not fail you.

Chic. She fail us !

No centinel perdu is half so alert
 As she, in these occasions.

*Enter Francisca veiled, peeping as out of the portal of
 Don Julio's house.*

Fran. There comes the varlet, and I'm much deceived

Or that's his master lagging at a distance—

I'll give them a go-by, cover'd with my veil.

[*She passes by them heedlessly.*]

Chic. By that light, as little as 'tis, 'tis she:
 I'll to her.

Don Zanc. And I'll stand close the while—

When you have broken the ice, I'll take my time.

[*Chicon going to Francisca lays hold of her veil,
 and she turns about.*]

Chic. What signifies a veil to hide my doxy,
 When every motion of a leg or wing
 Darts round perfuming and informing airs ?
 Thou art the very colliflower of women.

Fran. And thou the very cabbage-stalk of men,
 That never stunk to me, as does a blab.

Chic.

Chic. Curse on thee, hold thy tongue—Dost thou not see

Who stands against that wall?

Fran. Away, sauce-box—

[She thrusting him off, goes on.

[Don Zanco sets himself just in her way, and makes as if he would lie down in it.

Don Zanc. Pass, trample on me, do, trample—But hear me.

Fran. These shoes have been my lady's, and she'd ne'er

Forgive it, should they do you so much honour.

[Shewing her foot.

'Tis thou hast caus'd all this.

[Aside, turning to Chicon.

Chic. Fire on thy tongue—

Don Zanc. Ah, my Francisca, if there be no hopes
Of pardon, nor of pity—Yet at least
Let Blanca, for her own sake, be so just
As not to give me cruel death unheard :
Do you your part at least, and do but give her
This letter from me—

[He offers her a letter, and she starting back.

Fran. Guarda—That's a thing
She has forbidden with such menaces,
I dare as well become another Porcia,
And eat red burning coals. I had much rather
Consent, that now she's all alone at home,
You should transportedly rush in upon her
As following me, so possibly you might
Attain your end, without exposing me ;
Who in that case, know how to act my part
So smartly against you, as shall keep her clear
From all suspicion—But I am to blame
Thus to forget my duty ; I'll stay no longer.

[He stops her, and pulling out a purse of money puts it into her hand.

Don Zanc. Spoke like an angel.

[*Francisca offers to restore the purse, but yet holding it fast.*

Fran. This is, you know, superfluous with me,
And shocks my humour—But any thing from you—
Be sure you follow boisterously.

[*She trudges away, and goes in hastily as at Julio's house, and Don Zanco follows her in. Chicon stops at the door.*

Chic. I'll bring you no ill-luck a second time ;
If for sport's sake you have projected me
Another somerset from the balcony,
Make your account that 'tis already done,
Here you will find me halting in the street.

[*Exit Chicon.*

SCENE changes to Donna Blanca's antichamber.

Enter Donna Blanca as in her antichamber.

Don. Blan. How true it is that nature cheats mankind,

And makes us think ourselves the only tasters
Of pure delight, and bliss ; when as indeed
Oppressing us with pains and griefs, she makes
Deliverance from them pass for solid pleasure !
Witness in me those images of joy
Wherewith she flatters now my expectation :
What will its highest satisfaction be,
At most, but ease from what tormented me ?

Enter Francisca hastily.

Fran. It now imports, you have affected rage
As ready at hand as usually you have
Anger in earnest—But above all, be sure
You discharge it smartly upon me, for here
He presses at my heels.

Enter

Enter Zancho, and goes to cast himself at Donna Blanca's feet, and she starting back from him.

Don. Blan. What insolence is this?

—Think not, Francisca,
That I am to be fool'd—This is your work,
You shall not stay an hour within these walls ;
By all that's good you shall not.

Fran. For heaven's sake, madam, be not so unjust
[Whining.]

To an old servant, always full of duty ;
But can I govern mad-men ? would y'have had me
Make all the street take notice ? There he attack'd me
With such transportment, the whole town had rung
on't,

Had I not run away. Could I imagine
A man so wild as to pursue me hither
Into your presence ?

Don. Blan. It is well, Don Zancho,
[Severely and scornfully.]

Blanca may be thus used ; but he that does it
Shall find——

[She turns away as going out, he holds her by the sleeve.]

Don Zan. Pardon this rudeness, madam ; but a man
Made desperate, hath nothing more to manage.
Hither I come, to give you satisfaction,
And if my reasons can't, my heart blood shall ;
But you must hear me, or here see me dead.

Don. Blan. Since to be rid of him, Francisca, I see
[Turning to Francisca.]

I must the penance undergo of hearing him,
Keep careful watch to prevent accidents.

Fran. Madam, your closet will be much more
proper
For such a conference ; for in case your brother
Should come, Don Zancho has a safe retreat

From thence down the back stairs. I shall be sure
To give you timely notice.

Don Zanc. And I know perfectly the passage
thorough

Th' entry, I've come up more than once that way,
During my happy days.

Don. Blan. I think y'have reason; since I must have
patience,
Light us in thither.

[*Francisca takes the lights, and going before
them, exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE changes to the prospect of Valencia.

Enter Don Julio, as in the portal of his own house.

Don Jul. The light was in the farther window,
therefore

He went up this way: now if Fernando
Have not forgot to bolt the entry-door,
He cannot 'scape us, sure, who e'er he be.

——'Tis the only comfort,

In such misfortunes, when a man hath means
To right his honour, without other help
Than such a friend, as is another self,
And that the shame's even from domesticks hid
Until it be reveng'd.

[*Exit Don Julio, as going into his own house.*]

*Enter Chicon, as coming out of the porch before Julio's
house.*

Chic. S'light! 'tis Don Julio, that I saw go in—
My master's like to pass his time but ill;
I'll steal in after, and observe, although
My courage cannot steed him, my wit may,
As things may possibly fall out.

[*Exit Chicon as stealing after Don Julio into
his house.*]

SCENE

SCENE changes to Donna Blanca's closet.

Enter Don Zancho and Donna Blanca, as in her closet.

Don. Blan. As fine a story as may be—No, Don Zancho,

I Blanca Rocca am not charta blanca,
Fit to receive whate'er impressiion
Your art——

Enter Francisca, hastily.

Fran. Your brother's in the hall already,
Quick, quick, and let him find you in your chamber
Before your glafs, I have set it ready there,
Whilst he retires the way it was resolv'd.

[Pointing to Don Zancho.]

*[Francisca takes the candle, and exeunt she, and
Donna Blanca and Don Zancho another way.]*

SCENE changes to Donna Blanca's bed-chamber.

*[Re-enter Donna Blanca and Francisca, as in
Blanca's chamber, and she newly seated at her
toilet, and beginning to unpin.]*

Enter Don Julio.

Don Jul. Blanca, I thought you had been abed e'er
this;

Have you had company to entertain you,
And keep you beyond your usual hour?

Don. Blan. What company can I have, you abroad,
At this time of the night?

Don Jul. I fain would find out some such as might
please you :

[Ironically.]

Francisca,

Francisca, take a candle and light me in
To Blanca's closet.

Don. Blan. Good brother, what's the matter?
You were not wont to be so curious
As thus to pry into my privacies.

Don Jul. That you shall know anon—Do as I bid
you,
Francisca.

[Francisca takes one of the candles, and going before him stumbles, and falling puts out the light. Don Julio taking it up, lights it again at the other on the table, and going with it himself towards Donna Blanca's closet.]

Don Jul. These tricks are lost on me. *[Exit.]*

Fran. Let him go, now we have gain'd time enough.

Don. Blan. Thanks to thy timely fall.

Fran. Persons employ'd
In such trusts, must have their wits about them ;
'Tis clear that he suspects, but know he cannot.
When once you see all safe, 'twill then import you
To play the tyrant over him, with reproaches
For this his jealousy.

Don. Blan. Let me alone for that ;
But let us follow him in, that we may mark
His whole demeanor. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter Don Zancho in disorder.

Don Zan. Curse on't, the entry door's bolted within,
What shall I do ? *[He pauses.]*

——I must seek a way
Through the perfuming-room, into the garden. *[Exit.]*

Enter Don Julio with a candle in his hand, and passing hastily over the stage.

Don Jul. He must be gone this way, there is no other,
The entry door was bolted.

Enter

Enter Donna Blanca and Francisca, who pass over the stage, as stealing after Don Julio.

Fran. All's safe, he takes that way, let him a god's name

Follow his nose to the perfuming-room.

Don Blan. He'll fright poor Silvia out of her wits ;
But I'll come to her succour, with a peal
I'll ring him.

[*Exeunt Donna Blanca and Francisca.*]

SCENE changes to the laboratory.

[*Here is to open a curious scene of a laboratory in perspective, with a fountain in it, some stills, many shelves with pots of porcelane and glasses, with pictures above them ; the room paved with black and white marble, with a prospect through pillars, at the end discovering the full moon, and by its light a perspective of orange trees, and towards that farther end Silvia appears at a table, shifting flowers, her back turned.*]

Enter Don Zancho hastily ; and Silvia, that is, Elvira, turning about they both startle, and stand awhile as it were amazed.

Don Zan. O heavens ! what is't I see ? 'Tis meer illusion,

Or 'tis the devil in that angel's form,
Come here to finish, by another hand,
The fatal work that she begun upon me
By Don Fernando's.

Silv. [*Donna Elvira*] Good gods, Zancho here ! it cannot be,

Or

Or 'tis his ghost, come to revenge his death
 On its occasioner ; for were he alive,
 He could not but have more humanity
 Than (having been my ruin at Madrid,
 And robb'd me of my home, and honour there)
 To envy me an obscure shelter here.

*[Whilst they amazed step back from one another,
 enter Don Julio, who seeing Don Zanco
 with his back towards him, drawing his sword
 says :*

Don Jul. Think not (whoe'er thou art) by flying
 thus

From room to room, to 'scape my just revenge ;
 Shouldst thou retire to th' center of the earth,
 This sword should find thee there, and pierce thy heart.

*[Throwing down the candle he makes towards Don
 Zanco, but upon his turning about towards
 him, he makes a little stop, and says :*

Don Jul. Nay then, if it be you, I'm happy yet
 In my misfortune, since the gods thus give me
 The means at once, and by the self-same stroke,
 To right my honour, and revenge my friend ;
 And by that action, fully to comply
 With what the duke requires in the behalf
 Of wrong'd Don Pedro.

*[Don Julio makes at Don Zanco, he draws, and
 they begin to fight ; Silvia, that is Elvira,
 crying out help, help, runs to part them, and
 they stop upon her interposing.*

*Enter Don Fernando hastily over the stage, as coming
 from the private apartment.*

Don Fer. I hear an out-cry, and clattering of swords ;
 My friend engag'd, must find me by his side.

[Exit, and re-enters at another door.

*[As Fernando comes to the door of the perfuming-
 room, seeing them at a stand, he stops and stands
 close.*

Don

Don Fer. They are parlying, let's hear. *[Aside.*

[Donna Blanca and Francisca passing over the stage.

Don. Blan. 'Twas Silvia's voice, my heart misgives me somewhat.

Fran. 'Tis some new accident, or some mistake, Don Zanchio cannot but be safe long since.

Don. Blan. However let us in and see.

[Exeunt Donna Blanca and Francisca, and re-enter as at another door of the perfuming-room, and make a stand as surpriz'd with what they see.

Don. Blan. We are all undone I fear.

Fran. A little patience.

[Chicon stealing over the stage.

Chic. The noise is towards the perfuming room, I know the back way to it through the garden.

[Exit Chicon, and re-enters at the farther end of the laboratory, and stands close.

Don Zan. Wit must repair the disadvantages I'm under here, and save my Blanca's honour; That once secur'd, there will be time enough To salve Elvira's.

[Aside.

[Whilst this passes, Elvira holds Julio by the arm, he striving to get from her.

Zan. to Jul. Since by this lady's interposing thus, You have thought fit our swords should pause awhile, It may, I think, consist enough with honour, So far to seek your satisfaction, sir, As to remove mistakes. Know then, Don Julio, That though I have presum'd upon your house, I have not wrong'd your honour; it is she With whom you find me, that hath brought me hither; Her I have long ador'd, and having got Intelligence that she was here conceal'd, My passion I confess transported me Beyond that circumspection and regard, Which men of quality use, and ought t'observe Towards one another's dwellings.

Don Jul. Good gods, what an adventure's here!
Yet all

Is well, so Blanca's honour be but safe. [*Aside.*

Sir, you surprize me much, can this be true?

[*To D. Zancho.*

Blan. Francisca, heard'st thou that? had ever man
So ready a wit, in such an exigent?

[*Aside.*

D. Jul. to Elv. What say you, madam?

Fran. We're surer lost than ever, unless she
Have wit, and heart to take the thing upon her. [*Aside.*
Madam, make signs to her, and earnestly. [*To Blan.*

[*Blanca makes earnest signs to Silvia, i. e. Elvira.*

Fran. aside to Blan. She looks this way, as if she
comprehended

Your meaning.

Elv. I understand her, and I know as well
What mischief I may bring upon myself;
But let Elvira still do generously,
And leave the rest to fate.

[*Aside*

—Sir, since you press me,

[*To Jul.*

My humour ne'er could disavow a truth—

Don Zancho's passion, and transportments for me
Beyond all rules of temper, and discretion,
Have been the cause of all my sad misfortunes,
And still, I see, must be the cause of more.

Jul. Unhappy creature, how thou hast deceiv'd
My prone persuasion of thy innocence!

Don Zan. If that suffice not, sir, you have this
ready

To give you satisfaction. [*Holding out his sword.*

Don Fer. Hell and furies!—but I will yet contain
Myself, and see how far my friend will drive it.

[*Aside.*

Don Jul. Stay, Don Zancho,
And answer me one question—Is this night
The first of your presuming thus to enter
My house by stealth?

D. Zan. The quere is malicious,
But I must thorough, as I have begun—

[*Aside.*
Blan.

Blan. aside to Fran. There was a question makes me tremble still.

D. Zan. to Jul. No, sir, it is not, I'll keep nothing from you;

Last night upon the same occasion.

D. Jul. Hold—it suffices.

Fran. aside hastily to Blan. All's safe, you see, for god-sake let's away,

E'er Julio perceive us;

Your presence here, can serve for nothing, madam,
But to beget new chances and suspicions.

[*Exeunt Blanca and Francisca.*

[*Fernando rushes out, drawing his sword.*

Fer. Yes, it suffices, Julio, to make
This hand strike surer than it did before.

Elw. Nothing was wanting to my misery,
But his being here to over-hear—But yet
I must not suffer the same hand to kill him
A second time, upon a greater error
Than was the first.

[*Aside.*

[*Don Fernando making at Don Zancho, Elvira steps between, and Julio also offers to stay him.*

Fer. striving to come at Zan. Strive to protect your gallant from me, do,

Strive, but in vain—The gods themselves cannot—
What you, Don Julio, too?

[*Chicon running out from the place where he lurk'd, strikes out both the lights with his bat.*

Chic. I have lov'd to see fighting; but at present,
I love to hinder seeing how to fight.

Knights, brandish your blades, 'twill make fine work
Among the gallipots!

[*Aloud.*

You have me by your side, sir, let them come,

They are but two to two.

[*As to his master.*

Sir, follow me, I'll bring you to the door.

[*Aside to his master, and pulling him.*

D. Zan. There's no dishonour in a wise retreat

From disadvantages, to meet again
One's enemy upon a fairer score.

[*Chic. pushing his master before him out of door.*

Chic. aside to his master. There 'tis, advance, fir, I'll
make good the rear.

[*Ex. Don Zan. and Chic.*

Don Jul. Ho, who's without? bring lights.

[*He stamps.*

——They cannot hear us,

The room is so remote from all the rest—

What a confusion's this? recall, Fernando, [To *Fer.*

Your usual temper, and let's leave this place,

And that unhappy maid, unto its darkness,

To hide her blushes, since her shame it cannot.

[*Ex. D. Jul. groping, and drawing Fer. with him.*

Elvira sola.

Darkness and horror, welcome, since the gods
Live in the dark themselves—For had they light
Of what's done here below, they would afford
Some ray to shine on injur'd innocence,

And not instead thereof, thus multiply
Obscuring clouds upon it, such as the sun,

Should he with all his beams illuminate
Mens understandings, scarce could dissipate.

I now begin to pardon thee, Fernando,

Since what thou hast heard in this enchanted place

Carries conviction in't against my firmness,

Above the power of nature to suspend

My condemnation: unless wrong'd virtue might

Expect in thee a justice so refin'd,

As ne'er was found in man to womankind.

'Tis now I must confess, the lost Elvira

Fit only for a cloister; where secure

In her own spotless mind, she may defy

All censures; and without impiety

Reproach her fate, even to the deity.

[*Exit, groping her way.*

A C T

A C T V.

Enter Don Julio talking to himself, and at another door Fernando, who perceiving it, stands close.

Don Julio.

BLEST be the gods, that yet my honour's safe,
 Amidst such strange perplexities, from which
 Fortune and wit, I think, together join'd
 With all their strength, could hardly an issue find.
 To temper, comfort, or to serve my friend
 What argument? what means? how to assist
 Don Pedro in his aims, and to comply
 With what I owe the duke, I see as little,
 And less conceive, how to behave myself
 As ought a gentleman towards a lady,
 With whose protection he hath charg'd himself,
 And brought her to his house on that assurance;
 Whom to expose, cannot consist with honour,
 However she may have expos'd her own;
 And least of all, how to repair to Blanca
 The injury I have done her, whose high spirit
 I fear will be implacable. O heavens!
 What a condition's mine?

[He stands pausing, and startles seeing Fernando.]

Enter Fernando.

Don Fer. Pardon, dear cousin, if to avoid one rudeness

I have another unawares committed.
 Whilst fearing to interrupt, I have overheard,
 Yet nothing, cousin, but the self-same things,
 My thoughts have been revolving all this night,
 Concern'd for you, much more than for myself;
 For I, upon reflection, find I am
 Much easier than I was; by certainty
 Freed from the forest weight, perplexity.
 In the first place, you must forgive your friend
 The high distemper of last night's transportments,

I hope you'll find me well recovered from them,
And that my morning resolutions are
Such as will make amends.

Don Jul. Make no excuse, dear friend, such provocations

Surprising are above philosophy,
And 'tis no small experiment of yours,
If after them you can have brought yourself
So soon to fix a judgment what to do.

Don Fer. I have fix'd on that, which I am sure will
serve

All interests but my own, as heretofore
I understood my happiness; but now
I shall no longer place it in any thing
Dependent on the wild caprice of others.

— No, Julio,

I will be happy even in spite of fate,
By carrying generosity up to the height.
Elvira shall her dear bliss owe to me,
Not only by desisting, but by making
Her lov'd Don Zancho marry her; his refusal
Alone, can make me kill him o'er again.

Don Jul. Since that unhappy maid, with all her
beauty,

And that high quality, hath made herself
Unworthy of your marriage, certainly
None but Fernando ever could have pitch'd
Upon so noble a thought: but think withal
What difficulties are likely to obstruct it.

Don Fer. Say what occurs to you.

Don. Jul. Don Zancho is a man of wit and courage;
And though his passion out of doubt be great,
Since it hath made him do so wild an action,
As that of coming twice into my house
After so strange a manner; yet, Fernando,
You cannot but imagine such a one
Likely to have quite different reflections
Upon Elvira's conduct for a wife,
From what he has upon it for a mistress:

They

They are two notions very differing.
 Besides, should the proposal but appear
 In the least kind to spring from your desire,
 Whose former commerce with her's not unknown,
 It were the *only* way to drive him off
 Past all recall : I think, few have accepted
 Wives recommended to them by their rival.

Don Fer. In that y'have reason, I confess. But, *Julio*,
 Think of the way, for marry her he must,
 Or die, and by no other hand but mine.
 I am thinking of it, and I hope to purpose.

[*Don Julio pausing.*]

What interposer can be found so fit,
 As Blanca in this business ? since *Don Zanco*
 Has long been her particular acquaintance ;
 And what can be more natural, than for her
 To take to heart *Elvira's* chief concernment ?
 Whom he finds here retir'd in her misfortune
 As to her surest friends.

Don Fer. Y'have lighted, cousin, on the only way,
 And lose no time I beg you.

Don Jul. The least that may be ; but you must consider

In what a predicament I am likely
 To be with Blanca at present.

Don Fer. I understand you (since the jealousy
 You express'd of her.) But 'tis to be hoped
 The peace will not be long a making.

Don Jul. You little know her spirit, once inflam'd.
 But as I'll lose no time, so I'll omit
 No art to bring her to a temper, fit
 To hear and to advance the proposition.

Don Fer. Heaven give you good success.

[* *Julio turning back to Fernando.*]

Don Jul. * I had forgot to tell you, that I think
 It will be necessary, that as soon
 As I have weather'd Blanca's storm, I make
 A visit to *Don Pedro*, to prevent
 His coming hither to disorder us,

Before we have set things right.

Don Fer. 'Twas not ill thought on ; and till your return

I shall keep close in your apartment ;
For Blanca has not seen me, and Elvira
Has too great cares upon her to be curious. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Blanca and Francisca ; Blanca with a gay air,
as in her anti-chamber.*

Blan. Say, my Francisca, can romances equal
Our last night's adventure ? was there ever
Such a come-off ? Our sex has used to boast
Presence of mind in exigents of love,
But I believe none of us ever match'd
Don Zancho's readiness in an occasion
So sudden and so critical.

Fran. Ever give me the man of ready parts.

Blan. But pr'ythee, whilst we give Don Zancho his
dues,

Let us be just too to poor Silvia's merit ;
Was ever any thing so generous,
Or so obliging to a mistress ?

Fran. So it appears, madam, I must confess,
But the excess of it makes it suspicious.

Blan. Fye, leave this humour of detracting still,
And call her to me, that I may embrace
And thank her ; that done, consider how
To bring her off, who has brought us off so well.

[*Offers to go out.*]

[*Enter Don Julio.*]

Fran. Stay, I beseech you, and compose yourself
To act a part quite of another nature ;
Here comes Don Julio, towards whom I hope
You'll tune yourself to a far differing key
From that of thanks and kindness.

Blan. Let me alone for that, I'll play the dragon.

[*As Julio advances, Blanca turns from him with
a furious countenance, and flies out of the room,
Julio following her.*]

Don

Don Jul. Dear sister, stay, and hear me.

Blan. Detested brother, leave me.

[She makes as if she were going, and he holds her.]

Don. Jul. Hear me but, Blanca, and then vent your passion

Against a brother, that condemns himself

As much as you can do ; but hear me speak.

Blan. Your actions, Julio, have spoke loud enough
To echo through the world your shame and mine.

Has all the tenor of my life been such,

With such exactness of unblemish'd conduct,

That malice might have stain'd the noon-day sun

More easily, than tarnish'd Blanca's honour ;

And must that honour now be prostitute,

By the caprice of an unworthy brother ?

Should any other have invaded it,

Had not you righted her, she has a heart

Would have found ways to right herself ; but you,

Th'aggressor, what remedy but rage ?

[She flings from him, and exit.]

Fran. She acts it rarely.

[Aside.]

Don Jul. Was ever man so unfortunate as I ?

[To Francisca.]

I must confess she has reason, and the sense

She thus expresses of my fault becomes her ;

But it must be your work, my dear Francisca,

To pacify. When once you shall but know

All that has pass'd these nights, I am certain

You'll say, no human confidence could e'er

Be proof against such circumstances.

Fran. Alas ! my offices can signify

But little. But I'm sure the occasion

Gives me a sad heart—O my dear lady !

[As if she were crying.]

Don Jul. I love good nature, but I pr'ythee leave,

And come in with me, that I may tell thee all.

Enter Don Pedro and Fulvio, as in his lodging.

Don Ped. A god's name, Fulvio, what has been thy meaning,

To make me sit up almost all last night
 Expecting thee, when such impatience held me ?
 Thou wert not wont to be so negligent
 In things of so great weight.

Ful. Nor have I been it now, 'tis over-care
 Of your commands hath held me so long from you.
 You know the orders that you gave me, sir,
 To watch Don Zancho's motions ; accordingly,
 I sat all day in my observing place,
 Till about twilight I saw him and's man
 Steal as it were abroad ; I as warily
 Dog'd them from street to street, till, sir, at length
 He made a stand up close against a wall,
 Whilst that his servant entertain'd a woman
 Close vail'd, who was come out, I think, on purpose,
 From an adjacent house ; soon after he
 Accosted her himself ; their conference
 Lasted but little ; she made haste away
 To th'house from whence she came, and he as much
 To follow her in.

Don Ped. Where was't ? and why cam'st thou not
 presently,

To give me notice, as you were directed ?

Ful. At that you will not wonder, when you know
 Whose house he enter'd ; but at this you'll wonder,
 It was Don Julio's.

Don Pedro [*startling*] Ha ! Don Julio's, say'st thou ?
[*He pauses.*]

But now I think on't, 'tis no marvel, Fulvio,
 Since newly come to town ; for I remember
 Don Julio told me, that Don Zancho and he
 Had always liv'd in friendly correspondence.

Ful. Visits, sir, only of fair civility
 After long absence, are not usually
 Begun by twilight, in such cautious manner ;
 Nor usher'd in by female vail'd conductors :
 But pray, sir, hear the rest. [*To Fulvio.*]

Don Ped. What can this be ? say on then quickly.

[*Aside.*
Ful.]

Ful. I presently concluded with myself,
That since Don Julio was the friend on whose
Assistance you relied against Don Zancho,
You ne'er would think, sir, of attacking him
As he came out from thence; I judg'd it therefore
My wisest course to stay, and mark the issue.
And stay I did, till it was after midnight;
About which time, walking from side to side,
That I might see both issues of the house,
It being as light almost as day, I saw
The gallant and his man leap from the wall
Of Julio's garden, and from thence in haste
Make home.

Don Ped. S'dearth, man, thou dream'st! Don Zancho
from Don Julio's
In that manner?—Awake, fool, and speak sense.

Ful. I say but what I saw, as I see you.

Don Ped. O the devil! what the same villain
Found the affronter of my friend too here
In the same kind? Give me my cloak and sword,
I must know the bottom of this. [Exit.

Enter Blanca and Francisca, as in her anti-chamber.

Blan. I come from seeing and caressing Silvia,
But with most strange surprize at her comportment
Towards me.

Fran. How, madam!

Blan. My words and actions both expressing to her,
Not only highest gratitude and kindness,
But a sollicitude in the concerns
Of her honour, equal to what she had shown
In mine; they were receiv'd with such a coldness,
With such an air of melancholy pride,
With half replies, and those not half to th' purpose,
As make me with amazement to conclude,
That either she has lost her understanding,
Or that there's somewhat in't we understand not.

Fran. She's a maid of an odd composition;
And besides that, I needs must tell you, madam,

That having had my observation freer
 Than you, perhaps, during last night's adventure,
 I remark'd somewhat both in her demeanour,
 And in Don Zancho's, makes me confident
 They met not there strangers to one another,
 As you imagine—But there's time enough
 To think and talk of that : what presses now
 Is your right ordering of Don Julio :
 You have begun as well as can be wish'd.

Blan. Say, did I not do my part ?

[*Jollily.*

Fran.—— Beyond imagination ;
 But take heed now of over-doing it,
 'Tis time to tack about to reconciliation,
 And thought of drawing those advantages
 From the embroilment, as may for the future
 Secure you from like accidents.

Blan. You say well, but how ?

Fran. The first step must atonement be between you,
 Of which he hath so earnestly conjur'd me
 To be an instrument, that you consenting
 To give him a hearing, through my mediation,
 I am made for ever, and settled in the power
 Of serving you, by better cozening him :
 Besides, he tells me, he hath that to say,
 And to propose unt'you, as shall not only
 Excuse him with you, but prevent all danger
 Of prejudicial rumors which might rise
 From last night's accident.

Blan. Agreed, let's in
 And play the second part.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Don Zancho and Chichon, as in his own house.

Don Zan. Were we not born with cauls upon our
 heads,

[*Jollily.*

Think'st thou, Chichon, to come off twice a row
 Thus rarely, from such dangerous adventures ?

Chich. Rather I think with combs, so oft to venture.

Don Zan. Thou coxcomb, say, had I not my wits
 about me ?

Chic b.

Chich. 'Twere too uncomplaisant to deny that,
 You know I love not to talk seriously ;
 But tell me now in earnest, are you satisfied
 To have come off so ? is there no qualm remaining
 Upon your gentle heart, for leaving i'th' fuds
 A poor distressed virgin ? Who she is,
 I neither know nor care ; but I am sure
 Had generous Chichon, to save his life,
 Play'd a sweet innocent lady such a trick,
 He would have pass'd but for a recreant knight ;
 And much the more, she having shown herself
 So gallant, as to save her lady's honour
 T'expose her own : Say, true Don Galor, say,
 Were your part found in a romance or play,
 Whose character would it not dislustre ?

Don Zan. How soon a fool's bolt's shot, without
 distinction

Of what's the mark ! Thou censur'st without knowing
 Who th' expos'd lady is. Know then, Chichon,
 And wonder, 'tis Elvira, that Elvira
 For whom I sigh'd, like to have sigh'd my last
 On her score at Madrid ; Don Pedro's daughter.

Chich. You raise enchanted castles in the air ;
 But were it as you say, that makes the thing
 More inexcusable : You had been to blame
 To have us'd a stranger so ; but so t' have serv'd
 A lady whom you had once profess'd to love,
 Raises the fault above all heightning.

Don Zan. Nay then, I see I must once play the fool,
 In answering a fool seriously.
 The things thou say'st are heightnings indeed,
 Not of my fault, but merit in the action,
 Towards my Blanca ; since to save her honour,
 I did not only sacrifice Elvira's,
 But thus expose mine own : time may recover
 Elvira's fame, and mine this quickly shall.

[Clapping his hand on his sword.

Here, take this letter, and employ your wit
 In finding out the means with secrecy

To give it Don Fernando unobserv'd ;
I shall not stir from home till I have his answer.

Chic. You found him, sir, a man of quick dispatch
In your last business with him at Madrid.

[*Exit Don Zanco.*]

How honourable 'tis to serve a Don !

What petit Basque on t'other side the mountains

Durst have aspir'd to the high dignity

Of carrying a cartel? A Monsieur

Would sooner have put up a twinge by the nose,

Than sent a challenge by a serving man.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Blanca furiously, and running to the cabinet, takes out thence a filetto, and Francisca earnestly after her, as in Blanca's closet.

Don. Blan. Villains shall find, I am not unprovided
Wrongs to revenge, that cannot be forgiven.

Fran. I thought the strange constraint upon herself
Wherewith she heard her brother, would serve in the
end

But to make rage break out with greater fury ;

Yet it is well she kept it in so long

As to get rid of him.

[*Afide.*]

Good madam, moderate yourself a little.

[*To Blan.*]

Don. Blan. Preach temper to the damned souls in
hell,

That they may teach the traitor moderation,

When I have sent him thither with his devil.

Fran. I do confess the provocation such,

As more than justifies all these transportments ;

And therefore I beseech you think not, madam,

In what I say, I can the least aim have

Of saving him from the extremest fury

Of your resentment ; or preserving her,

Who has had the impudence to abuse you so,

Under the pretence of serving—May they perish,

But let it be in such a way, as may not

Draw a more dismal ruin on yourself :

Let

Let swift destruction seize them; yet let not,
 Madam, your hand, but head dispense their fate.
 What can the issue be of such an action,
 As that of which I see that shining steel
 And flaming eyes of yours, the threatening comets?
 I beg but the reflection of a moment.

[Blanca walking upon the stage with enraged gestures pauses, at length sheathing, and putting her stiletto in her sleeve with a sober composed tone:]

Don. Blan. Francisca, I thank you for recalling me
 Thus to myself, I will be temperate—
 But it shall be to make revenge the surer. *[Aside.]*

Fran. Her tone, nor gestures cannot cozen me,
 They both seem to disguise a black design;
 But I shall watch you, 'tis a half-gain'd cause
 In fury's course, to have begot a pause. *[Aside.]*

Don. Blan. Do what I bid you presently, Francisca,
 Send to Don Zancho, and let him know from me,
 I earnestly desire to speak with him.

Fran. Lord, madam, what d'ye mean?

Don. Blan. To make the pleasing proposition to
 him,
 As I told my brother I would.
 —Say, am I not moderate?
 But do, without reply, what I command.

Fran. Madam, I shall obey—
 But observe you so withall,
 As to prevent the mischief if I can. *[Aside.]*
[Exit Francisca.]

Don. Blan. Ye gods, assist me in my just revenge,
 Or you will make an atheist—My first work
 Must be before Don Zancho comes to speak
 With his sweet mistress, and with words and looks
 As false as hers have been, so to delude her
 With hopes of what she wishes, that they both
 May jointly fall my honour's sacrifice. *[Exit.]*

Enter Don Fernando, as in Don Julio's private apartment.

Don Fer. Since generosity hath so far got
The mastery, as to have made me fix
Upon a resolution so unheard of,
I long to see it executed.

———But stay,
I think I hear Elvira's voice without,
And Blanca's too—Here curiosity
To over-hear is pardonable.

[He makes as if he hearken'd, and then exit, as to go where he may better hear.]

Enter Silvia, [i. e. Elvira] and Blanca, as in the anti-chamber, and Fernando peeping as from behind a door.

Don Fer. Here not a word can 'scape me.

Sil. Elv. Madam, you wrong my zeal in serving
you,

Whilst you attribute to any other motive
My yesterday's behaviour.

Don. Blan. Such niceties, Elvira, are out of season.

[In a tone that may shew what she says to be forc'd.]

I seek your satisfaction in a love,
Wherein it seems you have been long engag'd.

[Donna Elvira looking round, and Fernando starting back.]

Don Fer. I hope she did not see me. *[Aside.]*

Don. Elv. My satisfaction, say you, in my love?

Of whom, for heaven's sake? If you mean Don Zanch,

Y'are very far from guessing at my thoughts.

Don. Fer. By heaven sh'has seen me, and plays the
devil still. *[Aside.]*

Don. Elv. By all that's good, I am far from lov-
ing him— *I say*

I say not worse, because I know she loves him. [*Aside.*

Don. Fer. Ah, Elvira ! this is too much, yet not enough

To change in me a noble resolution.

[*A noise is heard, as of people coming up stairs.*

Don. Blan. I hear some coming up stairs ; should it be

*Don Zanch*o, I am not yet ready for him— [*Aside.*

I see we are likely to be interrupted here, [*To Elvira.*

Elvira, we shall be better in my closet. [*Exit Blan.*

Don. Elv. Madam, I'll follow you.

What can she mean ? since that she needs must think

I know the passion she has for him.

[*Elvira having staid awhile behind, as she is going to follow Blanca, enter her father Don Pedro, and Fulvio ; she starts and stands confounded ; he, seeing her, draws out his dagger and makes at her.*

Don Ped. Vile stainer of my blood, have I here found thee ?

[*Elvira perceiving the door a little open where Don Fernando is, flies thither, and gets in.*

Don Fer. This makes it clear she saw me.

[*Aside, as Elvira thrusts in.*

[*Don Pedro seizes the door before it be quite shut, and they struggle, he to pull it open, and Don Fernando to shut it, who after some contest, Don Fernando gets it close, and bolts it within : Don Pedro, as an enraged person, pulls and bounces at the door.*

Don Ped. In vain should mountains interpose between Her and her punishment.

[*He bounces still, as to break down the door.*

Enter Donna Blanca.

Don. Blan. What Bedlam have we here ? and where's Elvira ?

Don Ped. You have one here, will know how to revenge

Conspiracies to affront him: and you, lady,
 Whoe'er you are, that seem to take upon you,
 Y'had best produce the wicked thing you have named,
 Or by this steel— *[Don. Blan. cries out.]*

Don. Blan. Ho! brother, brother, help against a
 madman.

Enter Don Julio.

Don Jul. Peace, Blanca, peace, you know not what
 you say;

Don Pedro is master here.

Don. Blan. I know not your Don Pedro, but I'm
 sure

One to be ty'd in chains could do no more
 Than he has done.

Don Jul. Have patience, sister; 'tis Elvira's father,
 With cares enough upon him to justify
 Any distemper.

Don. Blan. Precious! Elvira's Father!—
 Nay, then I leave you.

[Blanca flings out of the room.]

Don Jul. O the unluckiness of his coming
 So unseasonably!—'Twas to prevent that,
 I went abroad to seek him.

[Aside.]

Don Ped. What's this, Don Julio? can a gentleman
 Of blood and honour use another thus?
 What, after such engagements to the duke,
 And to myself, to be my friend and helper,
 To prove the shelterer of my shame's chief author?
 I do not wonder now, Don Zanchó himself
 Should have been found here at midnight.

Don Jul. I am hard put to't; help, wit, to bring us
 off.

[Aside.]

Be as distemper'd as you please, Don Pedro, *[To him.]*
 It shall not alter me. But yet methinks
 It would not ill become your gravity,
 To think awhile, before you make a judgment,
 And rashly frame injurious conclusions,

From

From things wherein a friend has merited from you :
 Do but consider, and then say, what Julio
 Could do of more advance to what you wish,
 Than having found your daughter, to have brought
 her

To his own house, where she might be with honour
 Accompanied, and serv'd as such by Blanca,
 Until such time, as things maturely weigh'd,
 You should a final resolution take.

And since Don Zanchó's being here last night,
 I see's no secret t'ye, methinks you ought
 T'have been so just to me, as to believe
 That since I admitted him within these walls,
 It was in order to the serving you.

Don Ped. Noble Don Julio, you must pity have
 Of an old man's distemper, in affliction;
 I see I was in the wrong, pray pardon it.

Don. Jul. O this is more than needs; and now,
 good sir,
 If you'll be pleas'd to walk a turn or two
 I'th' garden, I'll there give you a full account
 How I have laid things for your satisfaction.

Don Ped. I'll wait on you.

Don Jul. Go, sir, there lies your way——
 And you, boy, fail not, when Don Zanchó comes,
 [Turning to the page.
 To give me notice of it in the garden. [Exeunt.

*Enter Don Zanchó, and passes over the stage with Chicon
 after him, and enter Francisca, and pulling Chicon
 stays him.*

Fran. Stay, stay, Chicon, a word w'ye, it im-
 ports— [She whispers with him.

Chic. I hope you are not in earnest.

Fran. By my soul I am—
 There is no other way, but for us both
 To get up the back way, and there to watch
 The time to interpose.

Chic.

Chic. Can she be such a fury? her looks are
All milk and honey.

Fran. You cannot fancy any thing so tragick,
But she is capable of executing,
When once provok'd in point of love and honour,
Beyond her bounds of temper.

Chic. Lead the way—

I'll have the pleasure to hold up the fright [*Aside.*
She's in, since I am sure there is no danger,
Knowing, as I do, my master's mind towards Blanca;
Besides, 'tis to be hop'd, that these disorders
May produce somewhat that may put an end
To my master's quarrel, or afford me means
To give Fernando his letter. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Don Fernando, Elvira lying upon the couch in the
private apartment.*

Don Fer. This last dissimulation moves me more
Than all the rest, but yet it must not alter
What honour hath inspir'd. See how she lies,
And how scarce brought to life from her dismay,
She resumes scorn, to have been sav'd by me!
But multiply what injuries thou wilt,
Perfidious maid, thou shalt not disappoint
Fernando of the glory that he aims at,
Of making thy proud heart, Elvira, owe
Its happiness to him.

——But I hear again

A noise without—

[*He peeps.*

'Tis Don Zanchó,

And I see Blanca coming towards him.

This falls out luckily, that I may hear

What passes; for certainly their meeting

Avowedly thus, can be no other subject,

But what Don Julio has propos'd to Blanca.

[*Exit, as to hearken*

Enter

Enter Don Julio and Don Pedro, as in the garden.

Don Jul. That's all the remedy, that in these cases
The wisest can propose unto themselves;
His fortune's strait, 'tis true.

Don Ped. That's what I least regard in this occasion,
So honour be but safe; the less they have,
The more will be her penance for her folly.
But should Don Zancho, upon any umbrage
From what has pass'd between them, prove so insolent
As to reject the marriage, then I trust—

Don Jul. O say no more of that, rely upon't,
Should he be guilty of that horrid outrage,
This sword should pierce his heart, tho' th' only frie
I have i'th' world should interpose his own;
And, sir, to let you see my frank proceeding,
Come along with me, I'll bring you to a place
Where jointly overhearing all that passes
'Twixt him and Blanca, should he play the villain,
His life may pay for't, e'er he stir from thence.

Don Ped. May heaven repay such generous acts of
friendship. [*Excunt.*

*Enter Don Zancho, and Fernando appears as behind
the door.*

Don Zan. For her so suddenly, and so avowedly
To send for me hither, is very strange,
What can it mean?

Enter Blanca.

Don. Blan. Now lend me temper, heaven, but for a
moment,
Till calmly I have drawn him to pronounce
The sentence of his own too noble death
For such a traitor— [*Aside.*
I think you come not without some surprize,
[*To him with an affected cheerfulness.*
Don

Don Zanchó, at my sending for you so:
But let's sit down, for I have much to say t'ye.

[She takes him by the hand and seats him in one chair, and she sets herself in the other close to him on his right hand, and fumbles in her sleeve.]

Don. Blan. I'm so well plac'd I cannot miss the mark.
[Aside.]

Don Zan. Good madam, what's the matter? for I see Disorder in you, put me out of pain.

Don. Blan. That I shall quickly do—
Know then, Don Zanchó,
In the first place, you must not interrupt me,
Whatever you shall hear; I'll take it ill else;
When I have done, then speak your mind at leisure;
I come not to argue, but conclude.

Don Zan. Your will's a law to me—
But whither tends all this? *[Aside.]*

Don. Blan. I do for once allow you to remember
All that has pass'd between us;
The folly of my love, the falshood of yours;
That done and never to be thought on more—

Don Zan. For heaven's sake, madam—

Don. Blan. Break not the rule was set—
Know, I instructed am in all your story,
And am so far grown mistress of myself,
That I who th' other day could scarce o'ercome
The sense of a slight failure at Madrid,
Can here at home suffer indignities,
And tell you calmly, and with unconcern'dness,
Be you Elvira's, and Elvira yours:
I come to do a part you little look'd for
From Blanca's spirit; I must make the marriage,
All things are ready, and her father here.
Now you may speak, Don Zanchó, but the thing
Admits of no delay.

Don Zan. But can this be in earnest? sure it cannot;
What need these trials of so firm a faith?

[Pausing awhile.]

Don.

Don. Blan. Leave trifling, 'tis no longer time for tricks,
It is not in the power of fate to alter
The resolutions taken.

[*Don Zanco pauses.*

Don Fer. She has put it home.

[*Aside.*

Don Zan. Madam, you use me hardly ; this de-
meanor

Passes my skill, to judge from whence it springs.
You say it is not in the power of fate
To change your resolutions ; but I'm sure
If they be such, 'twill less be in its power
To alter mine ; but yet before I die
You must be left without excuse, by knowing
The truth of all.

Don Fer. Here it imports indeed to be attentive.

[*Aside.*

Don Zan. Madam, 'tis true, that absent at Madrid,
The custom of the court, and vanity,
Embark'd me lightly in a gallantry
With the most fam'd of beauties there, Elvira ;
Those, and no other, the true motives were,
To all my first addressees, till her scorns,
Which should have stopp'd them, had engag'd me more,
And made a love in jest a point of honour :
I bore all her disdain without transportment,
Till having gain'd her waiting-woman's kindness,
I learn'd from her, that all Elvira's flightings
She would have thought had sprung from severe
maxims,
And preciousness of humour, were th' effects
Of deep engagement in another love
With a young gallant, Don Fernando Solis,
With whom the cruel dame was so far gone,
As to admit him every night
Into her chamber.

Don Fer. Blest gods, what do I hear ?

[*Aside.*

Don Zan. continuing. I scarce believing the thing
possible,
Urged my intelligencer to do for me

That

That which her lady for another did,
 And to admit me to her chamber, where
 By being eye-witness of her lady's actions,
 I might transfer my entire love to herself—
 She granted my request, and late one night
 Somewhat before the gallant's usual hour,
 She brought me a back way up into her chamber,
 Within Elvira's; my stay had not been long,
 When having found the truth of what she had told me,
 Converting rage into appearing kindness
 To my informer, and expressing it
 Uncautiously, we made a sudden noise,
 With which, Elvira alarm'd, and coming in,
 Followed by Don Fernando, that fell out
 Which you have heard before.

*Don Julio beckoning Don Pedro after him, passing
 over one corner of the stage.*

Don Jul. By this time, I suppose, she will have
 made

The proposition to the full, and we
 Shall come at the just time to hear his answer.

[Exeunt Don Pedro and Don Julio.]

Don Zan. continuing. If since that hour I have ever
 seen

Or thought upon her, till last night's surprize,
 May I for ever perish; and methinks
 The use of that, to your advantage,
 Might challenge from you a more just construction.

Don, Blan. I told you at first, I came not here to
 argue,

But to conclude—Say, will you marry her?

*[Don Julio and Don Pedro peep out as from behind
 the hanging.]*

Don Jul. W'are come, you see, just as we could have
 wish'd.

Don Ped. His fate hangs on his lips.

Don Zan. to Blan. You are mistress of your words and
 actions, madam,

And may use me as you please; but this hand

Shall

Shall sooner pierce this heart, than e'er be given
In marriage to Elvira.

*[Don Pedro and Don Julio rush in with their
swords and daggers drawn, and Don Zancho
draws too.]*

Don Ped. Then villain die, heav'n is too weak to
save thee

By any other means.

[Fernando draws, and rushing out.]

Don Fer. But here is one that shall—
Or fall by his side.

Don Ped. O heavens ! what's this ?
Don Fernando Solis protecting him !
Nay, then the whole world conspires against my honour.

Don. Blan. For heaven's sake, gentlemen !

[Don. Blan. runs in between.]

Chic. Now by my grandame's pantable 'tis pretty !
[From behind.]

I'll brush their coats, if once it come to fighting,
Fernando's of our side.

*[Francisca and Chicon with a long broom run out
also from behind the hanging.]*

Don Jul. What frenzy's this, Fernando ? was't not
you

Engaged me to effect the marriage ? sure w'are all
Bewitch'd.

Don Fer. Stay, my Don Julio, stay,
And let Don Pedro have patience but to hear me—
'Tis true, but you know well upon what grounds :
Those are quite chang'd, by my having over-heard
All that hath pass'd ; for my Elvira, Julio,
Proves spotless in her faith, as in her beauty,
And I the only guilty, to have doubted :
What have I then to do, but here to prostrate
Myself at her offended father's feet,
And beg his pardon ? that obtain'd, t'implore
His help to gain me hers, as to a person
In whom respect for him hath always held
Proportion with my passion for his daughter.

Don Jul. You know, Don Julio, when I spake with you,

The terms of estimation and respect
 Wherewith I mention'd t'ye this gentleman ;
 And therefore since in his address t'Elvira
 There was no other fault, but making it
 Unknown to me, and that I see his thoughts
 Are truly noble ; honour thus engaged,
 That ought to be forgot, and I to think
 Myself most happy in such a son in law.
 But where's Elvira ?

Don Fer. She's there within, where I dare not appear
 Before her, knowing now such guilt upon me.
 If Blanca would employ her interest
 And eloquence, perhaps she might prevail
 To get her hither, when she shall have told her
 What changes a few minutes time have wrought.

Don. Blan. I never went on a more pleasing errand.

[*Exeunt Don. Blanca and Francisca.*]

Fran. I am struck dumb with wonder.

[*As she goes out.*]

Don Fer. Now Blanca is away, I'll take this time
 To spare her blushes, Julio, and tell you
 Though I have broke one marriage for Don Zancho,
 You needs must give me leave to make another,
 To which, unless I'm very much deceiv'd,
 You'll find on neither part repugnancy.

Don Jul. I understand you ; and I thank the gods
 They did not make me understand the wrong,
 Till they have made it none, since I observe
 Don Zancho's looks joining in your desires.

Don Zan. A heart so full of love as mine for Blanca,
 Does best express itself when it speaks least.

Enter Donna Blanca, Donna Elvira, and Francisca.

[*Elvira casts herself at her father's feet.*]

Don. Elv. Now that the justice of the gods, at
 length

Hath

Hath clear'd me from suspicions derogatory
To th' honour of your blood, I hope a cloister
May expiate my fault as to a father.

Don Ped. Rise, child, the inclosure I condemn you to
[*Raising her.*]

Is Don Fernando's arms; give him your hand.

Don. Elv. 'Tis yours, sir, to dispose of, I confess,
And if it be your will, I must submit;
But let him know, who could suspect Elvira,
She never could be his, but by obedience.

Don Fer. I am thunder-struck.

[*Elvira giving him her hand.*]

Don. Elv. Be not dismay'd, Fernando,
Since I profess this a meer act of duty;
Another duty may Elvira move,
To re-inflame on better grounds her love.

Don Jul. ironically. Blanca, I fear you'll hardly be
persuaded

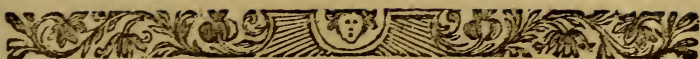
To give yours to Don Zanchó; but a brother
For once may play the tyrant—Give it him,
It must be so.

[*They join hands.*]

Don Fer. I now renounce old maxims, having you,
Elvira, I am sure the very best proves true.

Chic. Hold there, I beg you, sir; that will appear
By that time you have married been a year.





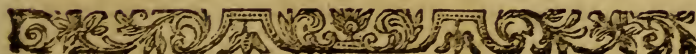
L O V E


Will find out the Way.

AN EXCELLENT


C O M E D Y.

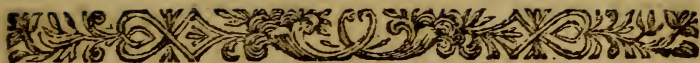
By T. B.





I Can give no account either of the author of this play, or when it was wrote; it was first printed in the Year 1661.





Dramatis Personæ.

- Hartwell, *a decayed gentleman, lover of Mrs. Frances.*
- Playfair, *Hartwell's kinsman and friend, lover of Hornet's niece.*
- Lambert, *another of Hartwell's friends, counterfeit king.*
- Three or four counterfeit lords of *Poland.*
- Poldavis, *master of the horse.*
- Hornet, *a great usurer, suitor to Mrs. Bellamy.*
- Doctor of physick to *Hornet's niece.*
- Startup, *a clownish gentleman, Hartwell's rival to Mrs. Frances.*
- Another country-gentleman, *his neighbour.*
- Close, *an old trusty servant to Hartwell.*
- Three more servants *cashier'd.*
- Justice of Peace.
- Pursuivant, Officers, Constable and Watch.
- Mrs. Bellamy, *a rich widow.*
- Mrs. Frances, *her daughter, Hartwell's mistress.*
- Hornet's niece, *Playfair's mistress.*
- Nurse.



L O V E

Will find out the WAY.

A

C O M E D Y.

A C T I.

Enter Hartwell and Servants.

Hartwell.



A Y, let's not part so heavily.

Close. For my own part, it does not trouble me so much,

That you have broke up house—

1 Ser. And yet that sticks in my stomach :

For hospitality went out of fashion, with crop-doublets and cod-pieces.

Close.

Cloſe. But I have worn out ſo many liveries under your worſhipful father—

Hart. My father had an office which brought in A fair revenue ; I inherit but His little land, whoſe annual profits will not Encourage me to live at that ſame height : You may meet better fortunes ; there's enough Preferment in the world : my love and beſt Aſſiſtance promiſe to yourſelves.

Cloſe. I do not ſtand upon wages, ſir, I won't leave you.

Hart. Not leave me ! how wilt thou live ?

Cloſe. Live ? as other mortals do : yet I won't play the thief, that's a courſe may be taken, by which a man may aſcend the ladder of preferment ; but I never lov'd to climb trees. I muſt confeſs I cannot cheat ; I have heard there's a devilish deal of knowledge in the dice, and if men won't lend money, they'll fetch it out o'th' bones : but it's beſt caſting in a tavern, when the reckon ing and the wine come up together. Some men have a trick to ſpin out a living by't. There be many ſecret ways for ſervingmen to live : alas, 'tis not wages that does maintain our tribe ; eſpecially thoſe that have miſtreſſes.

Hart. But I am a batchelor.

Cloſe. I pray let me be one of your buttons ſtill then ; I am not half worn out ; you know what mould I am made of : I ever did you honeſt ſervice ; and though the reſt of my fellow-vermin can leave your falling houſe, I do not fear the rafters. By this hand I will wait upon you, though, as ſome great men's ſervants, I live upon nothing but the air of commendation.

Hart. Well, ſince you are ſo reſolute, ſtill attend me ;
the reſt

I here diſcharge—There's ſomewhat more, not worth
the

Name of bounty ; I wiſh all
A happier entertainment.

100 *LOVE will find out the Way.*

2 *Ser.* Heaven bless you, fir, and there be no remedy.

1 *Ser.* Farewell, Close.

Close. Pray give me leave to wet my lips with my old fellows; sorrow makes a dry proverb; I must to a tavern, and condole a quart with 'em.

Hart. Meet me at mistress Bellamy's——

[*Exit Hartwell.*]

Close. I shall, fir.

Enter Playfair.

Play. How now, my masters?

Close. You do not speak to me, fir: I am a servant still: indeed the case is alter'd with them; they are masters for want of a service.

1 *Ser.* Oh master Playfair!

2 *Ser.* It is not now as when Andrea liv'd.

3 *Ser.* This place was made for pleasure, not for dearth.

1 *Ser.* There was a time when mortals whetted knives.

Play. What's the matter?

2 *Ser.* In time of yore, when men kill'd brutish beasts.

3 *Ser.* Oh cruel butcher, whosoe'er thou wert!

Close. Do you not know what all this signifies?

Play. Not I.

Close. My master has given over house-keeping.

2 *Ser.* Burglary, fir, burglary; our young master has broke up the cellar, and thrown the kitchen out of the hall-window.

Close. Nay, he has thrown the house out at window; it has a superscription already, and is directed to his next loving friend, that will pay the rent. You'll hardly know me, I have no fellow.

Play. Y'are very merry.

Close. He has cashier'd a company.

3 *Ser.* And taken our good names from us.

Play.

Play. I know his nature is more noble ; thou wert his groom.

3 *Ser.* Right, and now I am turn'd off, that good name is taken away ; nay, I am not company for his horse.

Clofe. Grass and hay, we are all mortal.

2 *Ser.* We may see what it is to be prick'd with pro-
vender ; now we must all bite o'th' bridle for't ; all
discharg'd.

Play. Certain ?

Clofe. Yes, certain of us are ; for my master only be-
longs to me : if you will speak with him, you may
overtake him, he's gone to mistress Bellamy's : in the
mean time I give you to understand, that I Clofe do still
follow my master ; have great hopes to continue eat-
ing, though the rest of my fellows here be blanks, and
want filling.

Play. My masters, I have known you long ; and
though you be at a loss, in confidence of your future
honesties, I will employ you in a device, which, if it
prove happy, may reward you handsomly.

Clofe. And me too ?

Play. No, sir, you are another man's servant ;
follow you your master ; if there be occasion, I'll
enquire for you—Will you be faithful to a project of
mine ?

All. Doubt it not, sweet master Playfair, any thing.

Play. Follow me for your instructions—Farewell,
Clofe, commend me to your master.

2 *Ser.* 'Bye Clofe ; honest Clofe, we are blanks—

[*Ex. Playfair and Servants.*]

Clofe. Roll yourselves up, and be drawn at the next
lottery : I won't leave my certainty for all your projects,
take my word for't ; if your project fail, I shall find
some of you in Paul's, watching behind a pillar, with a
prayer that some gentleman will read the bedroll, and
take pity of a very serviceable fellow to wait on him ;
but want's a cloak. Much good do ye with your pro-
ject——

[*Exit.*
Enter

Enter Hornet and mistress Bellamy.

Hor. Come, widow, be rul'd by me ; I know the world,
And I have studied it these fifty years:
There's no man to be trusted.

Bel. Without good
Security, you mean.

Hor. No young man, widow,
That talks and says he loves you, writes you verses,
And swears he shall go hang himself unless
You pity him : take me an old man.

Bel. Take you an old man ? so—

Hor. Season'd with care and thrift, not led away
By vicious conversations, nor corrupted
With pride and surfeit : one that knows the use
Of money : d'ye mark ? the use.

Bel. Yes, sir ; use upon use, you mean.

Hor. And dares not spend it prodigally, knowing
The principal end it was ordain'd to was
To relieve necessity, and lay up
What is above.

Bel. To help the poor.

Hor. You may,
If you be so dispos'd ; but 'tis as commendable
To give it in our will, to build an hospital,
And so our charity comes all together.
Besides, who knows what tempests while we live
May rise ? 'tis wisdom not to be without
A sun-shine in our bags, to quiet all.
I know you want no suitors in the city,
There be courtiers, great ones, with large titles,
Cold in their estates, would warm themselves
At your rich city-bonfire : there's no alderman
Or wealthy merchant, leaves his widow wealthy,
But straight some noble blood, or lusty kindred,
Claps in with his gilt coach and Flandrian trotters,
And hurries her away to the next countess :

No matter for corruption of their blood ;
Some undone courtier made her husband rich,
And this new lord receives it back again.

I would not have your state thus eaten up
By caterpillars, but preserv'd, and made
Greater, by marrying a discreet old man.

Bel. And such a one you shew yourself.

Hor. You happily interpret me.

Bel. I will not tell you till we meet again,
What operation your good counsel has upon me.

Hor. She inclines—'Tis your good nature.
I'm plain Hornet, and have no tricks ; I'll tell you all
My fault, I'm given much to gather wealth ;
No kindred, only a niece, left to my trust
With a great portion ; one that is never like to marry.

Bel. Why ?

Hor. She never thriv'd since she came to me.

Bel. I easily believe it.

Hor. Melancholy
Will kill her ; and yet I pursue all ways
That promise her delight ; I spare no cost
Of physick ; what her doctor says, is done.

Enter Hartwell and Frances.

Bel. 'Tis lovingly perform'd.

Hor. What's he ?

Bel. A gentleman that bears my daughter much affection.

Hor. Sure I have seen him.

Bel. Master Hartwell.

Hor. Oh he's a beggar, or must be shortly.

Bel. Have you his lands in mortgage ?

Hor. Not yet, not yet, but he'll want money too :
His kinsman, Playfair, keeps him company ;
Take heed on him.

Bel. He has good breeding.

Hor. Hang breeding, 'tis unlucky ;
They never keep their state that have too much on't :

Counsel your daughter, mistress Bellamy,
To throw him off.

Bel. You direct well.

Hor. When we are married, I'll provide a match
For her.

Bel. You have care on us.

Hor. It will become me.

Hart. Is he a suitor to thy mother ?

Fran. He would be such a thing—Were I not happy
In such a jolly father-in-law ?

Hart. A looks like some cast money-bag, that had
given up

The stuffing, and for want of use grown mouldy ;
He dares not keep a fire in's kitchen, lest
Warming his hands, which rather look like gloves, so
tann'd

And thin, he lets 'em scorch, and gather into a heap.

I do not think he ever put off his cloaths :

He would run mad at sight of's own anatomy.

That such a wretch should have so vast a wealth !

Fran. I'll not be his niece,
For all his fortune.

Hart. I presume
Your mother is more noble, than to encourage
Him in his courtship ; her estate would mix
Not well with his ill-gotten wealth, extorted
From widows and from orphans : nor will all
His plenty keep his soul one day from famine :
'Tis time ill-spent to mention him ; let's talk
Of something else.

Fran. Of what ?

Hart. Of love again,
Whose flames we equally divide.

Hor. Your table
Is a devourer, and they shut up doors
First, who keep open-house and entertainments :
This lord is feasted, and that young lady's sweet-tooth
Must have a banquet : t'other old

Madam, with ne'er a tooth, must have some march-pane

Coral to rub her gums withal : these are
Vain and ridiculous expences.

Bel. 'Tis not too late to thrive.

Hor. This room has too rich furniture, and worse
Hangings would serve the turn ; if I may be
Worthy to counsel, pictures are too
Superfluous, of this and t'other master's
Doing—Hang Michael Angelo and his oils ;
If they be given, y'are the more excus'd
To let them hang ; but have a care you let not
Appear, either in arras or in picture,
The story of the prodigal, 'twill fright
Young gentlemen from spending of their portions,
That come to visit you ; whose unbounden riots
May enrich you with their forfeited estates.
I have a thousand precepts more.

Bel. But d'ye not

Think all this while of heaven ?

Hor. 'Tis in my wealth.

Bel. Or hell ?

Hor. A fable to fright fools and children—But
I cannot stay, my scrivener does expect me ;
I'll visit you another time, sweet widow,
And give you more instructions.

Bel. Spare your labour,
I shall not practise these in haste, and must
Declare, these precepts make not for your welcome.
My patience was no virtue all this while.
If you but think you have a soul, repent :
Your rules I am not covetous to follow ;
I dare not love 'em.

Hor. Live, and be undone then ;
You'll tell me another tale hereafter, widow—

[Exit Horner.]

Enter Nurse and Close.

Nurse. If it please you, here's a letter from master Startup,

The country gentleman.

Hart. What's he ?

Fran. A fresh suitor, of my nurse's commendations.

Close. Heaven deliver me ! what have I seen ? sure
this

Thing was once at Bartholomew-fair, or such another
Furr'd baboon, for all the world—Dost know him ?

And yet why do I ask ? the devil would hardly

Take acquaintance with him.

Nurse. 'Tis master Hornet, the great usurer.

Close. Hornet ?

Nay, then my wonder's over ; and the devil himself
Be such another, they may be sworn brothers, and
divide

Hell betwixt 'em.

Hart. Who's that you talk on, firrah ?

Close. Of the disease that heaven be thank'd has left
you,

Hornet. But, fir, I have news for you.

Bel. Frank !

Hart. I'll hear it in the garden.

[Exeunt Hartwell and Close.]

Bel. Do you love this gentleman ?

Fran. I hope you move not this as if you doubted ;
I took him first upon your character,
Into my good opinion.

Bel. But things alter ;

What then I thought him, I deliver'd you,
Nor since hath he deserv'd a less esteem
In his own person ; but the circumstance
Is not the same : his fortune I have examin'd,
Which rises not to such a value I
Did apprehend it ; it becomes my care,
Being at one gift to depart with thee

And

And my estate, to look for one whose purse
May carry a proportion.

Fran. Make me not
Imagine you would wed me to a heap
Of shining dust, a golden bondage.

Bel. Nor to penury :
His birth and education are not unworthy, he's hand-
some too :

But be not govern'd by your eye too much ;
Children and age pursue us, and some storms
Hover about our frail conditions :
All these must be provided for : they are not
Kisses will make our winters warm ; and therefore,
Confident of your obedience, I propound
Another to your best thoughts.

Fran. Oh my unhappiness !

Bel. A country gentleman of spreading fortunes,
Young too, and not uncomely ; for his breeding,
It was not spun the finest : but his riches
Able to gild deformity, and make
Even want of wit a virtue, when your life
Renders itself more sweet by your command :
His name is master Startup, expected
Our guest to-morrow ; that's his letter, read it.
This may seem strange, while it is coming toward you :
But when discretion comes to examine what
A fruitful consequence attends it, you
Will thank me for't.

Fran. But with your pardon, mother :
Although I could dispense with my own thoughts,
And frame them to an obedience, will this change
Be for your honour, or mine own ? when such,
When such a noble gentleman shall boast he had
With your consent my liking ? Or admit
That which we gain by riches of the second,
Seem to authorize, and may justify
The act with some ; how can it cure the wound,
Which the poor heart that loves shall find too soon,
When 'tis neglected, and so cruelly,

Where it hopes for cherishing ? Oh think
 How you did love my father, first ; and be
 Now gentle to your daughter : your estate
 Is above needy providence, or grafting
 Into a new stock ; it does grow already
 Fair from his own root, and does want no piecing ;
 Nor are the means of Hartwell so contemptible.

Bel. No more : when y'ave consider'd well, you'll
 shape

Another answer ; i'th' mean time dispose
 Your countenance to entertain this new
 And able lover : leave the satisfaction
 Of Hartwell to my care—He's here, to your chamber—
[Exit Frances.]

Enter Hartwell and Close.

Close. I know not what's the trick on't, nor themselves yet,

But he has a project to employ 'em in.

Hart. I wish it well—But do you work yourself
 Into the opinion of the nurse, she is
 The major domo, and has all the intelligence.

Close. Let me alone, I'll work her, fir, like wax,
 To print what impression you please upon her ; 'tis
 A loving croan to me already :
 I'll speak her fair, and in my drink may marry her.

Bel. Master Hartwell !

Hart. About your business.

Bel. There is a business, fir, which I must open,
 And you perhaps will wonder at.

Hart. You prepare my attention.

Bel. You do love my daughter,
 At least I think so.

Hart. If you knew my heart,
 You might be confident ; in her I sum
 All my desires on earth.

Bel. Be not so fix'd.

Hart. How, lady ?

Bel.

Bel. When you have heard me out, perhaps you'll find

Your consent easy to call back a promise
Made to your disadvantage.

Hart. I acknowledge
This makes me wonder ; pray interpret, lady,
And speak a language I may understand ;
I love your daughter.

Bel. But must never glory
In the reward, which you expect should be
Her marriage.

Hart. In the number of my actions
There is not one that's guilty of so much
Offence to you, that I should be so soon
Lost to your favour.

Bel. Have no thought so poor,
You can deserve less ; my opinion
Is richer laden with your merit than before.

Hart. Now
I fear again, this violent turn of praise,
Makes me suspect my state : If I be fallen,
Teach me to know my trespass.

Bel. I ne'er look'd
With so clear eyes into your worth ; and 'twere
A sin to general goodness, to delay
The free resign of that your truth may challenge.

Hart. If this be meant, pray pardon my mistake
Of something went before : love made me fear.
You said I never should enjoy your daughter
In marriage, which yourself so late inclin'd to.

Bel. And must again repeat, you sha'not call
Her bride.

Hart. Can you forbid this happiness, and love me?

Bel. Yes, so dearly, Hartwell, I present
Myself to thy affections.

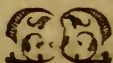
Hart. You amaze me, and fright my understanding.

Bel. Does the name
Of widow sound displeasing ? I have learn'd

Already to obey ; my years are not
 So many, with a thought to freeze your blood ;
 I wear no print of time deep on my brow,
 Nor have my hairs the innocence of age :
 Gentlemen active, and of noble birth,
 Think no dishonour to beseech my love,
 And, if they flatter not, commend my person ;
 Add unto this my wealth, no narrow fortune ;
 And without competition, my daughter
 Depending on my love, whose portion must
 Flow from my bounty, or be nothing : make
 A sober apprehension of this tender,
 And think I was not able to suppress
 These flames of love, increas'd still by your virtues :
 This minute quit all hopes of Frances,
 Whose mother will admit no rival ; 'tis
 Within your own election to be happy :
 My love accepted, comes with fair attendance ;
 Deny'd, you hasten your own exile ; think on't,
 To-morrow sometime I'll expect your answer——
[Exit,

Hart. What have I heard ? was it her mother spake
 thus ?

As pilgrims, by mistake of some small path,
 Having told many weary steps, at night
 When their hopes flatter 'em they are not far
 From some kind entertainment, find themselves
 Lost in a wilderness ; so am I miserable :
 Thus love delights to wound, and see us bleed,
 He were a gentle god to kill indeed——
[Exit



A C T II.

Enter Nurse and Close.

Close.

WOU'D thou wou'dst speak a good word for me : I am
Weáry of my indentures : I, like a fool, was in good hope

He should have married mistress Frances.

Nurse. He's a beggar—She his wife ! no, master
Startup

Is the man, the man of lands and money.

Close. Into whose service if I could wriggle myself ; a
Word of thy mouth does it.

Nurse. I must tell you by the way, he is little better
than a fool.

Close. The fitter for her husband, and my master.

Nurse. Y'are i'th' right, he's innocent to your hands,
and

You may soon come to nonage his estate.

Close. Which if I do, thou shalt want no petticoats,
All's thine own.

Nurse. What ?

Close. Why, all that I can beg, borrow, or steal
from him :

What should he do with so much riches ? I'd persuade
my young mistress, after the first year, to put him to
his pension : he should pay for's diet ; and after a month
or two for every time he comes aloft. Hang him,
cuckow.

Nurse. Nay, let her begin betimes, if she mean to
rule the roast : I'll give her documents ; and be you
sure you stick close to your mistress ; there's something
to be got that way.

Enter

Enter Hartwell and Playfair.

Clofe. Excellent verjuice !

How I do love thy documents !—Ay, but he's here,
I'll not be seen with thee ; farewell :

At night we'll talk the rest over a sack-posset.—

[Exit Clofe.]

Nurse. I will use this advantage, to over-hear a little.

Playf. You tell me strange things ; is it possible
The widow herself loves you ?

Hart. Would I had reason but to suspect.

Play. Turn colt again ! this love will kill us all.
And can she make no choice, but where her daughter
Has the same longing ? not her dancing days done yet ?
Why there's no remedy, you must love her.

Hart. How ! and violate my faith to Frances ?

Play. Thou wilt not be so much an infidel,
To think I mean thou shouldst forsake the wench.
Tell me the mother a fine tale of love,
Print kisses on her paper-lip, and hug
Her reverend body ; any thing but lie with her :
Write sonnets on the ivory tooth afore ;
Swear she does cough distinctly ; get a rhyme
To bless her when she sneezes, and cry up
The method of her nose, which sweats and falls
So perpendicular ; admire the motion
Of her blue eyes, that look three ways at once :
Praise her above thy reason, or her daughter,
And then she will believe thou may'st be mad for her.

Hart. Is this the way to do me good ? she comes
Too fast upon me already.

Play. Let her fly to thee,
Thou may'st clip her wings the sooner, this secures thee :
Should you hold off, and play the modest creature,
Nay, but deny as maids do, when they love it,
And bending of your hams cry, no forsooth,

Pro-

Profess yourself, with coxcomb-like civility,
 You are not worthy of her carnal favours,
 She may believe it ; and in very spite
 Marry her daughter to a citizen.
 Or should you be so mad to think to win her
 To your first choice, with-holding your passions
 For mistress Frances, complaining how Don Cupid
 Hath sacrific'd your heart ; you may go hang yourself :
 Go to the barber's, let him firk your hair up,
 And spend his powder ; wash your sullen face,
 And starch your infant upper-lip, to look
 Like one that would run desperate on a widow.

Nurse. Here's precious conspiracy !

Play. This is the way :

At leisure, you may tell your natural mistress,
 Like Jove you have but put another shape on
 To cheat the beldame Juno.

Nurse. Foul-mouth'd rascal, I'm glad I know your
 plot.

Hart. I apprehend, th'ast given me good counsel :
 I'll watch the first occasion to assure,
 I have prefer'd her in my heart already.

Nurse. I'll conjure up a cross plot, and that quickly,
 Shall mar your mirth, and pay your fine dissembling ;
 Are you so cunning, my love-gamester ? [*Exit Nurse.*]

Play. So I'll take my leave then, y'have no other
 service

To use my stay : I have a project, Hartwell,
 That must not be neglected.

Hart. May you not communicate ?

Play. Thou art engag'd to wait
 Upon thine own affair, or I should trouble thee
 To be an actor in't ; thou know'st Hornet.

Hart. He is a suitor to the widow, and
 After the rate we cast the plot, my rival.

Play. I'll rival him ; he smothers a poor gentle-
 woman

At home with sea-coal, and allows her no
 More light than serves to read in painted cloth

The exposition of the harlot's story.

Hartwell, I love her ; and before her father
Dy'd, we exchang'd our honest hearts ; 'tis here
To free her from that slavery she lives in
Under the iron-hearted jaylor, else
I shall repent my aim. He broods upon
Her portion, but I have a trick may spoil
His hatching of young bags ; thou shalt know all
Hereafter ; to the widow, Hartwell : I am
For state affairs ; be faithful, and pray for me.
We must be bold : farewell, if something hit,
We'll laugh in spite of Dives and the devil. [*Exit.*]

Enter Bellamy, Francis, Close, Startup.

Close. This is the thing, sir, that must carry away
The garland ; they have given him a cup or two
Of sack, and he has the prettiest humour,
He does so whistle out his complement :
He wears his feather like the captain of
A country team, and would become a horse-collar
Rarely ; I do not think, but were he put to't
With little switching, he would draw the cart well.

Star. Sweet lady, I am your humble servant : 'tis
well known what I am, where I live ; my father died
since I was of age, and left me a younger brother's
portion.

Bel. A younger brother ?

Start. Sweet lady, I know what you would say, my
father had no more children ; but I speak modestly of
my estate ; I have land enough for two or three wives ;
I have a horse in town ; your daughter shall ride be-
hind me : Sweet lady, did you ever see the country ?

Fran. What country, sir ?

Star. Why, any country living : sweet lady, I am
your humble servant ; if you love hawking, hunting, or
drinking, there be good fellows will bear you company.
Is there any good tobacco in London ?

Close. Virginia-tobacco grows here.

Star. Sweet sir, I am your humble servant, you seem
to

to be a gentleman will fetch me a pipe : there's half a piece, if I be not troublesome—Perhaps, sweet lady, you do not love it : if it offend you, let it alone.

Cloſe. A very precious widgeon !

Star. La, la, la, lere ! *[Sings and dances.*

Fran. You dance well, fir.

Nurſe. He has a ſtrong back, I warrant him.

Star. Sweet lady, is this your daughter ?

Cloſe. Ask that queſtion now ?

Bel. I was her mother, fir.

Star. That may be too ; what gentleman is that ?
Sweet fir, I am your humble ſervant likewise.

Hart. You are too humble, fir, to ſtoop ſo low ;
It would become my duty.

Star. Sweet fir, 'tis all one ; a leg or an arm is not caſt away among friends : I am a country gentleman, all the world knows. Sweet fir, I have no buſineſs in town.

Bel. I thought you came to ſee my daughter.

Star. That may be too ; ſweet lady, pray excuſe me, I honour your fair daughter ; for I know as well as another, what belongs to a gentlewoman : ſhe's not the firſt ſweet lady I have lov'd i' th' way of matrimony.

Hart. Were you ever married ?

Star. Sweet fir, no ; all men are not alike.

Hart. For ſome are fools.

Star. Sweet fir, I do confeſs it ;
But wit is never good till it be bought,
They ſay. There are very good wits in town,
I have brought money a purpoſe with me to buy ;
If any will ſell me a good pennyworth,
I'll give him a hundred pieces, becauſe
I would carry a little down into the country.

Hart. Is there a dearth in your country ?

Play. Sweet fir, there's plenty.

Cloſe. Of wild-oats ; I heard you had much to ſow ſtill.

Star. My tenants have, ſweet fir, but 'tis all one ;
This lady ſhall be lord o' the ſoil : I won't

Give

Give any man sixpence for a bushel of money.

Cloſe. Oh brave ſack !

Star. I am a gentleman, my father was a yeoman ;
But that's all one, ſweet lady : howſoever I am yours,
And every limb is at your ſervice ;
My hands ſhall walk, my feet ſhall run.

Fran. Away, away.

Star. By this bright gold they ſhall.

Cloſe. He keeps his oath—

Star. Not run ?

My grandfather was a nobleman's footman, and
Indeed he run his country ; my father did
Outrun the conſtable.

Cloſe. And he, ſweet lady,
Being his father's iſſue, muſt run naturally.

Star. If I live —

Cloſe. He'll run himſelf out of all.

Star. Not run,

Sweet lady ? if you have occaſion to uſe me,
I won't ſtand upon my feet.

Fran. No, ſir ?

Star. Nay, I'll ſtand upon my head, ſweet lady,
To do you courteſy.

Cloſe. Then his heels were upwards.

Bel. Pleaſe you, a ſorry dinner ſtays for you.

Star. Sweet lady, I am your ſervant ; will this gentleman dine with us ?

Bel. I'll prevail with maſter Hartwell.

Cloſe. D'ye know what you have done ? he's rival,
Miſtreſs ; why, d'ye mean to invite him ?

Star. Sweet ſir, I invite nobody ; if you love
Any body here—

Hart. What then ?

Star. Sweet ſir,
I ſha'not take it kindly, I do not uſe
To quarrel.

Cloſe. When y'are beaten, ſir, he ſha'not wrong you :
Then lay him o'er the face.

Star. Sweet ſir,

'Tis dinner-time, fair lady.

Bel. Master Hartwell !—

[*Exeunt.*]

Cloſe. I had a great mind to have him beaten ;
But he's not valiant at meals : would I
Were hired to beat him handſomly after dinner,
And make him thank me for't. I'll have ſome plot
Upon your precious body, my ſweet fir—

[*Exit.*]

Enter Hornet and Doctor, Playfair's brother.

Hor. You tell me wonders, Doctor.

Doct. I have cur'd

Her melancholy ; but ſhe's o' t'other ſide
Now, extreme merry, dance and ſing, all air.

Hor. 'Tis ſtrange, methinks, nothing but extremities :
Good maſter doctor, could you not have par'd
Her t'other leaden humour ?

Doct. Sir, I could not

Kill the malignity of her melancholy
Another way : extremities muſt be cur'd
With extreme applications : my next work
Shall be to abate this levity of her brain,
To qualify her ſpleen, fir, by degrees ;
So ſtate her body in that moſt temper
She was poſſeſs'd of.

Hor. I complain'd before

Of quietneſs ; now ſhe's all noiſe and madneſs,
By your deſcription.

Doct. You muſt have patience

A month or ſo, ſhe is not mad but merry ;
Some ſtrange figaries. You muſt underſtand,
I have open'd, fir, her fancy, wherein lay
All her imaginations confus'd,
And of a heap, ſmother'd for want of vent ;
And now the ſpirits that were imprizon'd
Ruſh out, which cauſeth all her faculties,
Before oppreſs'd, to exerciſe themſelves.
So unexpectedly, as the agitation of her tongue
Soon will manifeſt—She's here.

Enter

Enter Niece.

Niece. Uncle, how does your body? you appear
As lean as Lent: I've a great mind to dance
About a maypole; shall we?

Hor. She is mad.

Niece. This doctor has so tickled me,
I cannot chuse but laugh; ha, ha, ha.
Uncle, if you'll procure a dispensation
To marry me yourself, deduct the charges
Out of my portion: I'll have no other
Husband; I could affect an old man now
With all my heart.

*An old man with a bed full of bones,
Turn to me, honey, and give me a kiss, &c.*

Uncle, when did you put on a clean shirt?
Not since your wife dy'd; that was a pretty shift.
Indeed I dream'd o' th' devil the last night;
They say 'tis good luck: d'ye not know him, uncle?

Hor. I know the devil!

Niece. He's a fine old gentleman,
And something like you; no such bugbear as
The world imagines; you and he'll keep house
Together one day: but you'll burn sea-coal too,
To save charges, and stink the poor souls so.
Shall we go hunt to-day? I long to strike
A deer; pray lend me a cross-bow, will you, sir?
I'll pay you use for't.

And still she cry'd, Shepherd shoot home.

Uncle, you are not merry, I pray laugh
A little; imagine y'ad undone a widow,
Or turn'd an orphan begging now: ha, ha!
How many churches, faith, will you build when
You die? I'll have six bells in every steeple,
And they shall go to th' tune of, *Turn again,
Whittington*, who let out his land
For nine lives, 'cause it came in by a cat.

Die,

Die uncle, die, at all adventures.

Hor. Why does she talk of dying? she's stark mad;
Could you not put into the next receipt,
Something to make her sleep well?

Doct. Opium.

Hor. In a good quantity.

Doct. I could so proportion it,
She should not wake at all to trouble you:
I did it for a merchant's wife last week,
Which lov'd a knight. A great man, not long since,
Was weary of his countess; and I cur'd him
So artificially of the disease—

Hor. She hears.

Doct. But collects nothing yet, her senses
Are scattered.

Niece. You shall give toward the building
Of Pauls—nothing; see the money first
Laid out that's given already; it were much
Sin to belie the dead; but 'tis no matter,
You may be as famous, sir, for pulling down
The parish; for the church will fall of 't self,
With a ding dong bell.

Why did they put the poor fellow in prison?

Hor. Whom? what fellow?

Niece. Why, the corn-cutter;
Poor gentleman, he meant the city
No harm; his feet were weary, and that made him
In every street cry out, Have you any corns
I' your head or toes?

Enter Pursuivant.

Pur. Which is master Hornet?

Hor. Ha! with me?

Pur. A word, sir.

Niece. Pr'ythee what's he? he comes to borrow money

On his wife's wedding-ring, or his child's whistle now:
You may see by his nose, he has no land, he looks
As hungry as a hawk. What do you dream on?

Or what lady's tympany is your next cure ?
 Or whose state body must be rectified
 With your quaint glister ?

Pur. There is no disputing, I must attend you.

Hor. I am sent for by a pursuivant—The king !
 Alas, I am undone, I never saw him ;
 How should he know me, a poor wretch ?

Doe. Is't not
 Some complaint ? think.

Hor. That's my fear. There be
 Too many knaves i' th' world ; and a man cannot
 Grow rich, but one state-surgeon or other
 Must practise on his purse : before this lord
 One vein is opened, in t'other court
 So many ounces he must bleed again.
 Let me see : all the treason I committed,
 Is, that I shifted houses ; for I took
 Delight to cozen him of his subsidies.
 I live obscurely, to avoid
 Taxations : I never paid the church
 Her superstitious tithes, nor come to trouble
 Sermons, for fear of homilies before,
 That beg for burning.

Niece. Why how now, uncle ? Is your scrivener
 broke,
 You talk such lamentation ?

Hor. I am sent for
 To the king, niece, and shall be made a beggar,
 As I was born : I see my chattels seiz'd ;
 This chest is ranfack'd, and that bag desflour'd ;
 My door seal'd up ; and with this hungry messenger
 I am already marching to the Fleet.

Niece. Nay, and you be at that ward, I leave you.
 Mastiff, farewell : pray do not bite my uncle
 Too hard ; and so I leave you all to the mercy
 Of the bear-garden.

Hor. Best make fast her chamber.

Niece. Ay, ay, cursed dog ; and
Set a thousand guards about her,

Love will find out a way.

[Exit.

Doct. Won't some money qualify your haste,
And give him time to appear?

Pur. Good mr. Doctor,
Teach your apothecary : Galen nor
Hippocrates can persuade me from my duty.
Will you go, sir? or shall I certify—

Hor. Go! I must go.

Doct. Have comfort, sir : this cloud
May soon blow over.

Hor. Yes, when I'm blown up :
I read imprisonment in his very looks,
And all my gold confiscate.

[Exeunt.

Enter Nurse and Startup.

Nurse. I heard her say, she would walk up to her
chamber :

The trick was but to teach him whither he
Should follow, who as nimbly apprehended,
To acquaint her with his new affections.
I did this for your good, that mrs. Frances,
Whom I'll send presently to you, may be
Convinc'd of Hartwell's falshood, and transplant
Her love on you.

Star. This will be excellent !
So shall we strangle him in his own noose,
And he ne'er know who hurt him.

Nurse. I'll lose no time, you know my instructions.

Star. I almost had forgot ; there is a cast
Of angels more.

Nurse. They are not cast away.

Star. If thou dost fear they'll drown, nurse, I can
give
Thee lighter, I have some want weight.

Nurse. If you have an evil angel about you, your
business will thrive the better when 'tis departed.

Star. There, mother of the maids.

Nurse. Now all the good ones wait upon your wor-
ship.

Star. These things that go to and again, must have
Their fees, they'll never speak in our cause else.

Enter Frances.

Aha, sweet fir ! we'll be too cunning for you.
She's come already—Sweet lady, how do ye do ?
Y'are melancholy, you shall have some cause
If I can help you to't ; if you be sad
Because I love you as I do, be merry
Again : there's no man cares a button for you
Besides myself.

Fran. I am very ill befriended.

Star. You are deceiv'd in somebody, and me too ;
I love you, I confess, but how ? not for
Want of a mistress ; I came not a wooing
For such necessity, although you have
So little wit, to believe something that
I know concerning t'other party.

Fran. How's this ?

Star. Tell me, have you opinion, sweet lady,
That any man besides myself does love
This face of yours ? but understand, I'll make't
Appear, and presently.

Fran. Why, I dare shew my face :
My glass cannot so much deceive me, fir,
I shou'd be asham'd it should appear.

Star. Nay, I am
For that a your side ; d'you conceive me right ?
A worse face will become the country, and
Shew well enough at the mustering ; but that
You should be such an afs.

Fran. This is plain courtship.

Star. Be sure you understand me, and you do not
Repent it, I dare give one of these ears.

Fran. You do not threaten me ?

Star. Understand me right,
But if I do, and will threaten you again,
Because you shall live long to see your folly,
And what a coxcomb you have made yourself,

To love a man that is a suitor to
Your mother : ha, ha !

Fran. Whom do you mean ?

Star. E'en mr. Hartwell :

Are you such a b zzard

You cannot see't ? then you shall hear it : step
Behind these hangings, and he'll justify it.

Enter Hartwell and Mrs. Bellamy.

Hart. I have consider'd perfectly ; and if
You will vouchsafe me hearing, dare pour forth
My heart, which full of love renders itself
To your acceptance : I acknowledge, lady,
My passions are but young, for could I hope
You should with so much favour look upon me ?

Bel. But may I credit this ?

Hart. But to suspect,
Were an injustice to my faith, which looks
Upon your virtue with as much religion
As love is able to receive : your age
Hath struck a reverence into my eye ;
And what you want of youth and spring upon you,
Your wisdom richly satisfies. Those characters
Which time hath written on your careful forehead,
Are but his envy, and your ornament,
When it shall come to pass by your example,
That youth shall be esteem'd an infancy,
And women never ripe for love or marriage
Without your age upon them ; 'tis a fault
That men not guided by the tract of reason,
But heat and wantonness of blood, run giddy
To seal such weighty covenants ; better 'twere
The world should end in our virginity,
Than spin itself more length, by inconsiderate
And hasty marriages.

Bel. Have you already
Retriev'd the affection which pursu'd my daughter ?
Shall I believe no seeds of love remain,
Which may grow up and ripen with repentance ?

For this exchange I do allow you, fir,
The confideration of my fortune, which
Might in itfelf incline you to accept me.

Hart. That is but an attendant, as you ufe it,
I muft confefs a welcome one, although
The mind is the firft beauty which true love
Aspires to, when 'tis waited on with perfon
And an eftate ; it comes with greater privilege
To win upon's. I do not wifh you, lady,
Rafhly believe what I profefs, but meafure
My fervice by the trial ; I'll expect,
And write your fmiles a competent reward,
Till time and your demand demonftrate me,
Although not equal to your full defervings,
Yet one that has ambition to be thought
Not too unworthy.

Bel. And I guefs e'er long,
Such an occafion will prefent itfelf.

Hart. Till then have Hartwell in your loving me-
mory,
Who wifhes no more happinefs of life
Than to be call'd yours—

[*Exeunt.*

Fran. What have I underftood ?

Star. Will you believe me another time, fweet lady ?

Fran. It is not he, fome devil does but cozen us,
And mock our fense with thefe fantaftick bodies.
Hartwell !

Star. Nay, 'tis the man, I hope you'll be converted,
And think a country-gentleman worth favour,
That brought you to this knowledge ; I deserve—

Fran. My curfes for this black difcovery :
Whereas before 'twas not impoffible
In time I might be brought to pity thee ;
Henceforth I'll look upon thee as my fins,
And beg as much forgivenefs, that I knew thee.

Star. Nay, but d'ye hear ?

Fran. Die quickly, and be forgotten.

Star. This is very fine, fweet lady !

Fran. My mother ! Oh my fate ! fee me no more,

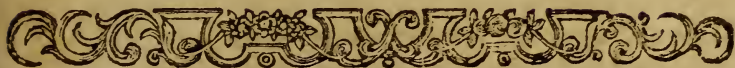
And

And I'll forgive thee——

[Exit.

Star. Is't come to this? I see
I am a fool, and there's no remedy——

[Exit.



A C T III.

Enter Startup and Nurse.

Nurse.

FY E, fye, I am aſham'd on you, a gentleman
Of your high promiſing, and be put off
So ſlightly.

Star. Why, nurse, what would you have me do?

Nurse. Do! I would have you do——ſomething; a
man of your ability, and cannot turn and wind a wo-
man?

Star. You would not have wiſhed me
To have put her to't behind the hangings?

Nurse. You ſhould have been round with her.

Star. I was round
With her; I call'd her aſs, I think, and coxcomb:
Unleſs I ſhould have given her the lie,
And call'd her whore, I could not be more round with
her.

Nurse. I do not mean that way.

Star. And ſhe call'd me,
I think, her——

Nurse. What?

Star. Why no worſe than all her ſins; heaven forgive
her,
She has the more to answer; nay, ſhe did
Not ſtick to bid me die too, in that deſperate
Eſtate.

Nurse. Come, you ſhall take another courſe.

Enter Close.

Close. What ails my master's sweet-heart ; is she frightened ?

I met and ask'd her for my master, and
She turn'd tail, like a hound had lost the scent :
There's something in the wind—My three pil'd wor-
shipful,

Are you there, with my lady o'th' larder ?
Now in that posture, do not they two look like
A fine brick-house and a thatch'd-barn i'th' country,
Laying their heads together ? without doubt
Some pretious consultation. What poesy
Will fit his joint-ring ; or how many yards
Of holland without seaming-lace will make
His mistress' smock—They have spied me.

Nurse. *Close,*

Come hither—Nay, he's faithful, and one that
Has a desire to serve you ; you may trust him.

Close. Your worship may trust me abed w'ye ; I
Have had an itch this great while, sir, a kind
Of longing, to be one of your appurtenances ;
I have some faults, and I'll confess 'em : I have
A humour now and then when I am asked
A question, to tell truth, though I be chid for't ;
And I do not love blows : you may sooner beat
My brains out, than a word of flattery :
I cannot batten upon commendation,
Without my wages, nor be valiant
Upon small beer ; I am not overmuch
Given to be drunk, but I've a trick o'th' Dutchman,
To do your business as well drunk as sober :
I have not impudence enough to pimp
For you ; but I have a gift, I can say nothing
As well as your chaplain ; I suck'd secrecy
From my own mother, once a bawdy midwife :
I was born upon shrove-tuesday, and shall be
Now and then given to rebellion :

My

My flesh will once a year rise at a chambermaid,
 If none such take me down ; I shall in malice
 And deep revenge, fling out upon may-day
 Among the apprentices, without fear or wit :
 If you chance to be arrested, I dare kill
 Any thing but a serjeant ; he's lap'd
 In law, a wearing stronger far than buff :
 If any gentleman ne'er so much provok'd,
 Prick him between the seams, or knock his brains out,
 Which is the surer way, (for most o'these
 Vermin would fain be kill'd) he is sure to take
 His leave at the town's end ; his breakfast is
 Ty'd up, and stays for him near my lord mayor's
 Banqueting-house, made for the city progress.

Star. I like his humour.

Nurse. Nay he has a sconce,
 And shall be of our counsel ; afterward,
 Your worship may entertain him—Look you, Close,
 There is a plot to help this gentleman
 At night, when they are abed : and if you went
 To bed betimes, to avoid suspicion,
 'Twere never the worse ; I'll say you are not well :
 D'ye mark ? this honest gentleman shall be
 Let into mistress Frances' bed-chamber.

Close. Without her knowledge ?

Nurse. You shall only attend
 To give him notice from me when to come,
 And watch about the house, he may get off
 Without discovery ; that is all.

Close. So, so, I shan't keep the door ?

Nurse. I can do that.

Close. Let me alone to give you notice who
 Stirs about house.

Enter Hartwell.

Nurse. Away, 'tis master Hartwell,
 We'll not be seen together,
 Go your ways ———

[*Exit Nurse and Startup.*

Clofe. A foolish knave and bawd, that do want nothing

But carting; I would sooner see that triumph,
Than all the pageants a day after Simon
And Jude, when the fine city goes a feasting.
Oh, fir, I have news; yes, they are gone, brave news,
Your gentlewoman can hold out no longer:
This night there will be a stratagem; the governess,
Old madam Humpeapampe the nurse, has promis'd
To admit the country-gentleman, when all
Are abed, into her chamber—Yes, your mistress's:
I'm o'th' plot to lie perdue, and give
The word if any firelock approach;
The rest imagine——If he have not art to
Persuade her to the feat with him, yet there
Be tricks, and he may be surpriz'd i'th' chamber,
And she may be compell'd to marry him in
Her own defence——There have been such devices.

Hart. Does she consent?

Clofe. She is betray'd to't, fir.

Hart. Thou wilt not be so base.

Clofe. And I had meant it,

I ne'er had told you this: can you make use
Of this intelligence?

Hart. Th'art my honest servant.

Clofe. I promis'd to be his.

Hart. I have it—Canst

By any means procure me his cloaths?

Clofe. With ease——He'll go to bed betimes, to
'void

Suspicion; that's a part of our design.

Hart. I could not wish a happier opportunity,
To try how she affects this gaudy fool,
And clear my faith to her; which her mother's watch
Will not permit: she has I fear observ'd
My new familiarity with the mother,
Which I'm compell'd to, and must cure this way:
Fail me not, *Clofe*, and propound thy own
Reward.

Clofe.

Cloſe. Tell me your purpoſe, and let my wit Diſpoſe of him.

Hart. Proſper me, love, in this.

Cloſe. And you fall to your prayers
With good love luck about us, I ſhall ſuſpect
You will not thrive : you ſhould go to a wench
As gentlemen fall to oifters, without ceremony,
Or ſaying grace ; devotion will ſpoil all——

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Playfair, and the Doctor his brother.

Doct. Right as an arrow.

Play. Witty engineer !

But was ſhe taken with the plot ?

Doct. I was

Compell'd to frame an outſide of a reaſon,
Left her own mirth ſhould play the traitor with us,
Her ſpleen was ſo dilated ; he believes
She's mad : which change makes for us.

Play. Excellent.

Doct. And he that you employ'd, the purſuivant,
Shew'd ſuch a ſurly rascal, the poor uſurer
'Trembled as bawds beneath the laſh.

Play. He comes then.

Doct. With as much joy, as to receive a hanging.

Play. He would be whipp'd, and ſay his prayers at
Paul's in a white ſheet.

Doct. That were penance to him :

Nay he would pay as much as he ſhould fine
For alderman, though half his ſoul went with it,
For his quietus ; he does apprehend
Nothing but earthquakes.

Enter three Lords.

Play. How I am rampant
With the imagination !—Bid the muſick
Be ready, they know all their flouriſhes :

130 *LOVE will find out the Way.*

But shift you quickly—my honourable lords——

[Exit Doctor.]

How they do look like statesmen ! where's your tooth-pick ?

Excellent ! bear your staff handsomely ; contract Your brow, and look more superciliously.

1 *Lord.* I warrant you for my part.

2 *Lord.* We came now from practice.

Play. Can ye do't with confidence ?

2 *Lord.* These very cloaths have made me proud already :

It was some lord's cast suit, I'll lay my life.

3 *Lord.* And mine ; it smells of honour.

Enter one with perfume.

Play. More perfume !—So, so ; how now man ?

2 *Lord.* He looks pale ; my lord, how d'ye ?

2 *Lord.* Well, well, I hope 'tis but conceit.

Play. Of what ?

3 *Lord.* Will the pox lie in cloaths ? I cannot tell, I find some alteration in my body Since I shifted.

Play. 'Tis a meer conceit ;

'They were an honest man's, upon my knowledge, A captain of the train'd-band in the country : They were bought against the general muster last ; He wore 'em that day, and most carefully sent 'em up To taste our London lavender.

3 *Lord.* Sir, you have Satisfied me.

Play. Be sprightly : where's this prince, Whose nod must make us double before age ? I long to kiss his hand.

2 *Lord.* He's here.

[Flourish.]

Enter

Enter Lambert, Playfair's brother, for the fourth lord, fir Poldavis and attendants.

Play. Now by that sprig, a pretty lump of majesty,
No actor could become it half so royally :
But wilt thou not be out of thy king's part,
And when wine is wanting at the banquet,
Call upon drawers, quarrel with your nobles ?
Or when we shall present our man of mortgages,
Take him aside, and borrow half a crown
To give your whore benevolence, which trusted
For your last tilting ? or be drunk too soon,
And leave our project in the dirt ?

Lam. My lords,
This fellow's insolence must be corrected :
Dispose him in what prison you think fit.

4 Lord. He's mad, I think.

Lam. To bedlam with him then :
Is this a place for fools and madmen ? who
Admitted him ? take him away ; see you
He be well whipp'd, and let him thank our mercy,
Bandog.

Play. I quake already ; excellent Lambert !
Cool, cool thy lungs, and whisper with some lord
Thou wo't be a key too high else : good fir Poldavis,
Master of the house, at whose cost we are
Entertained !

Pol. My part is rotten
In my head, doubt not.

Enter Pursuivant.

Play. Is he come ?

Pur. He waits at the first chamber.

Play. Then let the lutes
Begin, and then admit him.

[*Lutes.*

Enter Hornet.

Hor. Here's revelling, my purse must be squeez'd
for't :

That's the king, the rest are bare ; how supple they
are

I'th' hams ! that courtier has oil'd his joints :

He looks this way, they point at me ; a rot

O'that knave's finger.

2 Lord. What fellow's this ? who waits ?

Pur. It was his grace's pleasure, he was sent for.

2 Lord. My good lord!

4 Lord. My lord of Noland, as you were saying.

Lam. Is this the man whom you so much commended
for his abilities ?

Hor. I smell no good from that word ability.

Lam. Discreet, and read i'th' commonwealth, a man
Fit for employment in some embassy ?

Pol. The very same.

Lam. His countenance is promising.

Pol. If the king

Of Spain had but his head, that politick head,
I know who might go fish for the Low-countries.

Lam. His garments are but coarse.

Pol. His mind is rich.

Hor. They praise me : I am a thousand pounds the
worse.

Lam. Kneel down—Thy name ?

Hor. Giles Hornet, your poor creature.

Lam. We'll knight him.

Hor. I do beseech you, sir, to spare this honour,
I am not able to maintain myself ;
There be more knights than can live well already.

Pol. Neglect his favour ?

Lam. Be it your care

To give his body more becoming ornaments,
He shall be like himself then ; we will confer
More honours on him.

4 Lord.

4 *Lord.* Do you make haste, his grace
Will have you new thatch'd; you must have rich
cloaths

Fitting your state and honourable title.

Hor. These will be good enough for me, 'las I am
not able.

4 *Lord.* Nay you must have them from his ward-
robe, fir,

'They'll cost you nothing; you'll look in these
Like a poor knight of Windfor.

Lam. Where be the ladies, and the bride?

Pol. She's your grace's handmaid; they
Are dancing, fir, within.

Lam. Direct us to 'em, pr'ythee;
When he is ready, give us knowledge—— [*Flourish.*
[*Exeunt.*

4 *Lord.* Yes, fir.

Hor. What will become of me?

4 *Lord.* You were best prepare,
Your cloaths will be here presently; the king
Will send to you before y'are ready; cast
Your old skin off: do you not to save sheets
And trouble, wrap yourself a'nights i'th' blankets?
Or are they ashamed to shew the linings?

Hor. Hum—If this be but a preparative for a whip-
ping,
What case am I in?

Enter servant with cloaths.

3 *Lord.* Well said, now they are come;
Be nimble now, and help to strip him.

Hor. 'Las! must I wear this doublet? it would
yield
Heaven knows how much to burn.

4 *Lord.* You may be desperate
When 'tis on, and burn your body with it, fir.

Hor. I sha'nt know myself.

Ser. Fit as 'twere made, fir.

Enter

Enter Playfair.

Play. Which is fir Giles ?

Hor. I am not knighted yet.

Play. You have your grace, and may be call'd so.

Hor. Have I the grace to be a knight ?

I am the man you please to call fir Giles.

Play. Then I congratulate your happy fortune ;
Y'are like to be exalted ; his grace talks
Much on you ; I'll be proud to be your servant :
Sir Robert, a word.

Hor. What gentleman is this ?

Ser. The bridegroom, fir ; in great favour I can tell
you,

And new created by his highness, baron
Of Landskip ; his living is far off.

Hor. My very good lord, my breeches are almost on.

Ser. Here be your keys.

Hor. His majesty has pleas'd to shine upon
A piece of barren earth.

Play. You are too modest :

The king hath been inform'd, fir Giles, you are
One of the ablest men in his dominions :
Should virtue still be cloath'd in rags ? advance it
To honour and regard : you waste your brain
At home in cheap and low engagements, sweat
Your soul out, for a poor and paltry living :
Old houses, let 'em fall to the dull lord
O'th' manor ; switch me up a town together,
Or meddle not ; this and that straggling acre
Not worth your care : study monopoly,
May sweep the kingdom at a stroke : despise
A project will not bring in half the city :
Find out a way to forfeit all the charters :
Have an exchequer of your own, and keep
The princes round about in pension :
These are becoming businesses, and speak a statesman.

Hor.

Hor. You do talk strange things, my lord—
So, now my keys, good gentlemen, my keys.

4 *Lord.* You have 'em, sir.

Hor. Cry mercy.

Play. They are things
Material to our business.

4 *Lord.* And we'll have 'em again :
Let me alone, the barber has not done yet ;
When he's i'th' fuds, we may be more familiar
With's worship's pocket, and return 'em quaintly.

Play. I will count it one of my felicities
To be a witness of your honour, sir.

Hor. Oh my good lord of Landskip—

Ser. How shall we dispose of these ?

4 *Lord.* The hangman will not have 'em ; and I fear
They will corrupt the well ; faith, give 'em stable-room,
They're dung already.

Enter first Lord.

1 *Lord.* My lord, the king asks for you ; good sir
Giles, 'tis so decreed ; write me i'th' number of your
faithful friends.

Play. We must attend.

4 *Lord.* Do not yet say he's ready,
The barber still has a duty to dispatch,
He will be an hour a rubbing, washing, powdering—
Then I'll attend him to his presence.

Play. We shall excuse him so long still, your servant—

[*Ex. Play. and 1 Lord.*]

4 *Lord.* The barber, sir, attends in the next room.

Hor. I wo'nt shave.

4 *Lord.* He fears his throat.

Hor. I never

Give above three-pence.

4 *Lord.* Talk not you of charge,
You have but yet your welcome ; do not you
Think, good sir Giles, but we can shave you too ?

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter

Enter Cloſe and Startup.

Star. Where is he, Cloſe ?

Cloſe. I told him, fir,

You lay in a chamber o'th' other ſide

The houſe, whither he's gone with his ſword drawn,

And curſes of themſelves able to kill you ;

You did affront him once, and now his miſtreſs

Has quite neglected him for your love, he thinks,

He'll make you an example to all rivals ;

I'll bring your cloaths t'ye after : yet your fear

And running, fir, will keep you warm enough.

Star. Honest Cloſe, thou haſt ſav'd my life.

Cloſe. Death ! is he not behind you ? this way, good
fir— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Nurſe and miſtreſs Frances.

Nurſe. Have you not made a fine choice ? I did
ever

Think he was falſe ; your mother did but counterfeit

The love-ſick widow, all this while, to try him.

Fran. To try him, nurſe ?

Nurſe. She told me ſo herſelf,

Aſſuring him the 'ſtate was hers, and you

At her devotion : put him to his choice

To take her with the wealth, or you with nothing ;

What followed you have heard—Come, be wiſe yet,

And love the country-gentleman that doats on you ;

He's rich, and half a fool : I'll fetch him to you—

[*Exit Nurſe.*

Fran. My mother counterfeit ! why may not Hart-
well

Pretend as well as ſhe, fearing her anger

And policy, if he refus'd her love ?

I have obſerv'd ſome ſorrow in his geſture,

As he were willing to deliver ſomething,

If opportunity would give him leave.

He

He cannot be so false ; now I suspect
He does obey some dire necessity ;
'Twould puzzle a wise lover to be so
Severely put to't.

Enter Nurse, and Hartwell disguis'd.

Nurse. On like a bold captain,
Give her a broadside, she's within your shot ;
I'll leave you—

Fran. 'Tis the fool ; why, Nurse—

Hart. Nay, flee not
Before you hear.

Fran. 'Tis Hartwell.

Hart. If my voice betray me not.

Fran. Why in this shape ? some trick in't,
He hides his face ; I'll put him to't however,
Although the hour be unseasonable ; any time
We may express our joy—My nurse once told me
You were not well, and gone to bed : your health
Is welcome as mine own ; I dare not, fir,
In modesty presume to bid you stay,
And to requite your pains, kind master Startup—

Hart. She knows me not.

Fran. Porgive me if I blush :
I have no other way, but to declare
My eyes, that late frown'd on your love, shall smile.

Hart. On me ?

Fran. On none but you: I have been too
Unkindly dealt withal by Hartwell, whom
How dearly I affected good heaven knows :
But I have read discretion to my fancy,
And were he here, he should be witness of
My vows to you, if you accept my heart,
And can with equal truth embrace it: I
Will chuse my husband here; you, only you
(This faith is register'd in heaven) shall challenge
From me a wife's obedience.

Enter

Enter Nurse, Hartwell planet-struck.

Nurse. Away, her mother's up ; I would not for
A thousand pound find you in this chamber—

[*Exit Frances.*]

Hart. I have undone myself.

Nurse. Sweet master Startup,
To your own lodging, take this close lanthorn with ye.
Passion of me, what makes her rise ?

Hart. I will discover yet.

Nurse. Discover what ?

How ! master Hartwell !

Hart. You have midnight-plots.

Nurse. Oh we are wretched ! miserable ! what have I
done ?—

[*Exit.*]

Hart. Oh who shall lead me to a world where are
No women ! farewell all : I'll be above
Your charms, and find out death a cure for love—

[*Exit.*]



A C T IV.

Enter Startup and Close.

Startup.

W H E R E are we now ? 'tis very cold, why
doft not
Lead me to some house ?

Close. What, at this time of night ?
All people are abed ; the very owls
Are in dead sleep : or if we could
Be admitted, would you venture o'this fashion,

And

And publish your disgrace? proclaim yourself
Coward, and lay some imputation
Upon the place you came from, where your hopes
May yet be fair for marriage? this brunt over,
To meet a drunkard now were comfortable,
Whose eyes enflam'd would serve instead of torches;
Or he might spit flap-dragons from his fire
Of sack, and light us; but no sober man,
Considering what case you are in, sir,
By my consent should see us—

Star. Ha, what's that?

Clofe. Where? where? a fire-drake!

Star. Now 'tis gone; 'tis bright
Again; is't not a spirit? oh, deliver me!

Clofe. I have heard some such things use to walk the
fields.

Star. What shall I do?

Clofe. Pray, pray, with as much strength
As if you had no land, or were confin'd
To my annuity; now I hear no spirits,
These riches make us cowards: hide yourself,
Hide yourself, I will go nearer—

[*Ex. Clofe.*

Star. Dost know the devil, if thou seest him,
Clofe?

A pox o' love, if this be the reward on't;
Some call it fire, but I find no such matter;
I am frozen to the blanket, and my teeth
Strike one another, and keep time like hammers;
I do believe if they were beaten out,
They would make false dice, there's quicksilver in 'em
Already, by their dancing.

Enter Clofe.

Clofe. Sir, where are you?

Star. Here, I am here still.

Clofe. Y'are a dead man.

Star. More terror! what's the matter?

Clofe.

Cloſe. 'Tis my maſter
With a dark lanthorn, and purſues us, by
'This darkneſs ; 'tis his voice, wrap yourſelf up,
And roll into ſome ditch ; flight will betray us.

Star. I were as good be kill'd, and yet I'll venture—
Exit.

Cloſe. 'Tis he indeed, and more than I expected :
The matters do not fadge well with his miſtreſs.

Enter Hartwell with a dark lanthorn.

Hart. What a ſweet thing is night ! how calm and
harmleſs !

No whiſpering but of leaves, on which the breath
Of heaven plays muſick to the birds that ſlumber :
Here are no objects to betray our ſenſe
To a repentance ; nor can women, thus
Advantag'd by the tapers of the night,
Spread their temptations to undo poor man.
What a fine book is heaven ! which we may read
Beſt now, when every ſtar is a fair letter.
How much they wrong thee, night, that call thee
guilty
Of rapes and murders ! 'tis the day, that like
A glorious whore engageth men to act 'em.
And taking then the darkneſs to obſcure 'em,
We unjuſtly lay the ſhame upon thy brows,
'That art ſo innocent, thou never ſaw'ſt 'em :
Befriended with the ſilence, I begin
To wander ; there's no wilderneſs abroad
To him that's loſt at home.

Cloſe. Sir !

Hart. Who's that ?

Cloſe. One that has ta'en ſome pains for you to-
night :

I am Cloſe.

Hart. What mak'ſt thou here ?

Cloſe. I wait upon my charge,
I lead your rival a proceſſion

In's shirt, persuading him you had resolv'd
To cut his throat else : he's hard by at's prayers,
And thinks you have pursu'd him.

Hart. Ha! I'll do't :

Shew me the fool, by all my hopes I'll kill him,
And send his base heart as a present to her :
Fate has presented me with this revenge,
And I will not delay his death a minute.

Clofe. Indeed you shan't.

Hart. How ?

Clofe. You dare not.

Hart. My drudge affront me! are you grown his
champion ?

Clofe. Not I, sir, but you dare not do an act
So much against the honour of a gentleman ;
You wo't kill him basely.

Hart. No.

Clofe. Why then

There is no fear, but he'll live long enough :
I'll undertake, he ne'er shall grow provided
To fight with ye ; and other satisfaction,
Name it and take it ; so I'll fetch him to you.

Hart. Stay, I have been too passionate, let him
live

To be her punishment ; that's revenge enough,
While I pursue my own ways.

Clofe. Whither now ?

Hart. Whither you must not follow, by thy honesty :
I charge thee come not after me.

Clofe. That binds my attendance, sir.

Hart. But not when I command the contrary :
If thou dost move this way, thou draw'st mine anger ;
Mind the preservation of the same thing you
Undertook : farewell ; if thou dost love me,
Follow not, nor question ; 'tis in my power
To lose thee or myself—

[*Exit.*

Clofe. I cannot see i'th' dark with spectacles,
And mine eyes have lost him o'the sudden.
Well, I must hope the best : what shall I do

With

With my hen-hearted lover, who would give
 Half his estate this cold fit were well over ?
 I shall make work for the physicians—
 Caudles and cullices will not restore him ;
 If he but 'scape with life, I am not sorry :
 He may be a soldier, and endure the trenches ;
 I put him first to the becoming sufferance.
 But what are these? an army of horns and halberts ?
 Upon my conscience, the watch: I thought
 The fields had not been haunted with these goblins—
 I cannot run ; if I should squat, and they
 Find me, there were no mercy but Bridewell,
 Or some such lousy place: I am resolv'd
 To cast away a few words upon 'em—
 A leg, and worshipping the constable
 That leads the rusty regiment, will quit me ;
 I pass the gates with't often, and so may
 The devil, if he pay the porter—Bless ye,
 My masters, what o'clock is't?

Enter Constable and Watch.

1 Watch. Who goes there ?

Const. I charge you stand.

Cloze. Your worship may do much.

Const. Where have you been ?

Cloze. At Islington, an't please you, about business.

2 Watch. Some thief, I warrant him, no honest man,
 I know by his basket-hilt ; some rogue that watches:
 The fields are pester'd with such sturdy robbers.

Cloze. He is a rogue that watches, for my part.

Const. He calls my watch-men rogues ; perfidious
 traitor !

1 Watch. How ! master constable,
 You are one yourself.

Const. Sirrah, I will teach you to commit felony.

Cloze. How, sir ! will you teach me to commit felony ?
 take heed what you say, if I commit felony by
 your authority.

Const.

Const. My 'tority shall stretch for't ; away with him ; if you be not whipp'd for these interrogatories, his majesty shall keep his own peace himself ; is this a time anight to call honest men rogues ? away with him.

Clofe. Good fir!

2 Watch. We will provide you lodging.

Clofe. Where?

Watch. New-prison.

Clofe. But are you in earnest, gentlemen?—For what?

1 Watch. For answering the Constable.

Clofe. Cry him mercy ;

I shew'd him too much manners, if there be
No remedy.

2 Watch. We'll humble you.

Clofe. I have a

Companion hereabouts—Where are you, fir?

Star. [*From within.*] Here, in a ditch.

1 Watch. They seldom go alone,

We'll find him out. Ha, firrah—

Clofe. Do you hear?

You watch about these places for no good,
It seems.

Const. We watch indeed for knaves.

Clofe. You dare not

Speak to their faces—Some of you I am sure

Do watch for the good masters o'th' parish.

Enter Startup.

Star. I thank you, honest men—Where art thou,
Clofe?

Clofe. Here—These good men will help us to a
lodging.

Star. Blessing o' their heart—I am almost starv'd.

Const. Yes, yes, we'll d' ye the favour—Come a-
away, fir.

Star. Where shall we go now?

1 Watch. To prison.

Star. How, *Clofe?*

Const. You shall be clofe enough.

Clofe.

Close. I follow, fir,
 I cannot leave you in adversity—
 All this is for your health—Clean straw is warm, fir.
 You have the benefit of being naked ;
 I shall have work to-morrow in my woollen.

Const. Away, away, bring 'em away— [Exeunt.]

Enter mistress Bellamy and Nurse.

Bel. I heard some noise, look, call up the servants,
 See if the gentlemen be abed ; I am troubled
 [Exit Nurse.]

I have not dealt so nobly as became me
 With Hartwell ; and that love which I pretended,
 If I have drawn his fancy to affect me,
 Must make him satisfaction ; his language
 And soft demeanor, when he gave me up
 His resolution, made me quite forget
 My purpose to have chid him for his levity,
 So soon to leave my daughter, who I know
 Hath plac'd him near her heart ; and I have done
 Her injury, by this trial of his truth.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Oh mistress !

Bel. What's the matter ?

Nurse. Master Startup
 Is not abed, nor master Hartwell.

Bel. This is very strange.

Nurse. I dare not tell her of his shift—they're gone,
 The doors I found left open, and no sign
 Which way they are bestow'd.

Bel. This puzzles me :

Pray heaven there be no mischief in this absence :
 Is Frank abed ?

Nurse. Yes.

Bel. What should
 Move 'em to leave my house so late ? and master
 Hartwell Without

Without his cloaths—Some knock—they're there—
go see—

[Knock.
[Exit Nurse.

Beshrew me but I trembled.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. 'Tis a stranger,
And says he would speak with you.

Bel. At this late hour!

What accidents are these? from whence?

Nurse. I know not.

Bel. Has he no name? what should this mean?

Nurse. He says

He is a countryman of master Startup's.

Bel. Admit him, he perhaps may bring some news.

Enter Country-gentleman.

Coun. By your leave mistress, pardon my importunity

At so unfit an hour.

Bel. Y're welcome, sir.

Coun. I met with fortunate directions,
Though I came late: I understand you have
A guest, one Startup, of Northamptonshire,
That comes a wooing to your daughter.

Bel. Such

A one there was that supp'd with us, and went
To bed; but since, as I have faith, I know not
Which way he convey'd himself: another
Gentleman too is missing, and his rival.

Coun. Pray do not mock me, lady; I have rid
A great way, and the business much concerns him.

Bel. You may believe me: he is no such treasure,
I should conceal him.

Enter Frances.

Coun. Then I see you dally;
Know, mistress, you may slack your preparations,

146 *LOVE will find out the Way.*

Your daughter must look out another husband ;
He is contracted.

Fran. How !

Coun. And something more,
Gotten with child one that without blushing
I cannot call my daughter—He shall make
Her credit straight again : although my fortunes
Have no equality with his, I shall
Find law to force him.

Fran. You preferr'd this suitor—
This news returns my blood.

Bel. Sir, you shall find
All truth I have deliver'd ; I am not sorry
To hear this news ; this is no time to seek him :
Please you accept the lodging that was his :
My servant shall attend you in the morning,
To help you search.

Coun. You seem a noble gentlewoman,
I take your courtesy.

Bel. Nurse, a light—Pray walk, sir—

[Exeunt Coun. and Nurse.]

Fran. I was unkind to Hartwell, he not wise—
But love still apprehends too much, or nothing.

Bel. Frances, a word : do you not know what is
Become o' these gentlemen ?

Fran. Not I, their absence is strange to me.

Bel. Oh Frank, I am undone !

Fran. Good heav'n forbid.

Bel. This gentleman, master Hartwell,
Whom we shall never see again, I fear—

Fran. How, mother ! are you acquainted with any
cause to fear thus ?

Bel. 'Tis in vain to tell thee how I lov'd him.

Fran. Bless my senses ! you love him ?

Bel. 'Bove all the world, affectionately plac'd him
Too near my heart.

Fran. I heard you made pretence
Of love, to try him for my sake ; and pardon me
If yet I dare not believe more.

Bel.

Bel. Oh, Frank !

Frank. My heart doth tremble, I feel coldness run
Through all my veins.

Bel. I had no other thought
At first, but wisely to distinguish whether
His heart was fix'd on thee, or my estate ;
With resolution, if I found him more
A courtier of thy fortune, than thy person,
To punish him with loss of both : but love
Hath chang'd the scene and title of our comedy ;
And what I meant should settle all his hopes,
Hath ruin'd us : his modest and calm answer
To accept my tender, with such force of reason
Directed to my fancy, turn'd my purpose,
And made me his indeed, his perfect lover :
But now we have both lost him.

Fran. All the piety
That ever taught children to love their mother,
Will but suffice to keep my heart obedient :
Was ever maid so miserable ? was there
No other in my fate to be my rival ?
I live too long : Oh break, my poor heart, break !
When she that gave me life, hath took it from me.

Bel. Why do you weep ?

Fran. I do not weep ; or if
I do, I know not why.

Bel. Now I perceive
Thy duty was but counterfeit ; you love him,
Upon my life you love him still. Have my
Commands no more respect ? my care and love
So ill rewarded ? that I desiring but
One comfort in the world, shall my own child
Rise up to take that from me ?

Fran. Alas, I knew not that
You lov'd him too ; indeed I had rather die
Than you should call me rebel. Parents often
Affect not where their children love ; but you,
With too much loving what my thoughts delight in,
Have quite undone your daughter.

Bel. Now I see

The cause of his departure in this fashion :
Pray heaven he hath not made away himself.
Did ever child deceive a mother so ?

I have a sad presage : you may to bed,
And rise again without my blessing—yet
You may stay—Wherefore should I despair
Of his return ?—you say you could not tell
That I affected him.

Fran. Indeed not I,
And do believe it now against my will ;
But I am your daughter.

Bel. Shew it in conforming
Yourself to my desires, and what is past
I can forgive you : if he come again,
Will you be rul'd, and shew no favour to him ?
For 'tis in you, I see, to make me happy :
I will not tie you to affect th'other :
Chuse any for your husband, but this man,
My love and prayers shall go along with you.
Answer.

Fran. Indeed I dare not ; yet could I
Put off the knowledge that you are my mother—

Bel. What then ?

Fran. Though my imagination allow'd you
The greatest empress in the world, whose frown
Could kill, and eyes at pleasure make alive
Again, thus I could answer.

Bel. Pray let's hear ?

Fran. You do not well to heap oppression :
Authority was given to preserve,
Not kill the poor beneath you : I durst tell you
In confidence of my cause, that you betray
Two innocents to sorrow ; and though heaven
Look on, and seem to smile upon your cruelty,
Yet there is thunder, for divorcing those,
Whose hearts that hath conjoin'd : I durst say more,
Though all your terrors were prepar'd to punish
My bold defence, and call you tyrant.

Bel.

Bel. How ?

Fran. A most unjust, a sacrilegious tyrant—

Bel. You would not be so violent ?

Fran. That do

Not only ruin and deface the altar,
But steal away the very sacrifice :
And I durst add, and smile upon your anger,
Though as you frown'd, death lurk'd in every wrinkle.
My soul's above your tyranny ; and would
From torturing flames receive new fire of love,
And make your eye faint to behold the brightness
Of my poor body's martyrdom ; and if ever
Love shew'd a miracle, my heart should bear
The characters of him you have torn from it,
With beams about it like a saint that suffer'd.
But as you are my mother, thus I kneel,
And beg a pardon for my innocence ;
If that offend you, live you happy still,
And be the mistress of your vows : live to
Enjoy whom you affect ; may every hour
Return new blessings on you both ; renew
Your spring, and let him think you young again ;
And let me beg but this for all my duty,
Against the day you marry him, to provide
My coffin ; for I fear I sha'not have
Breath many minutes after, to pray for you :
The herbs that shall adorn your bridal chamber,
Will serve my funeral, and deck my hearse :
Beneath which you shall say, There lies your daughter,
That dy'd to shew obedience.

Bel. Why shouldst thou
Continue thus to him ?

Fran. I know he loves me
Still, though hereafter your affections may meet.

Bel. And they shall meet,
But never to procure thee one bad thought :
Now I have tried you both, assure, my child,
I lov'd him but for thee ; dispose thyself
To be his bride ; this news at his return

Will make all well :—To rest.

Fran. Can this be true ?

Bel. 'Twere sin to mock thee any more—To bed.

Fran. No, I'll spend all this night in prayers for you,
My dearest mother—Oh, my Hartwell ! [Exeunt.

Enter Playfair, and the Doctor his brother.

Doct. How like you her now ?

Play. The morning never bloom'd
So fresh, nor Venus with more charms upon her ;
Adon would melt before her eye, and woo
Her kisses at the expence of his last breath :
Cupid himself, could he but see, would fall
In love with her, and throwing away his shafts,
Offer the empty quiver to her eyes,
Ambitious to fill it with her beams,
The least of which would wound more hearts, than all
His stock of golden arrows.

Doct. No more raptures.

Play. Didst thou not know before, that love is able
Without the help of sack to make a poet ?
My nimble Mercury, Jove's herald in
Reversion.

Doct. I confess,
I had a trick of Mercury, when I pick'd
His pocket for the keys.

Play. He never miss'd 'em.

Doct. His eyes were drench'd in suds, and we return'd
'em
Ere they recover'd light.

Play. 'Twas excellent,
He was in darkness still.

Doct. D'ye think he'll know her ?

Play. His cloaths already have
Made him forget himself ; or if he have
But the remembrance of such a woman,
The more he sees her now, the more he'll think
The change impossible.

Doct. Where have you left him ?

Play.

Play. I'th' gallery, where with much patience
He does expect his Highness will send for him.

Doct. Then all runs smooth, his wonder does continue.

Play. I fed that humour artificially,
He is half persuaded all is but a dream yet :
To which imagination his cloaths
Are a great help, because he paid not for 'em :
Sometimes he is very merry, then again
He struts about with such a scurvy pride,
As some new crept into nobility,
When those of their first livery come to see 'em.
His honour has so chang'd him, that he now
Knows not of what religion he is ;
Or if by chance he thinks of his first faith,
He spits o'th' hangings, and excuses with
I do not like the story, 'tis apocryphal :
Sometimes he'll offer at a jest,
Frown upon any man that will presume
To have more knowledge in worse cloaths: I told him
It was his Grace's pleasure he should be
Controuler at the mask, and he did sweat
As he were studying for some mighty oaths
To clear the presence.—He is here, away—

[*Exeunt Doctor and Playfair.*]

Enter Hornet and Poldavis.

Hor. Are you the master of the house, sir Poldavis ?
I heard you call'd.

Pol. It is my name,
Sir Giles, unworthy of this grace his Highness
Has daign'd to shew in honouring of my daughter.

Hor. And was she married this morning, say you ?

Pol. This morn she lost her virgin name.

Hor. I have
Not seen her yet, nor any of the ladies ;
You have but little noise, methinks, i'th' house.

Pol. It would offend his Grace.

Hor. Who, as you say,
Came hither privately, with a small train

Of lords—Would I might see his face again :
 I am not sent for yet ; I have been ready,
 Sir Pol—these three hours ; and I do wonder
 His Grace so much forgets himself.

[Flourish.]

Pol. That musick
 Speaks him on entrance.

Enter Lambert, Playfair, and Attendants.

Lamb. Ay, this garb becomes him ;
 How was his person lost within that shape
 He was first presented to me !

Hor. Indeed the case
 Is something altered, by your Highness' bounty
 To your poor servant, Hornet.

Play. How he looks,
 As he did scorn the quorum, and were hungry
 To eat a statesman ! 'las, an office in
 The household is too little for a breakfast,
 A baron but a morning's draught, he'll gulp it
 Like a round egg in muscadine ; methinks,
 At every wiping of his mouth, should drop
 A golden saying of Pythagoras :
 A piece of Machiavel I see already
 Hang on his beard, which wants but stroaking out ;
 'The statutes and the Magna Charta have
 Taken a lease at his tongue's end.

Lamb. We'll think on't ; he shall be—But
 To the banquet : Then let the mask be ready,
 'There we shall employ your worthy diligence—

[Flourish.]

Ex. Lambert and Attendants.

Hor. Heaven bless your mighty Grace.

Play. You'll follow ?

[Exit Playfair.]

Hor. I attend you presently—

I know not what to think of these things yet ;
 'Tis very strange I should be thus exalted,
 Without desert, best known unto my self :
 Princes I see are mortal, and may be
 Deceiv'd in placing of their honours : I

Am little better then a favourite,
 If these be true ; 'tis a question,
 Let me consider wisely ; it may be
 I am not I, no Hornet, no, I'm a knight :
 Are these my cloaths ? I do not use to wear such :
 A pocket in my sleeve, and velvet hose,
 Six times translated since they were a midwife's
 Forepart, were things I wore on holidays :
 The price of these would break a camel's back ;
 And yet some men walk under them like elephants,
 And have variety, as the devil were
 Their taylor ; who best knows where all their land lies :
 Then why this cost on me ?—'Tis a dream ;
 I am now confirm'd, a very idle dream,
 And I am glad on't : 'tis impossible
 It should be true, it does not hang together :
 I will have patience, till I wake again,
 And care not what becomes on't,

Enter Playfair's brother for the fourth Lord.

4 Lord. 'Tis his Highness' pleasure,
 Now the banquet's done—

Hor. How, the banquet done ! I was coming to't,
 You could hardly say grace by this time.

4 Lord. That's a ceremony
 Grown out of use ; it was a running banquet.

Hor. A running ! so it seems, it was a galloping
 banquet,

For you made haste—I do dream, certainly,
 There's no sense nor reason in any thing they do.

4 Lord. You know your place,
 The mask will straight begin ; and his Grace will not
 Have any one admitted : he resolves,
 If the conceit affects him, it shall be
 Perform'd at court hereafter : i' th' mean time
 He does command all privacy. There are
 Some set to guard the door, but your care must
 Provide his Highness be not interrupted :
 Hark, they are rude already—

[Exit.
 Hor.

Hor. Let me alone :

What turbulent knave is that ?

Within. I am a country gentleman, sir Giles ;
And if I may presume upon good cloaths,
You may before his Grace call me your cousin,
And not be asham'd : here is a lady too.

Hor. A lady too ? Is she with child ? what makes she
Here, and she be with child already ? I
Tell thee, none such shall be admitted while
I am in place—More rapping ?—Keep the doors ;
If I do fall a swearing once, look to't.

Within. I beseech you for my wife's sake.

Hor. Thy wife's ?

What's he that pleads in *forma pauperis* ?

Within. A citizen, and like me.

Hor. Like me ? thou liest, I am more like a lord,
Thou sha't fare ne'er the better for that word :
Knock down the women, if there be a hundred,
And make their husbands drunk ; the guard are lazy.
These women's insolence will force a statute :
I will petition to the prince myself,
They may have liberty but once a year
To see the gallyfoist, then be confin'd
To their chamber and one 'prentice—Yet again ?

Within. Sir Giles, sir Giles, you know me well
enough.

Hor. But while I am in office, I know no body.

Within. I am your scrivener.

Hor. Draw the purse wherein

Thou kept'st thy ears, and leave 'em at the door,
The guard trusts none without a pawn ; they'll serve,
If they be ne'er redeem'd, to see the in milk
For a fore throat.

Within. Sir Giles, here's your niece.

Hor. My Niece ! the devil she is.

Niece within. Pray uncle, let me in.

Enter Servant.

Hor. Her very voice—Ha ! open the doors there :

Where

Where is she?

Ser. Whom?

Hor. My niece that call'd me?

Ser. None call'd, nor was there any women here.

Hor. No! nor my scrivener bawling out fir Giles?

Ser. Not any nam'd your worship.

Hor. Then I dream,

And I am a fool to make a question on't—

[Exit Servant.]

Within. Ha, ha, ha!

Hor. The knaves laugh at me too; but let 'em: I shall be as merry with this tale to-morrow. [Flourish.] What fancies men have in their sleep sometimes! His Highness! where be the ladies?

Enter Lambert, Poldavis, and attendants.

Pol. They are all i'th' mask.

Hor. Nay, no matter where; why do I ask the question?

Pol. You'll see them, fir, anon.

[Poldavis gives papers to Lambert and fir Giles.]

Wil't please your Grace,

And you, fir Giles, the subject of the mask?

Hor. What's here? *The three goddesses contention for the golden ball.* [Dance.]

Enter Playfair in his own apparel: he dances with a golden ball in his hand.

Hor. This is Paris, ha! I have seen that face before now.

Enter Juno, Pallas and Venus.

Hor. These are the three goddesses.

Lamb. Juno, Pallas and Venus.

[The goddesses dance, and court Paris for his ball: To Juno enters one like a king; she takes off his crown, and offereth it to Paris; he accepts not.]

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Hor. Juno doth woo him with her state and kingdom.

Lamb. But he refuses.

*[To Pallas enters one like a soldier, plum'd and rich :
She presents him to Paris, with a book ; he
refuses.]*

Lamb. He is not for her service, though she offer
To make him scholar and a soldier,
A compleat man.

Hor. That fairy wins the ball.

*To Venus comes Cupid, leading in Horner's niece,
richly dress'd.*

Hor. Ha ! that's my niece.

Pol. Which, sir Giles ?

Hor. That lady, whom dame Venus and her brat are
busy withal.

Pol. Contain yourself, sir Giles, that is the bride.

Hor. The bride quotha !

Pol. Married this morning.

*Paris gives Venus the ball ; Juno, Pallas, King
and Soldier——* *[Exeunt Maskers.]*

Hor. These are my keys ; she's safe enough at home,
And has but half her wits, as I remember :
The devil cannot juggle her from my custody : Ha, ha,
I do dream still.

Lamb. 'Tis time to break off sports : How like you
this,
Sir Giles ?

Hor. A very pretty dream.

Lamb. I see you wou'd be a-bed, you are not us'd to
such late hours.

Pol. Lights for his Highness.

Hor. I humbly beg your licence,
I may return to my old lodging.

Lamb. Well, sir, 'tis easily granted.—— *Flourish.*
[Ex. Lambert and attendants.]
Pol.

Pol. Lights for fir Giles, one shall attend you home.

Hor. Ha, ha, ha !

Pol. Why do you laugh ?

Hor. At a conceit, at a conceit :

What did I eat last night, to make me dream thus ?—

[*Exeunt.*



A C T V.

Enter Hartwell, Country-gentleman, Servant and Officers.

Hartwell.

YOU have done well.

Coun. Would you had done no worse :
These are his cloaths, and you must give account
How you came by 'em, and produce him safe,
E'er you acquit yourself : we may suspect
You have kill'd him.

Hart. Then I obey my destiny :
Justice will still pursue the guilty person ;
Dispose me where you please.

Ser. He does confess.

Hart. Whate'er you be, you can but have my life
For his ; all your revenge can reach no higher,
And to the law I yield myself.

Coun. My hopes are
Cold as his blood whom thou hast slain : thou hast
Been cruel in this act, to me and mine,
Whose fames in him are miserably wounded ;
But look for the reward.

Hart. I must expect it :
In the mean time, I wo't not beg your mercy ;
Life is a burden I would fain be rid of,
Does weary me to carry it.

Ser.

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Ser. I'll acquaint
My mistress.

Coun. Do so ; to the next justice with him,
Come away——

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Hornet.

Hor. She's gone ; she's gone, I shall run mad ! my
niece,
Robb'd of three thousand pounds in her escape,
And yet the doors were safe !—Some witch has taught
her,
Or some French boy to climb a chimney ; else
I cannot think which way she is convey'd.
I find too late, I am awake and gull'd,
Nor know I whom to accuse for my tormentors,
Devils or men : but sure they were not men,
But very fiends I revell'd with last night :
Though mortals want no malice, they have not art
To undo me of this fashion : Oh that I
Knew where to meet the prince of devils knighted me !
The poets call him Pluto, god of riches ;
I and my learned counsel would undo him
In law, in very law, which he should find
Hotter, e'er I had done, than hell itself ;
And call his place of torments in three terms,
But a refreshing to't—Yet, let me see,
I have her portion still, though she be vanish'd ;
That's better than my niece ; but if she marry,
I lose it all ; there, there is the vexation.

Enter Lambert.

Lam. Save master Hornet.

Hor. 'Tis too late, away,
I do not love unnecessary compliment.

Lam. This he ?

Hor. Yes, I am he ; am I not very fine ?

What

What do you think this trim will cost me ? ha !
Three thousand pounds, no more.

Lam. The broker won't
Lend half the money.

Hor. Will you, fir, be gone ?
I have no money to lend now ; it is not,
You know, in fashion with rich cloaths.

Lam. I am
For other purpose, and with news perhaps
You would be willing to receive ; you have
A niece—

Hor. No, such a creature was in my possession :
Do you know where she is ?

Lam. I imagine—

Hor. Ha, good master Lambert ! on, pray forward ;
You shall have money upon good security.

Lam. I thank you, fir, for nothing ; I owe you
Too much already on these terms.

Hor. My niece,
As you were saying—

Lam. Were you knighted lately ?

Hor. Ha ! is that talk abroad ?

Lam. No general rumour ; by chance I came
Where such a thing was whisper'd, only whisper'd,
Just as he was describ'd : in my opinion
Y'are very handsome, and do look as like—

Hor. An afs.

Lam. Why, you shall have it, fir.

Hor. But touching
My niece, good fir, that most ungracious giglot,
That's run or stolen away ; juggled last night
Out of my doors.

Lam. Did she not leap the casement ?

Hor. Do not encrease my agony, you came—

Lam. With civil meaning to discover how
You may be abus'd.

Hor. What money do you want, fir ?
Your own bond shall suffice.

Lam. I have forsworn
Writing my name, or mark ; but I can tell you—

Hor. Where I may find this girl ?

Lam. More I can do,
If need require ; 'tis in my power to give
Her back to your possession, and I am willing—

Hor. An honest man.

Lam. On reasonable conditions,
And such as shall not trench on borrowing money.

Hor. Honester yet.

Lam. For you shall give it freely, and get by it.
Sir, you must understand, if I do this,
I shall betray a friend of mine, that has
Put me in trust ; one that intends to marry her,
D'ye mark ? and get three thousand pounds upon her ;
One that has lent me sums too, without parchment,
Or foolish circumstance to be return'd ;
Which you were never yet so much a christian
As to be guilty of, in your usurers gallow
Of conscience-melting sack : this deserves something,
'Tis part of my revenue : younger brothers
Are glad of pension ; it helps to cook
At ordinaries, and pay trifling reckonings, that
Arise to a bill, or tedious circumstance
Of clear orthography, for cock and mallard,
Which puts the bar-boy to arithmetick,
Because some expedition is requir'd.
You have a bond of mine.

Hor. For fifty pounds.

Lam. I had but forty, and the scrivener paid ;
With whom your worship too perhaps divided :
If you remember, there were precious dinners,
E'er I could count the chickens all together ;
Which was your thrift and my expence : you shall
First cancel that bond ; nay this won't do't,
And give—d'ye mark ? give me a hundred pieces,
Perhaps I'll drink your health ; this shall betray
Your niece again, give her into your hands,
Though for my treachery I be sung in ballads,

And

And have the town-curse, if I ever marry,
To shew my wife can graft well.

Hor. 'Tis too much,
For no more labour, fir.

Lam. If you consider,
Two hundred will not bring me to't again :
Thus fair I'll deal with ye, I'll not have a cross
Till I have done't, but then I will be sure on't—
Fetch, fetch the business.

Hor. The bond is ready.

Lam. I will have ready money too, you have
Bags of all sizes and denominations—
Those things do promise well,
Now I attend you.

Hor. Do this feat for me, and 'tis all thine own.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Justice, Playfair, his Brother and Niece.

Just. Now we may wish you joy, the priest hath
ty'd

That knot, no subtlety nor malice can
Dissolve ; and I repent not I have been
An actor in your comedy ; though I should not
Be tempted easily to such another
Engagement : for your sake, I have dispens'd with
My person and my place.

Play. You were always
My loving uncle.

Niece. Sir, you have in this
Deserv'd our lives and fortunes.

Bro. I have plaid
My part too.

Play. Thou hast shew'd thyself a doctor,
Which shall be a happy omen to thy studies.

Bro. I have shew'd myself a brother, fir.

Niece. That name
I must know often too.

Bro.

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Bro. Most happy in
A virtuous sister, I congratulate
Again your wish'd enlargement, and the meeting
Of both your loving hearts.

Play. It was good mirth,
To hear him confident all our device
Was but a dream.

Just. He is awake by this time ;
Should Lambert fail, we'll have another way
To invite him ; and if honesty prevail not,
Force shame till he consent.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Some offenders, sir,
Are brought to be examined.

Just. Nephew, withdraw with your fair bride ; these
troubles
Are incident to my place, I'll soon dispatch 'em—
[*Ex. Playfair, Brother, Niece and Servant.*

Enter Hartwell, Country-gentleman and Officers.

Just. How now, my masters ; master Hartwell ?
ha !

Har. Look on me, sir, as a delinquent—These
Are able to accuse me.

Just. What's his offence ?

Coun. Nothing but killing of a man.

Just. What proof ?

Coun. He has confes'd it, sir.

Enter mistress Bellamy and Frances.

Just. Mistress Bellamy,
Y'are come in a sad time ; here's master Hartwell
Accus'd for killing—

Bel. 'Tis not possible :
Good sir, believe it not.

Just.

Just. He does confess.

Hart. I am not worth your pity, gentle lady :
In vain I should extenuate my fact,
To save the trouble of examinations ;
Here I confess again my hand is guilty
Of killing him, whose feeble arm durst not
Lift up a weapon to defend himself.

Just. That was not manly.

Hart. I but slew a coward so,
Startup ; and could I call his life again,
I should as soon destroy it. You, perhaps,
Know not my provocations ; he was
My rival, sir : pardon me, mistress Bellamy,
To whom I only seem'd a proselyte
In love : I had no heart to give from her ;
And in my study to decline your anger,
I fell upon her scorn ; which in a few minutes
Engag'd me to this fate : nor am I troubled
That I must die, when she upon whose faith
I durst have laid the hopes of my eternity,
Hath violated all the trust of woman.

Coun. Will't please you, sir ?—

Just. Forbear a little.

Hart. Tell me, thou most unkind, if thou didst love
At all ; how couldst thou think I could be such
A desperate atheist, that thou so soon,
With so strange apostacy, should'st revenge it ?
These swelling drops, which in thy innocence
Might have prevail'd to have restor'd the dead,
Heaven now doth look on, and despise ; and though
Thou shed moist tribute on my tomb, 't shall slide
Neglected on the marble, and be lost ;
As if the stone had sense to punish thy
Disdain of me, I can behold thee weeping,
And not be mov'd to wish I were not guilty
Of killing him whose love had been thy triumph ;
And I dare boldly still stand in the contempt
Of what I am to suffer, and the justice
Of my own truth : challenge thy soul to answer,

In what I was beneath that gaudy fool,
 Excepting that he had more earth than I
 To help his scale, which yet he may be in debt for
 To his father's sins ; alive he could not merit
 One cold disdain from thee ; and dead, how comes it
 He should be worth thy tears ? But let thy eyes
 Chide this unruly sorrow : dress thy cheeks
 With thy fresh blood again, and let thy face
 Open a book of smiles, in the assurance
 I have not long to live : when I have numbred
 A few sad minutes, thou shalt be reveng'd,
 And I shall never trouble thee ; if this
 Be not enough, extend thy malice further,
 And if thou find'st one man that lov'd me living,
 Will honour this cold body with a grave,
 Be cruel and corrupt his charity :
 So fare you well.

Fran. Yet you must stay and hear me.

Bel. He shan't suffer, if my friends or 'state
 Can purchase him a pardon—Where's the body
 Of him that's slain ?

Coun. We know not, here is all,
 The free confession of the fact.

Fran. This may
 Proceed from discontent : life to some men
 Is but their torment, in whose pain they will
 As on the rack, often confess what never
 Was in their thoughts.

Hart. Speak it again, and I
 Dare promise thee to live.

Fran. My heart was ever
 Constant, my mother's love was but thy trial,
 As mine, a seeming change in thy disguise,
 Apply'd by thy too tender apprehension ;
 The words were, I would chuse my husband here :
 But what will this avail us ?

Hart. Master justice, I here discharge you.

Just. How !

Hart.

Hart. My joy obeys
No limits, I accus'd myself unjustly :
Startup's alive.

Just. Where ?

Hart. Nay, I know not that :
My servant's with him ; but if he have play'd
The hangman, starv'd or smother'd him in a ditch,
I have made fair work.

Bel. This were a welcome truth.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, the constable.

Just. I had rather it had been Lambert and the
usurer.

But wait, and give me knowledge when they come—

[*Exit Servant.*]

Enter Constable, Close, Startup, Officers.

Const. Where's master justice ?

Hart. Ha ! 'tis he and Close ;

Then I am secure, your pardon and thy love.

Bel. You have it freely, and a mother's prayers
For both your happiness

Const. Please your worship, I have brought before
you two vagrants that we took last night i'th' field, be-
tween one and two o'clock in the morning ; very suspi-
cious vagrants ; and by my own authority I condemn'd
'em, because it was late.

Star. Shall we be hang'd, Close ? we are condemn'd
already.

Const. Coming this morning to the prison, I found
them drinking away sorrow in double jugs, to the very
staggering of my authority : I beseech your worship to
draw a pair of mittens for 'em both ; for they deserve to
be made samplers, and whipp'd for the edification of the
common-wealth.

Hart. This is the gentleman was kill'd, sir.

Serv.

Star. No, fir,
Not kill'd outright, but I was almost starv'd
With cold ; these gentlewomen know me,
And I should know that hose and doublet ;
These garments that you wear I have oft seen.

Hart. Well said, Jeronymo.

Star. I was fain to borrow
These of a prisoner, that lies in upon
A diamond.

Just. Officers, you are discharg'd— [Ex. Officers.

Star. And we too ?

Just. Yes, and joy in every bosom.

Hart. Close, you must know this mistress.

Star. How !

Hart. My wife, fir.

Close. It is enough for you to know her, fir,
And me to acknowledge.

Coun. D'ye know me, fir ?

Star. Yes, and your daughter too :
Who brought you to town ?

Coun. And you shall right her.

Star. Is she grown crooked ? pox on her, I know
too well :

Peace, not a word more, I know your meaning,
Do not discredit me, and we'll steal down
And marry her, e'er any be aware on't :
I wo't not stay to shift me, take no leave :
The jest will be, when I am in the country,
How like an afs he'll look in my apparel—

[Exeunt *Star.* and *Coun.*

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, master Lambert, and if I be not
Mistaken, the usurer Hornet very gallant.

Just. I must entreat your patience a while ;
You'll meet with friends i'th' next room—

[Exeunt. *Manet Justice.*

Enter

Enter Lambert and Hornet.

Lam. Excuse

Our boldness, sir, this gentleman—

Just. I should know him :

Master Hornet, you are very welcome.

Hor. Good sir,

No ceremony, we are come to you

'Bout business : I have lost my niece, and would

Know where she is.

Just. D'ye take me for a wizzard ?

Lam. With your favour, our desires are that you
would

Be witness to a bargain, and receive

Some trifles, sir, in trust to be deliver'd

To me, if I restore his kinswoman.

Hor. Not else, on that condition I deposit

These hundred pieces and a bond ; if he

Deliver me my niece, they are his fraught ;

If not, they call me owner.

Lam. Pardon, sir,

That I presume to bring this trouble to ye.

Just. 'Tis none at all.

Lam. You sha'not expect long ;

So rest you merry—

[*Exit Lambert.*]

Just. How fare you, sir ?

Hor. As you see, fall'n away an inch since morning ;

But this will physic me : if I possess

This harlotry again, I'll make her sure :

Trust not a woman, they have found the herb

To open locks, not brazen towers can hold 'em :

Or if they get not loose, they have the virtue

Of load-stones shut up in a box, they'll draw

Customers to 'em ; nay being dead and buried,

There is suspicion they will break the grave ;

Which puts so many husbands to the charge

Of heavy stones, to keep their bad wives under.

Just. You are mov'd.

Hor.

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Hor. Oh master Justice, you are honest :
I have been abus'd, so miserably cheated,
I am asham'd to think on't : stay, what musick—
[*Musick.*
Ha ! 'tis my niece, the very, very same.

Enter Lambert and Niece.

Lam. There, sir, you have her, and the rest is mine.

Hor. Take it—And you shall go along with me.

Niece. How uncle !

A reveller ? you'll lead me a coranto.

Hor. You shall dance homewards.

Enter Playfair and his Brother.

Play. What make you so familiar with my wife ?

Hor. Ha, wife ! is she married ?

Bro. 'Tis upon record,

I'll bring a parson that shall take his oath on't.

Hor. Give me my bond and money, master justice :
Where ? where ?

Lam. Here, but they are not to be recover'd
By law : I have a judgment, sir, against you.

Hor. 'You have conspir'd to rob, cheat, and undo
me :

You shall be all star-chamber'd.

Niece. Sir, be calm, and hear us.

Hor. I'll hear nothing.

Play. Yes, you shall,

It will be necessary : I am bold,
Presuming on her favour, to demand
A parcel of three thousand pound ; the sum
Belongs to me by virtue of a marriage,
And I must have it.

Hor. Virtue of a marriage ?

Just. I saw the priest conjoyn their hands ; he will
Deserve your love.

Lam.

Lam. Perhaps you may continue
A thousand, or two thousand, on security.

Hor. What persecution this !

Bro. Faith, fir, consider,
'Tis more safe to see her thus bestow'd,
Than trust a jury ; if the doctor had
Given her too much opium, or purg'd
Her soul away, things might go worse : but I'll
Keep counsel.

Hor. So, so, have ye mortify'd me yet ?

Lam. For your own sake, and as you are a true
knight,
I'll tell no tales.

Enter mistress Bellamy, Frances, Hartwell and Close.

Hor. Now have ye done ?—The widow—
Not a word more—Take her ; I'll pay you, fir,
'Three thousand pounds to-morrow—Noble widow,
You were in the first list to be invited ;
My niece I told you of, is married to
This worthy gentleman.

Bel. You look like a bridegroom.

Hor. 'Tis in your power to make it good, what say
you ?
Shall we join issue ?

Bel. I will never marry.

Hor. You are resolv'd, why so ?—Come hither, ne-
phew,

Sha't be my heir, I love thee for thy wit ;
But charm thy friends they do not laugh at me :
I'll be a knight too, if I live, and build
An hospital for twenty more o'th' order ;
Which I'll reduce myself, out of the suburbs,
In women's petticoats, and turn squires again
To whores, or parasites to noblemen,
For want of fit provision.

Play. An excellent
Foundation ! but where's Startup ?

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Lam. Sunk, I think.

Hart. Ne'er conjure for him : we are ingrateful to
Our blifs, for wasting of these precious minutes,
Which are so many ages, till the church
Hath made us perfect.

Hor. Is there any more work
For the priest ?—Then give you joy beforehand,
And let us celebrate the day together.

Close. I am glad of your conversion, y'are the first
Jew, that in my remembrance has turn'd Christian.

Play. Walk on to joys ;
Twixt love and fortune, now th' accompts are even.

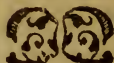
Hart. A chain of hearts, and the first link in heaven.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

E P I L O G U E.

Through many hazards, love hath found a way
For friends to meet : good omen to our play.
If love hath brought you hither, gentlemen,
Love will find out the way to come again.
And we dare promise, if you relish these,
Our loves shall find out other ways to please.

T. B.



ALL



ALL MISTAKEN:

O R,

The M A D C O U P L E.

A

C O M E D Y.

B Y T H E

Honourable JAMES HOWARD, Esq;

C



THE NEW YORK

AND ALBANY

TO THE

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Dramatis Personæ.

The Duke.

Ortellus, *next of kin to the duke ; of an ambitious and treacherous nature.*

Arbatus, *suppos'd brother to Artabella.*

Philidor, *a mad kinsman of the duke's, in love with Mirida.*

Zoranzo, *the duke's prisoner of war, in love with Amariffa.*

Pinguister, } *two ridiculous lovers of Mirida.*
Lean-man, }

Doctor to Pinguister.

Taylor to Lean-man.

Farrier.

Servant to Philidor.

Boy.

Clown.

Guard and attendances.

Amphelia, in love with the duke.

Artabella, *the duke's sister, but taken for the sister of Arbatus.*

Mirida, *Philidor's mad mistress.*

Amariffa, *in love with Zoranzo.*

Six Ladies.

Three Nurses with children.

SCENE, ITALY.



All Mistaken :
OR,
The MAD COUPLE.
A
COMEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Duke from war, in triumph, leading in his hand Artabella, a woman of that country, from whence he came with Arbatus her brother, and Zoranzo prisoner; and on the other side Amphelia, Ortellus and Guard.

Duke.



ADAM, I need not say y'are welcome
to this
Country, since 'tis mine.

Artab. Sir, leaving my own for yours,
speaks my belief of that, and all things
else you say.

Duke. The same unto your worthy brother,

Besides,

Besides, my thanks to you, fir, for letting
Your sister take this journey.

Arbat. Your highness hath so nobly express'd
Yourself unto my sister, that I
Consented to her coming with you; so
Highly I esteem'd your princely word,
That I have let her trespass on the
Bound of common modesty in this
Adventure ; for when this hasty-judging
World shall see you have brought a woman
From her own country, and not your
Wife, how soon will every tongue give her
Another title !

Duke. Sir, my sudden actions shall prevent all
Tongues or thoughts either to name or
Think her any thing but my duchess ;
Therefore, all that owe duty or respect
To me, pay it to her.

What, Amphelia, did you believe the world
So barren of good faces, that yours
Only does enrich it ? or did you think 'twas
All men's fates only to doat on yours ?
Look on this lady, and you'll see your
Error ; mark well her face, and you
Will find, in every line, beauty fits
Empress there. These are the eyes,
Amphelia, now, that dart obedience
Through my heart ; are not you vex'd
To see I am no constant fool, and
Love you still ?

Amph. Vex'd, at what ? to see a man I hate
Love another ? a very great vexation !
Know, fir, this breast has only
Room for joy and love to brave Ortellus—
Forgive my heart that 'twas not
Yours before, since you have long
Deserv'd it.

Ortel. Madam, no time was long enough
To wait this blessed hour.

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Amph. Alas, great duke! instead of pining
For your change, you find me
Midst a thousand joys in this
New choice.

Duke. So you do me, Amphelia, amidst
Ten thousand; not all the
Glories that attend a conquering
Soldier can create one joy so great
In me, as being conquer'd here in
My own triumphs. I am but a slave;
Nor does my victory over thousands please
Me so much, as being overcome by
One, by this fair one, whose eyes,
By shining on my triumphs only,
Make it glorious.

Amph. Well, sir, we will not change our happy
States; you cannot brag of happiness
So great to make me envy: I am
Only sorry for this lady, that had nothing
Else to do with her heart but to give
It you—Madam, if your breast had
Been crowded with some twenty or
Thirty hearts, and amongst these one very
Ill, you might have made present of
That to this mighty duke.

Duke. Madam, does not this lady's discourse
Make you afraid of me?

Artab. Not in the least, sir.

Duke. Where's this bold prisoner?

Guard. Here, and please your highness.

Duke. Well, sir, tho' you did attempt to kill me
In our camp, after you were our prisoner,
You shall not die, since you are of the
Same country this lady is; therefore
Thank her and Fortune for your life.

Zor. I'd sooner curse them both. Shall I thank
Any for my life, but heaven that gave
It me? I'd rather give it to a cat; a
Noble death were far more welcome

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To me, than a mean life at second
Hand. My being here I owe unto the
Gods ; when they think fit to lend it
Me no longer, they know the way
To take it from me. I scorn to run
In debt unto a mortal duke, for two
Or three days breath.

Amph. Brave captive !

[*Aside.*

Duke. You're very high, considering you
Are in chains.

Zor. Why, fir, think you these fetters can
Confine my mind as they do my legs?
Or that my tongue's your prisoner,
And dares only say, May it please your
Highness ? How much are you mistaken !
Know, fir, my soul is prompter to my tongue,
And gives it courage to say any thing
That heaven will not frown at ; we should
Detract from those great pow'rs above, if
We pay fears to any here below. Perhaps
You think I'll beg my life now upon
A pair of bent petitioning knees ; no, fir,
Had I a hundred lives, I'd give them all
To sharpest deaths, rather than beg for one.

Duke. You're well resolv'd ; perhaps your mind
May alter when you see the ax.

In the mean time commit him to the
Closest prison, where, if you have any
Accounts with heaven, you'll have time
To cast them up before your death.

Zor. Your sentence brings me joy ; welcome
The keenest ax that can be set, 'twill
Cut my head and chains both off together.
Welcome most happy stroke, since it
Will bring rest to my eyes, and make
A slave a king.

[*Exit with a Guard.*

Duke. Madam, I suppose this journey has so
Wearied you, that 'tis time to shew you

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The way to your lodgings, and leave you
To your repose.

Guard. Make way there for the duke.

Amph. My lord, you had best attend the duke,
Because 'tis a respect due to him.

Ortel. I shall, madam, at your commands. [*Exeunt.*

Amph. How has my tongue bely'd my too true
Heart, in speaking hate unto the duke, and love to Or-
tellus !

I hate the duke ? So eyes do sleep, that long have
known

No rest. How cou'd my lips give passage
To such words, and not have clos'd for ever ?
Not by my heart's direction, I am sure ; for
That so swell'd, being injur'd by my
Mouth, as had not pride and reason kept
It here from this unquiet seat, it would
Have forc'd away to Archimedes' breast,
And there have whisper'd to his heart my
Tongue's untruth. Why should I love this
Man, that shews me nothing but contempt
And hate ? Rouze, drooping heart, and think
Of that ; think of it always, so by degrees
'Twill bring a winter round thee, that in
Time shall chill the heat of thy undone
And lost affections. Oh, 'tis not true, that all our
Sex love change, then I might find one
Path that leads to it ; that womanish vice
Were virtue now in me, 'twould free my
Heart, and that were charity.

Enter Duke.

See where he comes again ; oh how I love
And hate that man ! Now help me, pride, and fill
My breast with scorn ; and pr'ythee tongue
Take heed you do not fault : hear not,
My heart, that will distract thy speech, and
So betray my feign'd unkindness.

Duke.

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Duke. What, Amphelia all alone? weary of your new Love already? can't you pass away the Time with him one hour?

Amph. Were he no finer man than yourself, to Be with him a minute I shou'd think a Seven years penance.
Good heart, lie still, and let my tongue alone. [*Aside.*
I wonder what a woman can see in you,
Or hear from you, to make her love you.
(I was just going to have said, hate him.) [*Aside.*
O what a task is this! therefore let me Advise you to have a mean opinion Of yourself.

Duke. Methinks that advice might serve for Yourself. Ha, ha, ha!

Amph. Have patience, heart, I know I lie, thou Need'st not tell me so, I had better then Confess my love. [*Aside.*—D'you laugh, duke? faith So could I at you till the tears ran down My cheeks; that they wou'd quickly do,
For grief wou'd fain unload my eyes.—
I must begone, I cannot longer act this Part, unless I had a heart as hard as his. [*Aside.*

Duke. What, you are going now to your love Or-tellus?

Amph. I am so, and going from you to him, is Pleasure double, not only pain to quit,
But joy to meet.

Duke. Make haste then, for your departure will Oblige me too, so we shall be all pleas'd.

Amph. Haste I will make, but with unwilling feet : For every step from him my grief repeats. [*Aside.*] *Exit.*

Duke. She's gone, and after her my heart is flown,
'Tis well it has no tongue to make its moan;
Then 'twould discover what my pride conceals.
A heart in love (though slighted) love reveals.
Yet though I love her still she shall not know;
Her hate shall seem my joy, which is my woe.

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My constancy I'll outwardly disguise,
 Though here within I am not half so wise ;
 Yet rather than disclose my doating fate,
 I'll wound my heart by counterfeiting hate.
 To whine, it wou'd the worst of follies prove,
 Since women only pity when they love.
 With how much scorn she gave me welcome home !
 Ortellus in her hand, to shew my doom !
 Me and my triumphs she did so despise,
 As if they'd been unworthy of her eyes.
 'Tis well to her I shew'd as much disdain ;
 I'd rather perish than she guess my pain.
 But O ! the horrid act she makes me do,
 To fool a woman that is young and true !
 So damn'd a sin, that hell cou'd not invent,
 It is too foul for any punishment ;
 To question those above I am afraid,
 Else I would ask them why they woman made.

Enter Philidor.

O my mad cousin, your servant ;
 Whither so fast ?

Phil. So fast, sir ? why, I have been hunted
 By a pack of hounds this three hours,
 And damn'd deep-mouth'd hounds too.
 No less than three couple of nurses,
 'Three couple of plaguy hunting bitches,
 And with them three couple of whelps,
 Alias children, sir ; they have rung me
 Such a ring this morning through
 Every by-turning that leads to a bawdy
 House, I wish'd myself earth'd a thousand
 Times, as a fox does when he is hard run,
 But that they wou'd have presently
 Digg'd me out with their tongues.

Duke. Faith, Philidor, 'tis no news to me, for I
 Have known thee from sixteen at this
 Course of life—What and these children were

All your bastards, and their nurses coming
To dun you for money ?

Phil. Something of that's in't, I think, fir.

Duke. Well, cuz, I'll leave thee to thy wild-
ness,

A fitter companion much for thee than I at this time.

Phil. Why, fir, I hope nothing has happened to
trouble you.

Duke. No, no ;

My grief, alas ! is far beyond express,

To tell it to a friend can't make it less.

[*Exit.*]

Phil. Wou'd I were at the wars again, I fear

No sword half so much as the tongue

Of one of these nurses ; and the youling of

The children are more dismal to my

Ears, than the groans of dying men in

A battle. I am at this time in law with

Six or seven parishes about fath'ring

Of bastards ;—'tis very fine truly ! and yet me

Thinks 'tis a hard case, that I shou'd be

Sued for multiplying the world, since death

Makes bold with bastards, as well as other

Children. The very picture of a nurse and

Child in her arms wou'd fright me now ;

Oh ! from that sight—deliver me !

Enter Nurse and Child as he is going out.

Ha ! and here they come : Pox on't, what luck have I
After saying my prayers ? it shall be a fair
Warning to me ; now am I started again,
And must go run t'other course.

[*Offers to run away.*]

1 *Nurse.* 'Squire Philidor, 'squire Philidor !

[*She runs after him.*]

Phil. How deaf am I now ! 'tis well I know
'This by-way to avoid her.

Enter second Nurse and meets him.

Ha ! S'death, another ? the devil appearing
Here too ?

2 *Nurse.*

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2 *Nurse.* O! my proper young 'squire, stay, stay, D'ye hear, sir?

Phil. No indeed won't I. Yet I know one way More to avoid them.

Enter third nurse.

Ha! another coming here too? nay then, I Find I am in hell before I thought I shou'd. What will become of me now?

3 *Nurse.* Oh! 'squire, I thought I should never have spoke with your worship.

Phil. No, by this light shou'd you not, if I could have help it.

1 *Nurse.* I wonder, 'squire, at your conscience, to avoid your pretty babes as you do.

Phil. So, now 't begins, I am like to have Sweet musick from the consort of These nurses tongues.

1 *Nurse.* Saving your presence, sir, I think Here are three as sweet babes as ever suck'd Teat, and all born within the year too, Besides three more that your worship has In our street.

Phil. A very hopeful generation! sure this was A great nut year—well, if all trades Fail, I may go into some foreign Plantation, where they want people, and Be well paid for my pains: wou'd I Were there now.

1 *Nurse.* Codge, codge, dos a laugh upon a dad? In conscience, sir, the child knows your worship.

Phil. A very great comfort!

1 *Nurse.* My young master here is as like your Worship as e'er he can look; has your Tempting eyes to a hair: I cou'd not Choose but smile to myself t'other day; I was making him clean about the Secrets, to see what God had sent him In a plentiful manner; it put me half

In mind of your worship. I am sure I
Have been at double the expence of
Other nurfes, in eating choice meat, to
Make my milk good for my young
Master, becaufe I would not fpoil the
Growth of any one of his members.

2 *Nurfe*. Nay, for that, neighbour, I have eat as
Good, or better meat, than you, every day
In the week : I never touch'd a bit of falt
Meat, for fear of fpoiling my child's
Blood.

Phil. Confidering how well 'tis born.

3 *Nurfe*. Nay, neighbours, for that I have been
At greater charge than either of you, in
Choice diets, to breed good milk for
My young miftrefs here.

1 *Nurfe*. You lie.

2 *Nurfe*. You're a quean.

1 *Nurfe*. And you're a whore. Marry, your hufband
Is the noted'ft cuckold in all our ftreet.

2 *Nurfe*. You lie, you jade, yours is a greater.

Phil. His—Now for a battle royal.

1 *Nurfe*. If I lay the child out of my arms,

[*Lay their children down, and fight.*]

I'll pull off your head-clothes, you carion.

2 *Nurfe*. Marry, come, if thou durft.

Phil. 'Tis beft for me to be a coward,
And march off from this bloody fight.

All Nurfes. Hold, hold, the 'quire is going away.

Phil. So, nothing could have parted them this
Three hours, but the fear of lofing me.

1 *Nurfe*. What, wou'd your worship have left us
Without paying us for nurfing your
Children? you have a confcience, with a
Pox to you.

Phil. So, now will they end their war in
Vollies of shot upon me—I have but
One thing now to do. With every one
Of thefe hags have I been forc'd to

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Lie, which they took as satisfaction
For payment for two month's nursing.
Perhaps, rather than they will have it
Known to one another, they'll hold their
Tongues and leave me—Well, my three
Sweet harmonious nurses, what is due to you?

1 *Nurse.* Due! why, there was twelve months
Due for nursing; 'tis true, two months
Your squireship satisfied me for.

2 *Nurse.* And me too.

3 *Nurse.* And me likewise.

Phil. Harkye, if you will not be gone, I'll tell.

1 *Nurse.* No marry won't I, till I have my money.

2 *Nurse.* Don't think to fright me, but pay me.

3 *Nurse.* I fear you not, pay me my money.

Phil. Pox on't, 'twill not do, I must try another
Way.—Boy, was the wolf fed to-day?

Boy. No, sir.

Phil. Go fetch him quickly, to dine with these
Ladies. [*Exeunt Nurses.*]

So, I thought I should set them going.

Ha! the devil, they have left the
Children behind them. This was a
Very cunning device of mine; now am
I in a pretty condition. Troth a very
Noble anabaptist progeny! for the
Devil a one of these were ever christen'd;
For I have run so much upon tick
To the parsons for christning of
Children, that now they all refuse to
Make any bastards of mine a christian
Without ready money; so that I'll
Have this boy bred up a parson, that he
May christen himself, and the rest of his
Sisters and brothers. What shall I do
When these infants begin to be hungry,
And youl for the teat? O that a milk-
Woman wou'd come by now!—Well, I must
Remove my flock from hence. Small

Coal,

Coal, small coal, will you buy any small
Coal ? Pox on't, I could never light of
Any but fruitful whores. Small coal,
Small coal.

[*Exit.*



A C T II.

Enter Zoranzo, as in prison.

Zoranzo.

SURE 'tis not kind of those great powers above,
To add these chains to me that am in love.
As to my bed of straw, I am content,
Since any bed from her is punishment,
To lie on down of swans wou'd be hard rest,
Cou'd I not make my pillow on her breast.
O, Amarissa, wer't thou here with me,
I wou'd not sell these bonds for liberty.
Ransoms that prisoners give to be set free,
I'd give as much to lie in chains by thee.
Here is her picture—Oh ! thou too like shade,

[*Pulls out her picture.*

To look on it my eyes are half afraid,
It so presents my joy and misery ;
Since 'tis the nothing of that all to me.
The greatest pain to any lover's heart,
Is to remember when they are apart ;
For thoughts of joys, when there's a bar betwixt,
Are worse than poison with a cordial mixt.

Enter Amphelia and Jailor.

Amph. Well said, jailor, here's for thy pains.—

Brave

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Brave prisoner, perhaps this visit may appear
But strange to you, till you have heard me
Speak—Know then, when you receiv'd the
Sentence of your death, you seem'd to
Meet it with so brave a soul, as if the
Sound had not displeas'd your ears : Thus
Did your courage fill my eyes with wonder,
And my heart with pity ; straight I resolv'd
To give you all my helps to set you free,
Which now I offer to you.

Zor. Madam, could I tell what to say, I wou'd
Begin ; I have nothing but poor thanks
To offer to you, and those, though millions,
Were not half enough. Compassion shewn
Unto the miserable, heaven can only
Recompence ; therefore, in my dying
Prayers, I will beg from thence a blessing
To reward your pity.

Amph. Sir, the joy of your escape will pay my pains ;
All my endeavours I will set at work :
The time is short, therefore I must make
Haste. Expect to hear of me again with speed.

Enter Ortellus, as she is going out.

Zor. What can this mean ? heaven grant she
Does not love me ; I wou'd not wish so
Brave a heart so great a punishment,
Since my love's fix'd already.

Ortel. Madam, I have been seeking you ; pray,
Whence came you ? This is no usual place
To find you in.

Amph. I was only walking this way, sir.

Ortel. I'll wait of you presently.—I suspect
She has been at the prison ; I will inform
Myself by the jailor ; and yet perhaps
She has bid him to deny it. [*Steps to the Jailor.*]
The lady Amphelia says she has left
One of her gloves behind her in the prison,
And has sent me for it.

Jay.

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Fail. I'll go see straight, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Ortel. She has been there, it seems, then.

Madam, I fancy you have been to see the
Prison.

Amph. Who, I? what makes you think so?

Ortel. Why, am I mistaken?

Amph. Yes; what should I do there?

Ortel. Nay, that's the question, but there you
Have been just now, and with the
Prisoner too.

Amph. Sure you dream.

Ortel. She's false, I find; I'll try her love to me—
[*aside.*]

Madam, since you have been pleas'd to
Shew your kindness publickly to me,
I take this time to beg my happiness,
Which is, that a priest may join
Our hands.

Amph. I will not marry yet.

Ortel. Why, pray, madam?

Amph. For a very good reason, because I ha'n't a
mind to't.

Ortel. Will you give me another reason?

Amph. I need not, that's sufficient.

Ortel. You love me, do you not?

Amph. You know I have declar'd it.

Ortel. But sure you'll not deny me twice?

Amph. Not, if you ask but once.

Ortel. Fy, fy, this modesty is a thief to lovers,
And robs them of their time. Come, come,
Say ay, and blush.

Amph. I'll not say ay, nor blush.

Ortel. If you had any modesty, you wou'd.

Amph. You said just now I had too much.

Ortel. Too much of impudence, you mean.

Amph. What's that you say?

Ortel. Why, truth.

Amph. Get you out, and wash your tongue, 'tis foul.
Ortel.

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Ortel. 'Tis like your heart then, but that it
Cannot lye as much.

Amph. Most valiant lord, to give the lye to petticoats !

Ortel. Why did you deny your being in prison ?

Amph. Not for fear of you ; I was with the brave
Prisoner, what then ?

Ortel. You went to make love to him ; you had
Best use your time well ; 'twill be short
And sweet : your dear will not be so
Proper a man by the head, within this
Two days. False woman ! you have a
Heart that flies from one man's breast
To another : all the inconstancy of your
Sex is constancy to this of yours : you
Have deceiv'd the duke already, that
Might have been my warning.

Amph. Faith, and so it might ; the duke in all
Things so far excells you, that you were
A fool to think, when once my heart
Bid him farewell, that it design'd no
Better a change than you ; troth you're
Mistaken ; it had a farther journey to
Make, and so took your breast for an
Inn only, to lie by the way.

Ortel. Base woman ! is't not enough that
You have fool'd me, but you must mock
Me too ? Heaven hold my hand from
Murdering thee.

Amph. Fright those that fear you.

Exit.

Ortel. Curses of all fool'd men (like me) light
Heavy on thee. Revenge begins to fill
My heart, and I will pour it out on
This base woman. I know the way,
I'll to the duke.

Enter Duke.

I am glad I have met your highness, for
I have business to impart to you that concerns
Your life,

Duke.

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Duke. What is't, Ortellus ?

Ort. Know, fir, Amphelia, that—

Duke. Loves you?

Ort. No, fir, she loves the prisoner.

Duke. 'Tis impossible.

Ort. 'Tis very true, fir, I caught her coming from him ;

She is designing his escape, and for aught
I know, her love to him may put other
Thoughts into her head.

Duke. What d'ye mean ?

Ort. She may design your life ; a woman that
Is ill, exceeds a man in mischief.

Duke. My lord, I thank your care, if you can
Track her farther, pray let me know ; in
The mean time I shall prevent her
Ill intentions.

Ort. My diligence shall not be wanting—So,
Since I can have no love, revenge
Shall be my mistress—

[*Exit.*

Duke. Oh, Amphelia ! why dost thou take such
Pains to break my heart, when 'tis so
Easily done ? She needs not secretly contrive
My death, since half a word from her
Commands my life : her face and heart
Sure cannot be akin ; nature mistook,
Or else she was to blame to give one
Woman two so great extreams.

Enter Arbatus.

See, here comes the brother to wrong'd Artabella:
The horror of that sin grows bigger in me,
That I with a deluding love should fool
An innocent, to shew an outward scorn
To false Amphelia ; for when I heard she
Lov'd Ortellus, I straight made love to
This young woman, and brought her from
Her own country, only to make Amphelia
Think I lov'd another.

Arbat. I hope I don't disturb your highness.

Duke.

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Duke. No, Arbatus, you are always welcome to me.

Arbat. Sir, I should ask you a question.

Duke. You freely may.

Arbat. Not but I think my sifter far unworthy
Either in birth or fortune, to be call'd
Your wife : yet since you have been
Pleas'd to grace her with your love so
Far, as saying she shall be your
Duchess, be pleas'd to tell me why
It is not so ; she has been here so
Long, that people now begin to say you
Mean her for your mistress ; should my
Ears meet that sound from any
Tongue, I'd——

Duke. Hold, Arbatus, I'm sure I have given no
Cause, as yet, to doubt my kindness to
Your sifter.

Arbat. Pardon me, sir, in your delay you have ;
My sifter has no dowry but her virtue,
Youth, and some small stock of beauty.
These if you lov'd her for, you would
Not waste, by letting time rob her and
You at once.

Duke. Sir, business of great importance has
Hitherto deferr'd my marriage ; believe
Me, you shall find me just.

Arbat. A prince's word must not be question'd,
I have done.

Duke. Oh, Amphelia ! what dost thou make me do ?

[*Exit.*

Arbat. Let him take heed, if he does fool my sifter,
were

He ten thousand dukes I'd cut his throat.

[*Exit.*

Enter Philidor alone.

Phil. I have been quite at t'other end o'th'
Town, to put my children out to new
Nurses, for I am known to every nurse

Here-

Hereabout, that they will as soon nurse
A cat's kitten as any child of mine. This
Is a very pleasant life I lead, neither
Is this the worst part of it ; for there are
A certain flock of women that I have
Promis'd marriage, I expect a volley of
Shot from them too, soon as they find
Me out. Would wives and children were
As hard to come by as money, then would
I turn usurer, and let 'em out to use ; for,
To say truth, I have enough to spare—

Enter six Ladies one after another.

So, here comes one of my promis'd virgins !
Nay, a second too—a third—a fourth—
A fifth—a sixth—Welcome, blessed
Half dozen ; now will I go muster my
Nurses and children too, and go against the
Great Turk. I am glad to see they have
Brought ne'er a coffin, for I expect nothing
But death from them : I wonder they don't
Begin to ring my funeral peal.
See, every one of them beckons to me, as much
As to say, I'd speak with you in private ;
But the devil take me if e'er a one
Of them do ; I find by this, they would
Not have their business known to
One another ; this may be a means for me
To get off for this time—Ladies, you all
Look as if you had something to say to me ;
Pray make me so happy as to let me know
What 'tis—

They dare not speak aloud—

[Aside.]

Will you, madam ? or you ? or you, madam ?
Or you, madam ?—Not one of you tell me
What the honour of these visits mean ?
I see I am troublesome to you all, therefore
I'll not be longer rude ; and so I take
My leave—This was good luck, that
They should come all together ; for I had

[Beckon him.]

Rather

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Rather be alone six hours with the devil,
Than with e'er a one of them half an
Hour—I'll stand close in this corner,
Till they are all gone.

1 *Lad.* Now the pox take him for a cunning
rogue.

2 *Lad.* A plague take him.

3 *Lad.* The devil take him.

4 *Lad.* If there be e'er a devil worse than another,
Take him thou.

5 *Lad.* Oh that I had him alone !

6 *Lad.* Was there ever such a rascal ?

[*Exeunt at several doors.*

Phil. So, the coast is clear again— [Peeps out.

Enter Mirida.

S'death, here comes another—Oh ! 'tis none
Of that gang though.

Mir. I'll lay my head, ne'er a girl in
Christendom, of my age, can say what
I can ; I'm now but five years i'th'
Teens, and I have fool'd five several men.

Phil. A brave wench, by this light ! sure 'tis I
In petticoats.

Mir. My humour is to love no man, but to
Have as many love me as they please,
Come cut or long-tail.

Phil. A most divine wench !

Mir. 'Tis a rare diversion, to see what several
Ways my flock of lovers have in being
Ridiculous ; some of them sigh so
Damnably, that 'tis as troublesome as a
Windy day ; there's two of them that make
Their love together, by languishing eye-
Casts ; one of them has one eye bigger than
Another, and looks like a tumbler ; and
That eye's like a musket bullet, and I expect
Every minute when he will hit me with it,
He aims so right at me. My other
Lover looks a-squint, and to see him cast

Languish-

Languishing eyes, would make a woman
With child miscarry. There is also a
Very fat man, mr. Pinguister, and a very
Lean man that loves me ; I tell the
Fat man I cannot marry him till he's
Leaner, and the lean man I cannot marry
Him till he's fat : so one of them purges
And runs heats every morning, to pull
Down his sides, and the other makes his
Tailor stuff his cloaths to make him shew
Fatter—Oh, what pleasure do I take in
Fooling of mankind !

Phil. Was there ever so witty a wench ? 'tis the
Woman of women for my turn. I'll
To her—Thou most renowned female !
I cannot hold—

Mir. From what ?

Phil. From kissing thee, loving thee, or what
Thou wilt.

Mir. Troth, y'are very well acquainted, confid'ring
You never saw me before.

Phil. Saw thee ! I have heard thee talk this
Hour, like an angel of light.

Mir. Well, and d'ye love me for what you heard
me say ?

Phil. Yes, faith do I ; why you are just of my
Humour ; when I heard thee say how many men
You had fool'd, I was very glad to hear
You come one short of me, for I have
Fool'd six women, and you but five men.

Mir. Why, if you love me, you shall be the sixth
fool,
To make up my half-dozen too.

Phil. No I won't, and yet I love thee too.

Mir. Why, how will you help it ?

Phil. Thus, you and I will love one another.

Mir. What, whether I will or no ?

Phil. Nay hear me, we two will love how we
ease, when we please, and as long as

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We please : do not these propositions
Tickle your heart a little?

Mir. I don't mislike them—Now could I take him
About the neck and kiss him for this humour
Of his—And do you say you will love me?

Phil. Yes, marry will I.

Mir. Nay hold, I won't marry you.

Phil. Nor I thee, for all the world.

Mir. And yet you say you will love me?

Phil. I tell you I will : make no more words on't.

Mir. Why then, hark you, to be as absolute
As you, I will love you too : That is to say,
Upon the aforefaid conditions.

Phil. With all my heart ; pr'ythee don't think
That I will love thee upon any other
Terms—But come, we must seal this
Bargain with hands, hearts, and lips.

Mir. No, no, no lips ; we'll only shake
Hands upon't, that's enough for so
Weighty a contract as this of ours.

Phil. But pr'ythee let's seal the bargain.

Mir. No, no, fir, I use no wax to my lips.

Phil. Nay, by my troth, I care not a pin to
Kiss thee.

Mir. No ! look upon me well, and see if you
Can say so again.

Phil. Hum—yes faith, I will give two-pence to
Kiss thee now.

Mir. Well, fir, when I do kiss you, I'll
Bate you a penny of that.

Phil. Now you and I will sing this song. [*He sings.*]

*My love and I a bargain made,
It is well worth a telling:
When one was weary, we agreed
To part both should be willing.*

Mir. Nay, here I'm for you too.

[*She sings.*]

And

*And thus our loves will longer last,
Than fools that still are pining :
We'll spend our time in joy and mirth,
Whilst doaters do in whining.*

Phil. Faith, you and I sing very well ; we
Are alike in that too : I see either
Nature or the devil, somebody or something,
Made thee and me for one another—Well,
But let us remember our conditions :
Imprimis, I will love you.

Mir. Item, so will I you.

Phil. I will not say how long.

Mir. Item, Nor I neither.

Phil. Item, It may be I can love you but a week.

Mir. I don't care if it be but a day.

Phil. Item, I will never be tied to any thing.

Mir. Item, Thou shalt be tied to what thou
Wilt, but me.

Phil. Item, I will come when I please, and go when
I please.

Mir. Item, Thou shalt drown thyself when
Thou wilt, or hang thyself when thou
Wilt, or go to the devil when thou wilt.

Phil. Item, If I should like another woman, I
Will have the liberty of leaving you,
Without any ceremony, but just saying
Good-bye.

Mir. Item, If I should like any man better than
You, I'll leave you without saying so
Much as good-bye.

Phil. Item, The first that sighs of us two,
Shall fast a week.

Mir. Item, The first that looks but
Melancholy of us two, shall
Be starv'd to death.

Phil. To conclude, we will both be as mad
As we please.

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Mir. Agreed, and the devil take the tameſt.

Phil. A bleſſ'd bargain !—But hark you, there's
One thing I have forgot.

Mir. What's that ?

Phil. Have you had as many children as I ?

Mir. No, indeed ha'n't I.

Phil. Why, then you muſt let me help you to 'em,
That you may be even with me there too.

Mir. Hold, fir, that bargain's yet to make.

Phil. Pox on't, that ſhould have been one
Of our articles.

Mir. Well, I can ſtay no longer with you now.

Phil. Nay, pr'ythee hold, thou ſhalt not go yet ;
I can't part with you ſo ſoon.

Mir. Ay, but I have a mind to go, and that's one
Of our articles.

Phil. Well, but ſha'nt we put that other
Article in before we part ?

Mir. No, no, good-bye to you.

Phil. Farewell, mettle—

[*Exit.*

Enter Pinguifier, Doctor, and Servants.

Mir. Look you, mr. Pinguifier, this is the
Measure muſt meet about your waſt
Before I marry you.

Pin. This ? why 'twill not come about the ſmall
Of my leg. [*Tries the meaſure himſelf.*

Mir. Sir, I am ſorrier for it ; but it muſt
Compaſs your middle before you can be
My dear chuck : your ſervant, fir,
I am in haſte.

Pin. Pr'ythee, thou damnable pretty rogue,
Let me have ſome comfort from thee
Before thou goeſt, either from thy eyes,
Thy cheeks, mouth or noſe, or ſome
Part about thee ; conſider what a
Diſſolution I muſt undergo for love
Of thee.

Mir.

Mir. I do indeed, sir ; but your servant
For this time.

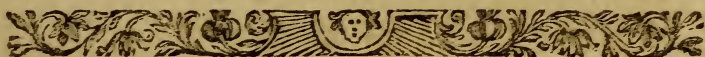
[*Exit.*

Pin. Worthy doctor, my hopes are all in you now,
I have tried many physicians already
To make me lean enough for that
Tormenting, pretty fairy devil.

Doct. Truly, sir, your case is very desperate ;
But if any man in the world can drain
Your fat from you, 'tis I : sir, we will
Begin your course out of hand.

Pin. Do you hear, besure I have at least
Two dozen of napkins ready upon
The spot, to rub me at every turn ;
Therefore come you all along with me—
Have mercy on me, I have love and
Fat enough to furnish a whole nation.

[*Exeunt.*



A C T III.

Enter Amphelia, going to the prison.

Amphelia.

HOW false a woman to all eyes I seem,
Because I still will hide my constant love !
This way I take, will bravely break my heart.
To tell the Duke, were sneakingly to die,
Since if he knew that I did love him still,
With basest scorns he'd laugh my soul
To death ; such friendship to this prisoner
I will shew, shall make the Duke believe
My heart is there : to set him free
I'll use my utmost art ———
Would I could do as much for this poor heart !
This way my love with my designs complies,

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'Thus one in chains, another's chains unties.
I have made the Jailor mine already,
By promising him these hundred pieces—
'Tis now about the time I appointed
To be here—

Enter Jailor.

Oh, yonder's the Jailor expecting me—
Here, Jailor, here's for thy honesty—
May the business be done now?

Jail. O madam, never at a fitter time; take
You the key and go in to the prisoner;
Whilst I go see the passage clear,
Stand you at the door, and, when I beckon
To you, come away.

Amph. Honest Jailor!

Jail. So, now I am just i'th' fashion; I have
Taken money to do her business, and
Instead of doing it I have undone it.

Enter Duke and Ortellus.

Ort. 'Tis so, sir, the Jailor has discover'd
All to me—Here he comes.

Jail. And please your highness to stand
Close here, for the lady Amphelia is
Now with the prisoner; I have given
Her a key to convey him through this
Private passage; as soon as I beckon
To her, she will come away with him.

[Beckons them.]

Amph. Come, sir, give me your hand, the Jailor
Peckons me, the way is clear.

Duke. Hold lady, and your love, we must shorten
Your journey a little.

Amph. Ha! the Duke and Ortellus! I am betray'd—
Oh, villain, Jailor!

Ort. Sir, I fear we have interrupted them;
It may be they were going to be
Married; ha, ha, ha.

Amph.

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Amph. If I were, 'twas what I refus'd you,
Ortellus; that makes you so mad.

Duke. Well, madam, if you have a mind to be
Married, a priest shall not join your hands,
But you shall go both back to the
Prison, and the Jailor shall tie you both
Hands and legs together.

Amph. Know, sir, a prison with this brave
Gentleman, will be greater paradise to
Me, than to be mistress of your palace—
What do I say?

[*Aside.*

Duke. Well, you shall have your desire then;
Ye shall live together, and die together.—
How cou'd I speak that word to her.

[*Aside.*

Zor. She die, sir! wou'd you destroy so great
A world of virtue? rather invent two
Deaths for me, that I may die for her too.
You'll rob your dukedom of your greatest
Treasure, to take away so blest a life
As hers: let not an ax part such a
Head and body, lest heaven frown, and
Call you murderer. You'll pull upon your
Head all mankind's curse: when nature
Sees her bounty thus rewarded, she'll
Turn a miser, and will give no more
Such blessings to the world as this
Fair saint.

Duke. Well sir, I am satisfied ye like one
Another, so you shall both return back
To your straw beds, there you may lie
As close together as you please.

Amph. No, sir, virtue shall lie betwixt us.

Duke. You'll want a pillow till you come both
To execution, then you shall have one,
A block to lay your heads on.

Amph. Know, duke, my head will rest better
With his on a block, than with yours
On the softest pillow.—

How many lies must I confess before I die!

[*Aside.*

Duke.

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Duke. Indeed you'll fleep pretty foundly.—
See, her fcorns to me makes death a pleafure
To her.

[*Afide.*

My lord, give order that ſhe may be
Brought immediately to her trial ; in the
Mean time, Jailor, take them into
Your cuſtody ; lay 'em in shackles both.
Couſin, many thanks to you for this
Timely diſcovery, I muſt leave you a while.

[*Exit.*

Ortel. Duke, you ſhall have leſs to thank me for,
Elſe I'm deceiv'd—I have found out he
Loves Amphelia ſtill, ſo ſhe does him.
Now will I go poſſeſs Arbatus of this,
And tell him how the duke intends to fool
His ſiſter. He has the character of ſo
Strict a brother, and ſo brave a ſpirit,
'That his ſoul will never digeſt this injury
Without the duke's blood. I'll join
With him, and tell him how the buſineſs
May be done ; by this, one of theſe
'Three things I ſhall have,
Either a miſtreſs, dukedom, or a grave.

Enter Arbatus and Artabella.

See, here comes Arbatus and his ſiſter
Artabella ; they talk very earneſtly.

Arb. Siſter, I do not like it, the duke will
Fool ye.

Art. Indeed, brother, I'm amaz'd at this delay.

Arb. How does he carry himſelf to you?

Art. With all reſpect imaginable.

Arb. Then there muſt be ſomething more in't,
That he defers his marriage thus.

Ortel. There is ſo, ſir.

Arb. My lord, hearkening's but a baſe office ;
But if you have heard it, 'tis no treaſon.

Ortel. No, ſir, but it is falſeneſs in the duke,
'To uſe your worthy ſiſter thus. I came
To tell you upon my knowledge, he never
Intended to marry her.

Arb.

Arb. My lord, though I believe it, you must Pardon me if I wonder at this information From your lordship, that is his Near cousin.

Ortel. Sir, you have the character of so brave A gentleman, conscience and honour Bids me discover this to you and your sister : Think of a way of being reveng'd, and Here's my hand and heart to help you.

Arb. Pardon me, that I cannot thank you Truly, because I needs must doubt This offer from your lordship.

Ortel. What can I say to confirm you ? will The word and honour of a gentleman do't ?

Arb. To me those are things of great value.

Ortel. Then here I give them both.

Arb. But what to do, my lord ?

Ortel. What you will.

Arb. Perhaps you think I'd have you ask Some place about the court for me, In recompence of this injury to my sister.

Ortel. No, sir, had you been such a person, I shou'd not have trusted you thus far With what I have said. I say again, I am your friend ; if you doubt it, you Wrong my honour.

Arb. Why then, my lord, to be short, nothing Will satisfy me, but the duke's—

Ortel. What ?

Arb. Blood.

Ortel. Why thou shalt have it all, if I can help Thee to't ; this night will I convey you Privately into his bed-chamber. Come along With me, and I will tell you all. [Exit.

Arb. My lord, I follow you ——— Sister, go to your chamber.

Art. O brother ! heaven preserve you in this danger.

Arb. Now it comes into my head, I need not Doubt this lord's truth ; he is next heir

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To the dukedom, if the duke die without issue.

'Tis base in him the duke's life to pursue,

His blood is only to my sister due.

[*Exit.*]

Art. False duke, thou justly hast deserv'd

Thy death ; to cheat the innocent is a

Double crime ; I had no cunning guard

About this heart to keep it safe from a

Seducing tongue.

I have lost my heart, which he by falseness won ;

How soon is truth and innocence undone !

[*Exit.*]

Enter Philidor.

Phil. Pray remember the poor prisoners ;

Pray remember the prisoners. Well, had

I not taken this course with the regiment

Of women that I have promis'd to marry,

I should have been devour'd by 'em

By this time. They came just now into

My chamber, one by one, hoping to have

Found me alone, to have preach'd

Matrimony to me ; but to my blest

Deliverance, no sooner one was

There, but another came ; so I persuaded

Them one by one, to slip up into a

Garret : So still as one knock'd at

The door, the t'other ascended ; there

Have I secur'd them with this key,

And there must I keep them till I

Have made conditions with them.

Enter Mirida.

Oh, here comes Mirida.—Pray remember

The poor prisoners, pray remember

The poor prisoners.

Mir. Who the devil's that, Philidor ?

Phil. The very same, my mettled female.

Mir. Why, what mad prank art thou

Playing now ?

Phil. Alas-a-day, I have great cares upon

Me

Me, I must provide meat for
Half a dozen ladies, that thou'd have
Been my spouses. Look up yonder ;
In that very garret, for aught I
Know, they must dine and sup at my
Charge as long as they live ; and
Thus must I be their cook every
Day, and beg their first and second course.

Mir. I am sorry to hear this, because 'tis
A wilder trick than I have done
Lately to any of my lovers. Pr'ythee
Let's go under the window, and
Call to them.

Phil. Come away, you shall hear what
Vollies we shall have from the castle.—
Most excellent Amazonian ladies, look
Out, and behold your labouring purveyor,
What pains he takes to victual your
Castle, because he knows you must
Be long there.

[*Women look out.*]

1 *Lad.* Rogue !

2 *Lad.* Rascal !

3 *Lad.* Villain !

4 *Lad.* Dog !

5 *Lad.* Slave !

6 *Lad.* Hell-hound !

Phil. Methinks you represent the hemisphere,
Because you are enthron'd so high ; your
Eyes appear like stars to us poor
Mortals here below.

1 *Lad.* Villain, if we had thee here, thou should'st
Find it hell.

Mir. Pray, ladies, what make you so angry ?
Methinks the gentleman is your friend,
And has holpt you nearer heaven, than
Perhaps e'er a one of you would ever have been.

2 *Lad.* What's that you say, little piss-a-bed ?

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Mir. Sweet angels, will never a one of you
Please to descend ?

3 *Lad.* Thou little devil, if we had thee here,
We'd throw thee down again with
Such a swing, that we'd knock that
Rascal's brains out with thy fall.

Mir. Then, angry ladies, I shall stay here—
See, has not that lady a very fair nose
At this distance ?

Phil. Has not t'other there a mouth, that
When she opens it to scold, looks
Like a giant's cave ?

4 *Lad.* S'life, we'll not be abus'd thus ; here's
A Hercules' statue, let's throw it down
Upon their heads.

[*Mirida runs away, and meets Pinguister and
stops.*]

Enter Pinguister and Doctor.

Mir. Hold, Philidor, we shall have some new
Sport of my making now ; here comes
My fat lover, let us stand close and
Hear a little.

Ping. Doctor, pray how many stools
May I happily have this morning,
By this purgation already taken by me ?

Doct. Doubtless, one hundred, sir.

Ping. Save me, 'twill swinge my bumgut then :
But how much fat may it bring away ?

Doct. Peradventure, half a dozen pounds.

Ping. Love ! what dost thou make me do ?—But,
Worthy Doctorus, from what parts of
My continual purg'd body is this store
Of fat extracted ?

Doct. Chiefly from your waist, and calves of your
Legs.

Ping. And how many purges may make my
Waist and legs calves, alias, calves of

My

My legs, delightful to her eye, fir ?

Doct. Sir, some ten purges ; that is to say,
You must have a thousand stools to drain
Your treasure of fat *totaliter* from ye.

Ping. Oh love ! Oh Mirida, for thee I daily
Purge : Ergo, for thee I daily stink.
I find I must keep company with the bears,
That I may be able to endure my own stink the better.

Doct. Come, sir, I think you had best begin
To run your heats.

Ping. Oh me ! nothing cou'd e'er a made a
Footman of me but love—Well, I
Must put on my pumps.

Phil. By this light, this is the pleasant't
Scene as e'er I saw.

Ping. Nay, doctor, if you mean I should run,
Lend me your hand to help
Me up.

[*Puts on night-caps.*]

Now in the name of Love I most
Unwillingly start.

Phil. S'death, he runs like a duke.

[*He runs round, and sometimes goes out to untruss.*]

Mir. His stools come very quickly upon him,
One after another.

Ping. I must run with my breeches in
My hand, my purge visits my bumgut
So intolerably often.

Doct. Now, sir, for a chearful loose.

Ping. By my heart, mr. Docterus, I wonder at
Your cruelty to ask a chearful loose
Of me ; am not I loos'd sufficiently
By your furious purgations ?

Enter Lean-man and his Taylor.

Mir. Oh, here comes my lean lover.

Lean-man. Taylor, do I look grofs enough, now ?

Tay.

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Tay. Yes, I'll assure you, you seem very corpulent.

Lean-man. Well, I am sure if thou hast not made Me large enough, thou wilt thy bill.
Now have at mrs. Mirida ; sure my person
Will take her.—Why how now, cousin,
What makes you running a heat ?

Ping. I must not stop to speak with you, but come
Run by me, and I will tell you. Why I
See you know nothing, mrs. Mirida has
A great kindness for me, but cannot
Marry me before I am leaner.

Lean-man. She fools him, her kindness is for me,
And bids me make myself fatter before
We marry.

Ping. But pray, cuz, what makes you stuff
Yourself so to appear big ?

Lean-man. Yes, I do it to please mrs Mirida's eye ;
She bid me.

Ping. So she makes an ass of him.

Lean-man. Well, I wont hinder you in your exercise,

Farewell.—Now I'll to mrs. Mirida.

[*Exit.*

Ping. Good buy, good buy.

God's fish, my purge again! Oh, oh, oh!

Enter Clown with a cudgel, and beats him in again.

Clown. A nasty rogue, when a man's asleep,
To come and do it just in his mouth!
I'll swindge ye.

Ping. Oh hold, good sir, 'twas the violence of
My physick ; wou'd my paunch were
Out if I saw you,

Phil. Hold, what d'ye mean to beat a
Gentleman thus ?

Clown. Let him learn more manners then
Against next time.

Ping. Oh, mrs. Mirida, I have been purg'd
And beaten most extreemly for your sake ;

Sure

Sure I am lean enough now to marry you.

Mir. That I cannot tell ; but I have the Measure in my pocket of what compass You were about when you first were In love with me, and also the measure To that you must fall before I marry you. Here was your full bigness, which Was three yards about : let me see ; Oh ! you are fallen a yard.

Ping. Well, and wont you marry me then ?

Mir. That you'll see presently ; for here's the Measure must compass you about Before I do. This wants a yard yet.

Ping. Well, and d'ye think it's possible for me Ever to become such a grig, as that Measure will meet about me ? Why, to do that, you must imbowel Me, and then shave the remaining Rowls of fat off from my melting sides.

Doct. Here, pray, sir, throw this blanket About you, you'll catch your death.

Ping. Look you, unreasonable mistress, thus Am I fain to do every day, because I Would melt myself into a husband for you : You may hear my guts at this time Boiling within me ; I'm confident they'll Have the same fat as a kettle full of Black Puddings that are over boil'd, And so broke.

Doct. Come, sir, you must needs go to-bed.

Ping. That is to say, I must go swim ; for That I do constantly in a sea of sweat.

Mir. Ay, pray, sir, I wou'd not for all the world You shou'd miscarry.

Ping. Indeed I look as if I were with child. Lady, if you have any thoughts of going To heaven, have mercy on me.

Mir. Farewell, garbage.

Ping.

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Ping. Oh heat ! oh fat ! oh love ! what will you
Do with me ? *[Exit with Doctor.]*

Phil. Was there ever such sport as we have
Seen ?

Mir. Heaven fend thee and I many a fair year,
To be mad together in.

Phil. Ay, as you say, give us but time enough,
• And when we grow tame, let the
Bell toll for us—But stay, let us return
Back to my virgins, that I may
Make my conditions with 'em, before they
Get out of prison.

Enter all the Ladies and bind them.

S'death, they are all got out already.

Lad. Oh, have we met with you now, ye
Pair of devils ? we'll lay you fast
Enough.—So good night to you, lie there
Till we come again. *[Ex. Ladies.]*

Phil. Pox on't, was there ever such luck as this ?
There was a trap door in the garret,
Which they found and got out at.

Mir. What think you now of this day's sport,
Philidor ?

Phil. Plague on't, well enough ; if they had
Not bound us back to back together,
We might have past away the time.
Malicious jades ! no way of bridling us
But this ? Pr'ythee turn about thy
Head, and let us try if we can kiss
One another a little.

Mir. No, no, we won't try, for fear you
Should put your neck out of joint
With turning it too much of one side.

Phil. Well, fortune should be more careful
Of accidents of this nature, and not
Contrive them so cross.

Enter

Enter Boy.

Phil. Oh, here comes a boy—Here, firrah, come Hither.

Boy. What say you, master?

Phil. Here, pr'ythee unbind us, I'll give Thee a shilling.

Boy. Why, sir, can't you unbind yourselves?

Phil. Simple boy, thou feest we can't.

Boy. And have you a mind to be unbound?

Phil. Yes, yes, we are in great torments, To lie thus.

Boy. Then, sir, you shall give me a piece, And your hat, because I have never A one, or else farewell.

Phil. Well, stay, here take it out of my pockets.

Boy. Yes, that I will do before I unbind you, And your hat too. [Exit.]

Phil. The rogue's too nimble for me.

Mir. Well, Philidor, farewell, I must go Put on a clean handkerchief.

Phil. And I must go see if I can find A believing haberdasher, else I shall Be very ceremonious to every one I meet. [Exit.]

Enter Fidler.

Mir. A fiddle! nay then I am made again; I'd have a dance, if I had nothing But my smock on. Fidler, strike up, And play my jig, call'd, *I care not A pin for any man.*

Fid. Indeed I can't stay, I'm going to Play to some gentlemen.

Mir. Nay, thou shalt stay but a little.

Fid. Give me half a crown then.

Mir. I have no money about me— But, here, take my handkerchief. [Dance and Exit.]

A C T

A C T IV.

Enter Ortellus and Arbatus, as going into the Duke's bed-chamber, and the Duke in bed.

Ortellus.

SO, I'll keep the door whilst you
Dispatch him.

Arb. My lord, I find you truly noble.
Why duke, why duke, I say—Methinks
My voice should wake his guilty soul,
Nothing but innocence can sleep secure ;
Then why, good heaven, does he take such rest ?
Awake, thou drowsy devil, duke ; my
Sister's wrongs do call thee from thy
Sleep ; methinks the sound of those
Should pierce thy ears. Why, duke !

Duke. What bold voice is that ?

Arb. One that will be more bold with you.

Duke. Who is't so impudent as to break
My sleep ?

Arb. 'Tis I, Arbatus, that will put thee
Into a wonder.

Duke. Ha ! what-means that dagger in thy hands ?

Arb. Canst thou ask that question ? it is
To tickle thy false heart.

Duke. Ha, ha, ha ! you jest, you jest.

Arb. What, does the conceit on't make you
Laugh already ? I was resolv'd to wake
Thee, before I sent thee to hell, because
Thou may'st know of whose errand thou goest.

Duke. Come, come, leave your foolery, lest
You heat my blood.

Arb. If I do, I will let it out all,
And that will quickly cool it : I'd give
You time to say your prayers now,

But

But that I know thy sin to be so
Great, that heaven will not pardon thee.

Enter Artabella.

Ortel. Who's that?

Art. 'Tis I, my lord, Artabella ; let me in
Quickly, that I may have one stab at
His false heart, before my brother
Has put him past feeling.

Ortel. And so thou shalt, brave girl.

Arb. Now, duke, good night to you, and the
Devil send you good rest.

Art. Hold, brother.

Arb. Who's that ?

Art. 'Tis I, thy injur'd sister, come to make
The first hole in that base duke's heart ;
It is my right.

Arb. Begin, begin then, that I may make an end.

Art. Stay, brother, not too fast, has he said
His prayers ?

Arb. His pray'rs ! why, none but the devil
Will hear them. Come, come, sister,
Give me the dagger again ; you waste time.

Art. And so I will, the duke shan't die.

Arb. How, not die ?

Art. Not die, I say.

Arb. Then you are his whore all this while,
And wou'd have him live, that you may
Be so still.

Art. Brother, another word so foul, I'll
Strike this dagger through your heart,
Therefore hear me speak. Know
Then, 'tis I that cannot love the duke ;
Which he wou'd never tell you, knowing
'Twould make you angry with me.

Arb. Nay then, I'll kill you for fooling a
Brother, and your reputation thus.

Duke. Hold, Arbatus, she says it but to save

My

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My life : 'Tis I have fool'd you both,
Therefore strike here.

Arb. And so I will, then.

Art. Hold, brother, pull not a load of sins
Upon your head ; 'tis I have been to blame, indeed
I have, with loving him too much.

Arb. Then thou shalt die.

Duke. Hold, fir, heaven will frown on you for ever,
If you shed one drop of that pure blood ;
Upon my word 'tis I.

Arb. Keep not my tortur'd soul thus in suspense.
One of you tell me true, and that quickly
Too, else I'll destroy you both, and
That's the surest way not to mistake.

Duke. Then be assur'd 'tis I.

Art. Brother, 'tis not, 'tis I.

Arb. Hey day! hey day! I know not what
To do or say. [*Throws down his sword, and goes away.*]

Ortel. So, he's dead, I hope.

Arb. No more than you are.

Ortel. How so?

Arb. Come, my lord, as you go, I'll tell you
[*Exeunt Arb. & Ort.*]

Duke. Oh ! Artabella, why did'st take my
Sin upon thyself, hiding thy innocence
With a face of guilt? My death had been
Not punishment enough, because I have
Wrong'd so fair a life as yours. Which
Way to ask forgiveness, I can't tell ;
There are no pardons for such sins
As mine ; the only way to do thee
Right, is this.

Art. Hold, fir, my life shall follow yours,
If you strike.

Duke. Why would'st thou have me live?

Art. Because I love you, fir.

Duke. And that's the only reason I would die.

Art. Why, would it be kindly done,
To shew my eyes your blood?

Duke.

Duke. Yes, far more kind than live
And shew thy heart no love. Oh
Artabella, that thou wert my sister ! nothing
But brothers love were then thy due ;
And I could richly pay thee in that coin,
A million more than ever brother did.

Art. Wou'd nature then had made me so,
Or else had gave me never a heart.

Duke. What wou'd'st thou have me do, poor Artabella?

Art. Nothing, but love me, sir.

Duke. See, what thou dost ask a man, a god
Wou'd do ; and yet I can't ; 'tis not thy
Want of beauty, but my fate. Angels
Themselves, to look upon thy face, wou'd
Take a journey twice a day from heaven.

Art. If you would come, tho' far a shorter way,
You shou'd be much more welcome.

Duke. Sweet tongue lie still, offer no more such
Love, as gods themselves to have wou'd
Think a bliss, since all thy kindness
Does but wound my heart, to see thine
Ship-wreck'd in a sea of love, and cannot
Give it harbour in my breast

Art. Sir, let me beg one thing of you then.

Duke. With all my soul, be it my dukedom,
And 'tis thine.

Art. 'Tis no such great request ; 'tis only
When you meet me, say, I hate
Thee, Artabella.

Duke. Why, cou'd that word please thee?

Art. No, but to hear it said by you, wou'd
Bring my death, then I wou'd thank
You for my rest. Wou'd you not come
Unto my grave, sir?

Duke. O yes, and make thy coffin float with a sea
Of tears.

Art. Fair sir, of what?

Duke. Of grief.

Art. O me ! a sea of tears, and yet not

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One of love ! Waste not such precious
Drops upon my grave, it will not
Satisfy my hovering soul to see your
Eyes drop pity without love. Farewel, sir ;
Oh for a grave, that were a resting-place ;
Good heart be kind, and break apace !

[*Exit.*

Duke. Heaven love thee for me—Base Amphelia,
Thou art the author of my horrid sin

[*Exit.*

Enter Philidor and Mirida.

Phil. Thou talk'st of sport, Mirida ; if all the
Sport we have had already with our
Lovers, come not short of this, hang me ;
You say you have invited them already
To my funeral.

Mir. Yes, yes.

Phil. So, so, methinks my body lies in
Great state, to see the tribe that will
Come by and by ; here will be half a
Dozen chief mourners, which shou'd have
Been my wives, and some three or
Four sons and heirs, besides three
Or four hopeful daughters ; these, with
The congregation of nurses, will howl
Me a pleasant dirge.—Mirida, you being
My executrix, must carry yourself
Very gravely ; here's my will, which
You must read to 'em ; I'll be the
Priest myself.—Hark, some body

[*Knocks within*

Knocks at the gate.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, they are all come,

Phil. Let 'em in.—Now Mirida, manage
Your business well.

Mir. Let me alone, I'll warrant ye.

Enter Ladies and Nurse.

All La. Ah ! my poor dear, dear.

All. Nu. Ah ! my poor dear master ! ah, child,
Cry for thy poor dad,

[*Kiss the herse.*

Phil.

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Phil. What a dog-kennel's here ! how they
Howl! [*Aside.*]

Mir. When the passions of your grief are over,
Pray hear me speak, because it concerns you all.

Phil. Pox of thy gravity, *Mirida.* [*Aside.*]

Mir. Nay, hold your tongue ; if you set me
Once a laughing, I shall spoil your
Funeral. [*Aside.*]

Enter Pinguister and Lean-man.

So, here comes my fat lover, and my
Lean one.—Welcome, gentlemen, I
Was afraid I shou'd not have had your
Company.

Ping. Really, sweet lady, I have taken a
Purge to-day, (as I do constantly, for
Love of you) which has retarded me,
By reason of its operation, neither can
I say it has yet finished.

Mir. Sir, please you to sit down, and you
Mr. Pinguister.

Ping. Lady, I embrace your offer, and shall
Press your chair—By my heart, madam,
This chair was fitter for a jackdaw
Than me. [*Sits down and breaks the chair.*]

Nay, they make such chairs now a-days,
That, had I a grudge to an upholsterer,
I wou'd desire no greater revenge
Than to sit down upon every chair
In his shop.

Mir. Truly, sir, I am sorry for your fall.
Ladies and gentlewomen, pray give your
Attention to my dear deceased cousin's will.
Poor young man ! he was kill'd
Yesterday by a duel : he liv'd but two
Hours after he was hurt, which time
He made use of, to settle something
On all you here, his worthy friends.

Omnes. A good young man.

Mir. Imprimis, I bequeath my soul as other
People us'd to do, and so my body.

Item,

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Item, I give to mrs. Mary, for a reason that
She knows, 500l.

Item, 500 l. to mrs. Margaret, for a
Reason she knows.

Item, 500 l. to mrs. Sarah, for a reason
She knows.

Item, 500 l. to mrs. Martha, for a
Reason she knows.

Item, 500 l. to mrs. Alice, for a reason
She knows.

Item, 500 l. to mrs. Eleanor, for a reason
She knows. And so to all the rest.

Item, To my nurses, I leave each of
Them 20 l. a year apiece for their
Lives, besides their arrears due to
Them for nursing. These sums
Of money and legacies, I leave to be
Rais'd and paid out of my manor
Of Constantinople, in which the
Great Turk is now tenant for life.—

If they should hear how their
Legacies are to be paid, how they'd fall
A drumming on his coffin ! [Laughs aside.]

Item, I leave to Mr. Pinguister, a very
Fat man.—

Ping. I am so.

Mir. An infallible receipt to make him lean.

Pin. So, I hope the dead may do what
The living cannot.

Mir. I leave to a certain lean gentleman,
Whom I have seen in my cousin
Mirida's company, a sure receipt to
Make him fat.

Lean. I find he knew I was to marry his cousin.

Mir. I desire my body may be carried to the
Grave by the six aforesaid gentlewomen.—
So, ladies, now you have heard his will,
Be pleas'd to take up the body : nurses,
You are to follow next ; now which o' you
Will lead me ?

Ping.

Ping. I will, Madam.

Lean. By my bones but you shan't.

Ping. By my fat but I will, fir.

Mir. Nay, gentlemen, pray fall not out—Well,
One of you lead me one half of the way. [Exeunt.

Pin. Agreed, fir, take you her hand first—A
Very timely proposition, for my purge
Works again;—Save me! whereabouts
Is the closet? [Goes out, and comes in again.

What a loose must I run to overtake them
Now! else I shall not lead my mistress the
Last half way.—Deliver me from love
And purges.

*Enter all again, with a coffin; Philidor and Mirida
shut them into the vault.*

Phil. So, there let 'em converse with the dead
A while; I had rather have 'em there than
Above ground: here will I keep 'em till
They have all quitted me under their hands
And seals.

Mir. Oh! the sport that we shall have by and by.
Well, but I must go home a little, my
Father will miss me: Where shall we
Meet again?

Phil. Just here.

Mir. I'll not fail.

[Exeunt.

Enter Amarissa just arriv'd.

Amar. I am come too late, and yet too soon am here
Since dear Zoranza's death is now so near.
On the same block with him I'll lay my head,
That our two bodies may have but one bed.
Thus are our nuptial joys decreed by fate,
Our wedding and our burial bear one date.
Sure I am the first of maids that ever gave
Her body to her lover in a grave.

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Alas ! in cold embraces we must meet,
With icy kisses in a winding-sheet.
Yet though this life denies us time to love,
The other life will not so cruel prove ;
Our souls so fast in lover's knots we'll tye,
That when the headsman strikes, they both shall fly,
Twin'd in one another through the air,
And be at rest, whilst other souls despair.

Enter Jailor.

This is the prison, and here's the Jailor,
I believe—Pray, sir, do you belong
Unto the prison ?

Jail. Belong ! yes, I am the keeper of it.

Amar. Is not here one Zoranzo a prisoner ?

Jail. Yes, but he won't be here long, for he
Is to die anon.

Amar. Ah me, sir, I am his sister, pray help
Me to him, that I may speak with him
Before that cruel hour ; I love him
So, that I must needs die with him ; I'll
Petition the Duke that I may, sure he'll
Not deny me that request.

Jail. I can tell you a way that you may be sure
To have that favour granted.

Amar. Tell it me, and I'll thank ye.

Jail. Why, if you'll try to convey him out of
prison,
As another lady has already, you may
Bear them company too.

Amar. Why, has there any lady endeavour'd it ?

Jail. Yes, one that is his mistress, and they are
Both to die together.

Amar. Ha ! what is't I hear ? his mistress,
Say you ?

Jail. Yes, mistress ; they both lie as contentedly
By one another, as if they were not two.

Amar. Curse him, good heaven, ye cannot throw
Too many curses on him—Here, Jailor,

Take

Take this, and let me speak with the prisoner.

Jail. Madam, you shall.

Enter Zoranzo and Amphelia as in prison, in chains.

Zo. Amarissa! are my eyes false, or is it Truly she?

Ama. Your eyes are true, but 'tis your heart That's false.

Zo. I am deceiv'd, that cannot be her tongue.

Ama. Should it speak otherwise to thee, I'd Tear it out, devil, Zoranzo; curs'd Pair of vipers, that in chains of death Can practise lust, as if no end were nigh. Do not my wrongs startle thy guilty Soul, to think of all the torments it must Have, that could with so much falseness Murder love? When thou art gone to Hell, as go thou must, 'twill be a task For all the devils there, to torture thee enough. Thy sin is such, were I thy heads-man, When thou com'st to die, I'd be a week A cutting off thy head, 'twixt every stroke I'd stop; and then I'd hollow Amarissa In thy ears; thy guilt would be an echo To my wrongs, and answer to my cry, Wrong'd Amarissa; which injur'd name Repeated to thy ears, would make Thy soul think hell not half such pain. Farewell, Zoranzo, I'll come to see your Head struck off, and your lady's.

Zo. Base Amarissa, that can conclude me False, because she saw this lady lie In chains by me, and could not ask me how We came together—Thus to revile me; and Not know the truth—I'll scorn to tell Her now.

Enter Duke.

Ama. O sir, be pleas'd to hear a maid's petition, Though a stranger to you.

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Duke. Fair maid, what is't ?

Ama. Zoranzo that's condemn'd to die, may—

Duke. Not live ; if that be your request, pray
Do not ask, I shan't grant it.

Ama. No, sir, 'tis that he may have a thousand
Deaths, instead of one ; or one that has
More pain than thousands.

Duke. What makes you thus incens'd against him ?

Ama. Heaven knows I have too much cause, sir.
I have lov'd him long, and the day he was
Your prisoner, should have been our
Wedding. News being brought to me
In my own country, that he was to die,
In flying haste I took this tedious journey ;
With sorrow, and with joy I here arriv'd ;
Tears in my eyes for his approaching
Death, smiles on my cheeks to think
Of dying with him ; but when I came
Unto the prison gate, I met the Jailor, and
He told me all, then let me in, and to rejoice
My eyes, I saw two devils lie in
Chains together, and not half so fast
As chain'd in love ; all my intended
Kisses then I chang'd into as many curses
On his heart, which with my eyes I
Spoke, as well as tongue.

Duke. Alas ! poor injur'd maid, we must be one
another's
Petitioners ; thy fate is mine ;
'That woman which you saw with him,
Has prov'd as false to me, as he to you.

Ama. For heaven's sake, sir, let 'em die both ;
No fight would please us like their
Blood ; the Jailor told me they lie as
Close together all day as if they were not two.

Duke. Oh curse on 'em !

Ama. Oh, the devil take 'em ! pray, sir, give
Order that they may be brought
Immediately to execution.

Duke.

Duke. I will.

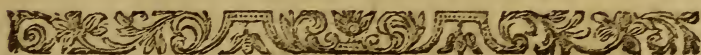
Ama. I'll go call the Jailor, fir. [*Steps to th' prison.*

Enter Jailor.

Duke. Jailor, let the prisoners be brought to Execution straight, I'll be there myself.

Ama. And I too, fir.

Duke. You shall, we'll go together. [*Exeunt.*



A C T V.

Enter all Ladies, Nurses, Pinguister, and Leanman, as in the vault; Philidor as a Crier.

Philidor.

O Yes, O yes, O yes, did any man hear
Tale or tidings of three nurses, call'd
Three Flanders mares, with three
Sucking colts?—

All Nur. Hark, we are cry'd in the streets.

Phil. And also six maiden ladies, that should
Have been married to a certain
Promising gentleman—

All Lad. Devil! we are cry'd too.

Phil. Also a very lean gentleman, that must
Be fatter before he's married?—

Lean. Hark, that's I?

Phil. And the hugest loss of all is one mr.
Pinguister, a lovely fat gentleman,
Whom all that knew him, doubt him
To be dead upon some privy-house;
Because he purg'd every day for love,
By reason mrs. Mirida would not marry him
Till a certain measure that he has
Will come about his waist?—

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Enter Mirida.

Pin. Crier, I am here, I am here.

Phil. If any can bring news of the six aforesaid Virgin ladies, or of the three Flanders nurses And colts, to one mr. Philidor, a very Consciencious young man—

Omnes. A pox take him !

Phil. They shall be extreamly paid For their pains. Again, if any can Bring tidings of this mr. Pinguister, 'To mrs. Mirida, she will be very bountiful In her reward : the poor soul weeps Most bitterly for him.

Pin. Does she so, poor wretch ? *[Cries aloud.*
Pr'ythee, good Crier, go tell her I am not Dead, though I have been buried a Great while in the vault. Mercy of my Bumgut, my purge again ?

Omnes. You nasty rogue, turn your breech Out of the gate then.

[Goes to do so, Philidor kicks him down, he roars out,

Mir. Philidor, I have broke a vein With laughing, to hear thy rogueries. I'll call to Pinguister—Mr. Pinguister ! My love, my dear, sure I hear Thy voice.

Pin. Who's that, my dear female ?

Mir. The same, fat love.

Pin. Oh pr'ythee raise me from the dead.

Phil. Well, Ladies and gentlewomen, how d'ye Like your Crier now ?

Omnes. The devil take thee, was it you ?

Phil. The very same.

2 Lad. Well, won't you let us out ? pray howsoever, Take away this fat gentleman from us ; For he has such a coming looseness, and 'Tis so dark here, that he has Shit upon every one of us.

Omnes.

Omnes. Well, but won't you let us out ?

Phil. Yes, if you ladies will set your hands
To this paper, to quit me as to all promises,
I will ; and also, my reverend nurses,
You must set your hands to this discharge,
To quit me from all arrears of nursing ;
Else farewell t'ye—

Omnes. Well, well, stay, we will. [*Set their hands.*]

Phil. So, now you may go take the air
Again, there's the key to let yourselves out.

Omnes. A cheating rogue!

Phil. Come, Mirida, let's run away, for if
They catch us, murder is the best we
Can hope for. [*Ex. with Mirida.*]

Nur. They went this way, let's run after
Them, some one way and some t'other. [*Ex. Women.*]

Pin. So you may, but if I run any way,
Then hang me ; I am glad of my resurrection
Howsoever—On my conscience, no green
Carcase ever stunk as I did ; to my best
Remembrance I went to stool some
Threescore times in the vault, ergo
I was beaten threescore times ; the
Unmerciful nurses, with their huge
Palm'd hands, every time I went to't,
Play'd at hot-cockles all the while upon
My buttocks—Well, I hope I shall ne'er
Be buried again whilst I live, and so
With that prayer I'll go to bed.

Enter Mirida.

Mir. My dear fat love, little dost thou
Think how many tears I have shed
For all thy sufferings ; that rogue,
Philidor, put a trick upon us all.

Pin. Well, and has physick, heats, burial,
Nor resurrection, made me yet lean
Enough to be thy husband ? why, I have

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Loft as much greafe as would furnish
A whole city with candles for a twelvemonth.
And all for the love of thee, sweet Mirida.

[*Cries and sobs.*]

Mir. Dear love, come fit thee in my lap,
And let me try if I can enclose thy world
Of fat and love within these arms :
See, I cannot nigh encompass my
Desires, by a mile.

Pin. How is my fat a rival to my joys ! [Cries.
Sure I shall weep it all away.

Mir. Lie still, my babe, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sore to see thee weep :
Wer't thou but leaner, I were glad ;
Thy fatness makes thy dear love sad.
What a lump of love have I in my arms !

Pin. Nay, if I had not taken all these courses
To dissolve myself into thy embraces,
One would think my looking on thee
Were enough ; for I never see thee, but
I am like a fat piece of beef roasting
At the fire, continually drop, drop, drop.
There's ne'er a feature in thy face, or
Part about thee, but has cost me many
A pint of fat, with thinking on thee ;
And yet not to be lean enough for
Thy husband, O fate ! O fate !
O fat !

[*She lets him fall.*]

Mir. O lord, sir, I have let you fall, how
Shall I do to get you up again !

Pin. Nay, that's more than all the world
Can tell.

Mir. I'll e'en lie down by thee then.

Pin. Nay, but pr'ythee lie near me ; thou
Hadst as good lie a league off, as that
Distance.

Mir. Were I thy wife, fat love, I would.

She sings.

*My lodging upon the cold floor is,
And wonderful hard is my fare,
But that which troubles me more is
The fatness of my dear.
Yet still I do cry, oh melt love,
And I pr'ythee now melt apace;
For thou art the man I should long for,
If 'twere not for thy grease.*

Ping. sings.

*Then pr'ythee don't harden thy heart still,
And be deaf to my pitiful moan;
Since I do endure the smart still,
And for my fat do groan;
Then pr'ythee now turn my dear love,
And I pr'ythee now turn to me;
For, alas, I am too fat still,
To roll so far to thee.*

Mir. That were not modesty in me, to turn
To you; but if you can roll to me
Within this hour, I'll marry you in
Spite of all your fat.

Pin. Agreed, then I shall gain thee yet;
You must lie still then.

Mir. Yes, yes.

Pin. Sure I am Syfiphus's stone, for as fast
As I turn over I think I turn
Back again, else I must needs
Have been come to my journey's end

[He rolls to her, and she rolls from him.]

By this time; for I am of such a
Breadth, that every roll I give,
I pass over an acre at least.
Thou liest still, my love, dost thou not?

Mir. Yes, I long to have thee here.

Pin. I doubt I shan't be with thee though
This two hours.

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Mir. Then my heart will break.

Pin. I'm sure mine will before I get to thee.
Oh woman—oh woman ! oh woman !—
They talk of woman in travail, I'm
Sure I know a man in travail at
This time, in more pain by half.

[She rises and laughs at him.]

Mir. Why, my most extream fat afs, dost
Thou not find that I have fool'd thee
All this while ?

Pin. Why, hast thou ?

Mir. Yes, indeed have I.

Pin. Oh, thou woman ! may'st thou grow
Fat, that thy breast and belly may
Meet together, so that all the fat
Hostesses in christendom may appear
But eels to thee.

Mir. Farewell, my lowly love.

Pin. Why, wilt thou not help me up before
You go ?

Mir. What to do ? to run heats again for love !

Pin. No, to fight with thee.

Mir. Fight with me ? by this light, would we
Had two swords, I'd have one pass
At all thy tripes.

Enter Cutler with two Swords.

Faith and yonder's a fellow has two fwords—
Friend, lend me but thy fwords one minute.

Cut. I am going to carry them to two gentlemen.

Mir. Oh, this will not hinder thee ; thou shalt
See rare sport—Go help that gentleman
Up that lies yonder, and give that sword
Into his hand—

Come, are you ready, sir ?

Pin. Why, you dare fight then it seems—
Though thou art so ungodly a chit, as
To say no prayers before thou begin'st,
I will, I assure thee.

Good—I pray and desire ye, if I

Do miscarry in this duel, that I may
Meet with no woman in the other
World—Now, thou worst of females,
Have at thee.

Mir. Come, I'll let out all your fat and love at
One thrust. [*Fight, and she disarms him.*]
Now, ask thy life, and confess thou art an afs.

Pin. I am an afs, and ask my life.

Mir. Then I, thy conquering Cæsar, take my leave
With this conclusion: *veni, vidi, vici.*
And so farewell. Oh fate ! oh love ! oh fat ! [*Exit.*]

Pin. After all my miseries, would I were
Up again, else the next man that comes
Will make a roller of me, for to roll
Bowling-greens.

[*Makes several attempts to rise, and at last gets up.*]

So, now I have a mile home at least,
And every toilsome step I take, I will
Curse women. [*Exit,*]

Enter Zoranzo and Amphelia, lying upon straw together.

Zo. Most blest'd of women, I must tell you truth ;
And yet I fear that truth will—

Amph. Will what ?—I doubt he loves me— [*Aside.*]
Speak it, sir, nothing from you can
Be unwelcome.

Zo. O yes, it will.

Amph. I'll warrant you, out with it, sir.

Zo. Then know, I——'Twill come no farther.

Amph. Unhappy man ! 'tis so, he loves me. [*Aside.*]
O sir, I have sadder truth to tell to you
Than yours can be to me—I dare not
Speak it.

Zo. My fears are true, she loves me. [*Aside.*]
Pray tell me, what it is ?

Amph. Tell yours first, sir.

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Zo. Alas, you saw I tried, but could not
Get it past my lips.

Amph. If I should try, mine would not come so far.

Zo. Would I knew yours, I could tell it
For you.

Amph. So could I yours, yet I can't my own.

Zo. Alas, she loves me.

[*Aside.*

Amph. Poor Zoranzo, I see he loves me.

[*Aside.*

But, fir, consider we are going to die ;

Let us die undeceiv'd in one another.

Zo. Oh, that some——that knows each of
Our hearts, would hearken to our griefs,
And bid an angel come and speak
For both.

Enter Jailor.

Jail. Come, have you done your discourse ?
You must go to execution.

Zo. A little patience, Jailor—see, we are
Call'd unto our deaths, pray tell me
What you mean.

Amph. I cannot ; first do you begin.

Zo. Nor I.

Amph. Let us tell both together then, that one
May not blame the other.

Zo. Agreed, are you ready now to speak ?

Amph. Yes, oh no I am not—well, now I am—
Are you ?

Zo. Yes I am ; begin—oh stay, I cannot yet.

Jail. Come, come, I can give you no
Longer time.

Amph. Nay, then we must tell.

Zo. Poor Amphelia, 'tis Amarissa that
I love.

Amph. O Zoranzo, I love the Duke.

Zo. Then I am joy'd, I was afraid 'twas
Me you lov'd.

Amph.

Amph. And so was I that you lov'd me.
Now we shall die both happy,
Never was two such friends as you and I.

Jail. Come, come.

Amph. Good Jailor, we go most willingly now.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter as on a scaffold, Duke, Amarissa, Ortellus, Zoranzo, Amphelia, Jailor, and Executioner.

Ama. Jailor, why dost thou let them stay so long?

Jail. They had so much to say to one another,
That still they begg'd one minute, and
Then another.

Ama. D'ye hear, sir? pray let the Jailor
Be turn'd out of his place, for letting
Them speak to one another.

Amph. See, Zoranzo, where they sit in triumph
O'er our deaths.

Ama. S'life, sir, they are whispering, d'ye
See yonder?—Executioner, why don't
You strike off their heads, and let
Them whisper then—
Sir, you are melancholy.

Duke. I am, indeed.

Zo. Now, Amphelia, to heaven and you
I truly vow, my love is still the
Same to cruel Amarissa.

Amph. Heaven and you witness the same
For me, my heart is still that
Undeserving Duke's.

Exec. Come, which of you will die first?

Zo. Hast thou not skill enough to strike
Our heads off together?

Ama. Executioner, let them not have that
Satisfaction; pray, sir, let that
Woman die first, that damn'd Zoranzo
May have two deaths; it will be one
To him to see her die; shall it be so, sir?

Duke.

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Duke. What you please.

Amar. Executioner, the duke says she
Must die first.

Exec. Come, lady, you must lay down your
Head first, the duke says.

Amph. That word's the sharpest ax that I
Shall feel.

Exec. Have you said all? [*Both kneel as at prayers.*]

Amph. To earth I have, but not to heaven.
Farewell, dear friend, for one short minute.

Zor. My soul shall hasten after yours.

Amar. S'life, jailor, will you let them speak
To one another again?

Amph. Executioner, now I am ready.

Duke. Hold, the prisoner shall die first.

Zor. With all my heart, I am ready.

Duke. Nay, it is not you I mean, sir, rise;
'Tis I that am the prisoner, I will
Make you a present, take your life,
Your love; nay, and my dukedom too:
And to oblige you most of all,
Executioner, strike off my head, for I
Am weary of it.

Amph. Not for ten thousand worlds, sir,
Whate'er you mean.

Duke. Know then, I have lov'd you all this
While, but seeing your hate so
Great to me, I have dissembled
Scorn to you.

[*She swoons.*]

Why dost thou swoon, Amphelia?

Amph. Did not I hear some voice just now,
That said the duke does love me still?

Duke. Thou didst; 'twas he himself that
Said so.

Amph. If 'twere from heaven, good heaven
Say it again.

Duke. 'Twas I myself, I tell thee—and I will never
Speak another word, if that displease thee.

Amph. Oh, I am in heaven then it seems, and 'tis
Some

Some god that's telling me how the
Duke lov'd me still.

Duke. Dear Amphelia, 'tis I, that loves thee,
Tells thee so.

Amph. Hark, now there's a god that says he loves
Me too ; blest god, I'm sorry if you do.
Since I have heard the duke does love me still,
He must be your rival, indeed I cannot
Help it. Oh let me fly down to the earth
Again, only to hear him say he loves me.
I cannot promise when I shall return,
'That very word from him wou'd keep me there.

Duke. I must answer her no more, they say
'Twill keep 'em longer in a trance. [*He rubs her.*]

Ortel. I am but in a scurvy condition now, if
She comes to life again, for they will
Examine one another how the mistake
Came between them, and then I am
Sure it must come to light.

Amph. Who's that, duke Archimedes ?—

Duke. The same, sweet angel.

Amph. Oh, fir, I am come from heaven to see you,
Since there I heard you love me still.

Duke. Dear, Amphelia, thou hast dream'd all
This while ; heaven, 'tis true, is where
Thou art, but 'twas my voice that
Said I love thee.

Amph. Was not my head struck off just now ?

Duke. Canst thou ask that, while I have
A head and heart ?

Amph. Why, have you lov'd me still ?

Duke. With as much truth as ever lover did.

Amph. So have I you with equal constancy.

Amar. Well, fir, now you are satisfied, pray
Let me be so too, and let Zoranzo's
Head be struck off quickly.
I see he's mean as well as false, to
Quit me for a woman that does not
Love him.

Amph.

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Amph. Hold, Amarissa, hear me speak, before
Zoranzo dies,—and be assur'd he
Loves you still.

Amar. Wou'd you deceive me too ?

Amph. Indeed I don't ; when we were
Going to die, you may remember that
We whisper'd, then we call'd heaven
And ourselves to witness,
That both our loves were true,
Mine to Archimedes, and his to you.

Amar. Can you forgive me, sir ?

[*Kneels.*

Zor. I cannot answer yet ;

Thy civility has took away my speech.

Duke. Dear Amphelia, how came this sad
Mistake 'twixt you and I ?

Amph. I'll tell you, sir, in part ; when you were
In this last war, my woman receiv'd
A letter from one of the gentlemen of your
Chamber, wherein he did assure
Her, that you had a new mistress in
That country, and therefore bid her tell
Me of it, that I might by degrees
Wean my affection from so false a man
As you.

Duke. Here has been some foul play ; for
This very man you spoke of, receiv'd
A letter from your woman, wherein she
Bid him assure me, that you were
Prov'd false in my absence, and lov'd my
Cousin Ortellus.—

Guard, go fetch them both hither
Immediately, they shall die without
Mercy.

Ortel. Nay, then I had as good discover,
'Twill fall the heavier on me else.

Sir, let the guard stay,
And I will tell you all.

'Tis I have sow'd the seeds of this mistake.
I long have lov'd Amphelia, for which cause

I tried

I tried this way to draw her heart from you.
I knew this gentleman of your bed-chamber
Was in love with Amphelia's woman,
Therefore I brib'd her to write to him,
To assure the duke that Amphelia lov'd me,
And that she shou'd also charge him, to
Write another letter to her, wherein he
Shou'd complain of the duke's falling in
Love with another woman in that
Country. I knew your spirits both to be
So great, that neither of you wou'd
Stoop to one another, when you were
Both possess'd of either's falseness: and
So it prov'd; for when the duke heard
You lov'd me, he brought a fair
New mistress over with him, to let you
See he did contemn you; and so,
Amphelia, sir, when she heard you
Lov'd another, assur'd me then that she
Lov'd me, which now I see was only
To make you think how much she
Scorn'd you, though still her heart
Was true, and so was yours. Now,
Sir, I humbly beg your pardon.

Duke. 'Twill be in vain, my lord, I cannot
Grant it. Oh, Amphelia, how many
Hours of joy we two have lost!

Amph. Base lord!

Enter Artabella.

Artab. O, sir, I heard that people were to die
To-day, let me be one, I pray.

Amph. Not for the world, sweet innocent.

Art. Oh, madam, you are she the duke
Loves. Pray spare your pity, sir; can
You have the heart to let me live,
And see you married to another?

Amph. Have patience, sweet young maid,

I will

I will not marry him ; you won't blame
Me if I love him though ?

Art. No ; for then I shou'd condemn my
Fault in you.

Duke. But sure, Amphelia, you did but jest,
In telling her you wou'd not marry me.

Amph. Indeed, sir, I am in earnest ; consider
'Tis but justice ; she loves you as well
As I, her heart was quiet till you
Troubl'd it.

Duke. All this is true, but how will your
Love shew, if you refuse to marry me ?

Amph. Not less at all, but make my pity more.

Duke. If I would marry her, I can't believe
That she wou'd be thus kind to you.

Amph. Yes, I dare say she wou'd ; ask her and try.

Duke. Well, Artabella, will you marry me ?

Art. You never hated me till now ; can you
Believe I'd wrong so blest a
Woman as Amphelia ?

Amph. See, sir, wou'd it be justice now in me ?
She will not wound my heart, shou'd
I kill hers ?

Duke. But consider, 'tis you I love, not her.

Amph. That's her misfortune, sir, yet she
Deserves as much as I : I can but love
You, so does she.

Duke. Dear Amphelia, marry me.

Amph. I cannot out of pity, sir.

Duke. Talk not of pity, if thou wilt shew
Me none.

Amph. My pity is her due ; my love is yours.

Duke. O, Amphelia, this was a cruel way to
Make me happy. Thou'dst better still
Have kept my joys unknown,
Than let the knowing of it be my death.
Once more, my dear Amphelia, marry me.

Amph. Do not petition her you may command
In any thing but this.

Duke.

Duke. Monster of villains, thou hast caus'd
All this.—Executioner, immediately strike
Off his head.

Ortel. I'm sure you will not let me die.

Duke. Impudent villain, dispatch him strait.

Ortel. Hold, sir, 'tis only I can make you three
Happy, which if you do not confess,
When you have heard me speak,
Then let me die.

Duke. Well, let's hear it.

Ortel. Promise me my life first, if I do.

Duke. Well, you shall have it.

Ortel. Then know, the lady Artabella is
Your sister.

Duke. Ha !

Ortel. I say your sister ; you do remember
That you had one once ?

Duke. Yes, I do, but she was lost at three
Years old.

Ortel. 'Tis true 'twas thought so ; but thus
It is, when 'twas reported you were
Slain in the battle,
I straight convey'd away this lady,
Then a child, because she should not
Stand 'twixt me and the dukedom. I being
Then acquainted with the mother to
Arbatus, I brought this lady, and gave
Her a sum of money, to adopt her for
Her child. With willingness my offer
She imbrac'd, the more, because her
Son, Arbatus, had then been lost
About seven years, thought to have
Been cast away at sea, though afterwards
Return'd home : I had enjoin'd her
Secrecy, which she kept, therefore
She told Arbatus 'twas his sister.

Enter

Enter Arbatus.

Duke. And is she then my sister?
Oh, Arbatus, welcome, welcome!
I have a crowd of joys about my heart
To tell thee.

Arb. What ! that you have broke my sister's heart?

Duke. Thou hast no sister ; 'tis I possess that
Blessing, Artabella, is my sister. How
Blest a sound is sister to my ears !
I'll give command, no other word but
Sister shall be spoke throughout my
Dukedom ; I'll have it taught to
Infants ; so that when nature lends
Their sucking tongues a means to
Speak one word, they all shall
Babble sister, instead of nurse. I'll
Have the name engrav'd in gold on
Every post and pillar in the streets,
And passers by shall worship it.

Arb. I am amaz'd.

Enter Philidor and Mirida.

Duke. Welcome, Philidor.

Phil. I am glad to see joy in your looks
Again, sir ; the time is long since
I have seen you smile.

Duke. Philidor, all that is joy I have within
This breast ; it o'erflows and runs
Into my eyes. This is my sister (oh
What a word is sister !) and this my
Dear and true Amphelia.
Come, Mirida shall be thine to-day too.

Mir. Hold, sir, I forbid that banes.

Phil. Troth so do I too ; you always
Take the words out of my mouth.
You and I marry, quotha !

Mir.

Mir. No faith, we'll be hang'd first. I'd
Rather hear a long sermon, than
Hear a parson ask me, *Mirida*,
Will you have this man for your
Wedded husband, to have and to hold,
From this day forward, and so forth.

Phil. Right, for better, for worse, in
Sickness or in health.

Mir. Ay, and perhaps after we have been
Married half a year, one's
Husband falls into a deep consumption,
And will not do one the favour to
Die neither, then we must be
Ever feeding him with caudles.
Oh, from a husband in a consumption,
Deliver me !

Phil. And think how weary I shou'd be
Of thee, *Mirida*, when once we were
Chain'd together : the very name of
Wife would be a vomit to me ; then
Nothing but where's my wife, call
My wife to dinner, call my wife to supper ;
And then at night, come, wife, will you
Go to bed ?

Mir. Ay, and that wou'd be so troublesome
To be call'd by one's husband every night
To go to bed. Oh, that dull, dull
Name of husband !

Duke. Indeed you two are well met,
The world has not two more such,
I am confident.

Mir. The more the pity, sir.

Phil. No, sir, if you please, never propose
Marrying to us, till both of us have
Committed such faults as are death
By the law, then instead of
Hanging us, marry us.

Mir. And then you shall hear how
Earnestly we shall petition your

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Highness to be hang'd rather than
Married.

Duke. No man can judge which is the
Wildest of these two.

Now, brave Arbatus, in all my dukedom
There is but one gift worthy thy
Receiving, and that's my sister ;
Here, sir, take her as freely as heaven
Gave her me.

Arb. D'ye forgive me, sir ?

Duke. Or not myself, Arbatus.
This day Hymen shall light his
Torch for all.

Phil. With your pardon, sir, not for me
And my female.

Mir. No faith, I'll blow it out if he does.

Art. Sir, though in my own desires
I shou'd have chose the man that
You have given me, yet I beg
We may not marry yet ; we have
Call'd brother and sister so long,
That yet we needs must think we
Are so still.

Arb. Pray, madam, let's think so as
Little a while as we can, that fancy
May not keep my joy in prison.

Duke. Let's to the temple now, and there thank
Heaven for these unexpected joys.
Each day the gods shall lend me in this life,
I'll thank them for a sister, and a wife.

[*Exeunt.*]


T H E




THE
ADVENTURES
OF
FIVE HOURS.
A
Tragi-Comedy.

BY
Sir SAMUEL TUKE, Knt. and Bart.





*THIS play was acted with very great success,
and is commended in several copies of verses
by the wits of that time. I believe it was first
printed in the Year 1661, and it has been re-
printed three times since.*





T H E P R E F A C E.



HAVING been desired by a lady, who has more than ordinary favour for this play (though in other things very judicious) to make a song, and insert it in that scene where you may now read it ; I found it more difficult to disobey the commands of this excellent person, than to obtain of myself to write any more upon subjects of this nature.

This occasion'd the revising of this piece ; upon which I had not cast my eyes since it was first printed, and finding there some very obvious faults (with respect to their judgments, who have been pleased to applaud it) I could not well imagine how they came to escape my last hand ; unless poetic rage, or, in a more humble phrase, heat of fancy, will not, at the same time, admit the calm temper of judgment ; or that being importuned by those, for whose benefit this play was intended, I was even forc'd to expose it, before it was fit to be seen in such good company.

This refers only to the dress ; for certainly the plot needs no apology ; it was taken out of Don Pedro Calderon, a celebrated Spanish author, the nation of the world who are the happiest in the

force and delicacy of their inventions, and recommended to me by his sacred majesty, as an excellent design; whose judgment is no more to be doubted, than his commands are to be disobeyed: And therefore it might seem a great presumption in me, to enter my sentiments, with his royal suffrage: But as secretaries of state subscribe their names to the mandates of their princes, so at the bottom of the leaf I take the boldness to sign my opinion, that this is incomparably the best plot that I ever met with: And yet, if I may be allowed to do myself justice, I might acquaint the readers, that there are several alterations in the copy, which do not disgrace the original.

I confess, 'tis something new, that trifles of this nature should have a second edition; but if in truth this essay be at present more correct, I have then found an easy way to gratify their civility, who have been pleased to indulge the errors in the former impressions.

If they who have formerly seen or read this play, should not perceive the amendments, then I have touched the point, since the chiefest art in writing is the concealing of art: And they who discover 'em, and are pleased with them, are indebted only to themselves for their new satisfaction; since their former favour to our negligent muses has occasion'd their appearing again in a more studied dress; and certainly those labours are not ungrateful, with which the writers and readers are both pleas'd.

And since I am upon the subject of novelties, I take the boldness to advertise the reader, that, tho' it be unusual, I have in a distinct column prefix'd the several characters of the most eminent persons in the play; that being acquainted with them at his first setting out, he may the better judge how they are carried on in the whole composition;

position; for plays being moral pictures, their chiefest perfections consist in the force and congruity of passions and humours, which are the features and complexion of our minds; and I cannot chuse but hope, that he will approve the ingenuity of this design, though possibly he may dislike the painting.

As for those who have been so angry with this innocent piece, not guilty of so much as that current wit, obscenity and profaneness: These are to let them know, that though the author converses but with few, he writes to all, and aiming as well at the delight as profit of his readers, if there be any amongst them, who are pleased to enter their haggard muses at so mean a quarry, they may freely use their poetic licence; for he pretends not to any royalty on the mount of Parnassus: And I dare answer for him, that he will sing no more, till he comes into that choir, where there is room enough for all: And such, he presumes, is the good-breeding of these criticks, that they will not be so unmannerly as to crowd him there.

FAREWELL.





PROLOGUE.

Spoken by *Betterton.*

I*F we could hit on't, gallants, there are due
 Certain respects from writers, and from you ;
 Which well observ'd, would celebrate this age,
 And both support, and vindicate the stage.
 If there were only candour on your part,
 And on the poet's judgment, fancy, art ;
 If they remember that their audience
 Are persons of the most exalted sense ;
 And you consider well the just respect
 Due to their poems, when they are correct :
 Our two houses, then, may have the fate,
 To help to form the manners of the state ;
 For there are crimes arraign'd a'th' poet's bar,
 Which cannot be redress'd at Westminster.
 Our ancient bards their morals did dispense
 In numbers, to insinuate the sense,
 Knowing that harmony affects the soul,
 And who our passions charm, our wills controul.*

This

*This our well-meaning author had in view,
And tho' but faintly executed, you
Indulg'd th' attempt with such benevolence,
That he has been uneasy ever since ;
For though his vanity you gratify'd,
The obligation did provoke his pride.
But he has now compounded with ambition
For that more solid greatness, self-fruition.
And going to embrace a civil death,
He's loath to die indebted to your breath ;
Therefore he would be even w'you, but wants force ;
The stream will rise no higher than the source.
And they who treat such judges, should excell ;
Here, 'tis to do ill, to do only well.
He has, as other writers have, good will,
And only wants (like those) nature and skill ;
But since he cannot reach the envied height,
H'has cast some grains in this to mend the weight ;
And being to part w'you, prays you to accept
This revived piece, as legacy or debt.*





Dramatis Personæ.

PERSONS.	RELATIONS	CHARACTERS.
Don <i>Henrique</i> ,	In love with <i>Camilla</i> ,	<i>Cholerick</i> , <i>jealous</i> , but rejected.
Don <i>Carlos</i> ,	Near kinsman to Don <i>Henrique</i> .	<i>A well-natur'd mo- ral gentleman.</i>
Don <i>Octavio</i> ,	In love with <i>Porcia</i> ,	<i>A valiant and ac- complish'd cara- lier.</i>
Don <i>Antonio</i> ,	Contracted to <i>Porcia</i> , by proxy, before he saw her.	<i>A soldier, haughty, and of exact ho- neur.</i>
<i>Porcia</i> ,	Sister to Don <i>Hen- rique</i> .	<i>Ingenious, constant, and severely virtu- ous.</i>
<i>Camilla</i> ,	Sister to Don <i>Carlos</i> .	<i>Susceptible of love, but cautious of her honour.</i>
<i>Diego</i> ,	Servant to <i>Octavio</i> ,	<i>A great coward and bred a scholar.</i>
<i>Flora</i> ,	Waiting-woman to <i>Porcia</i> .	<i>Witty, contriving, and faithful to her mistress.</i>
<i>Ernesto</i> ,	} Servants to Don <i>Antonio</i> .	
<i>Sancho</i> ,		
<i>Silvio</i> ,	} Servants to Don <i>Henrique</i> .	
<i>Geraldo</i> ,		
<i>Pedro</i> ,		
<i>Bernardino</i> ,		
<i>Jago</i> ,		

The Corrigidor and Attendants.

The SCENE, SEVILLE.



THE
ADVENTURES
OF
Five Hours.
A
TRAGI-COMEDY.

ACT I.

SCENE Don Henrique's house.

Enter Don Henrique.

Henrique.



O W happy are the men of easy phlegm !
Born on the confines of indifference,
Holding from nature, the securest tenure,
The peaceful empire o'er themselves ;
 which we,
Th' unhappy men of fire, without the aids
Of mighty reason, or almighty grace,
Are all our lives contending for in vain.

'Tis evident, that solid happiness
 Is founded on the conquest of our passions ;
 But since they are the favourites of sense,
 Self-love bribes reason still in their defence :
 Thus, in a calm, I reason ; but when cross'd,
 The pilot quits the helm, and I am toss'd.

Enter Silvio.

Sil. Sir, Don Carlos is without.

Henr. Wait on him in.

Enter Don Carlos.

Carl. Cousin, methinks this day hath longer seem'd
 Than usual ; since 'tis so far advanc'd
 Without our seeing one another.

Henr. If I had not been hinder'd by some business,
 I should, e'er this, have seen you, t' have told you
 Some pleasing news I lately have receiv'd ;
 You have so often born with my distempers,
 'Tis fit that once, at least, you should partake
 Of my good humour.

Carl. What cause soever has produc'd this change,
 I heartily rejoice in the effect,
 And may it long continue.

Henr. I can inform you, by experience now,
 How great a satisfaction 'tis to find
 A heart and head eas'd of a weighty care ;
 For a gentleman of my warm temper,
 Jealous of the honour of his family,
 (As yet ne'er blemish'd) to be fairly freed
 From the tuition of an orphan sister,
 Rich, beautiful, and young.

Carl. You know, Don Henrique, for these thirteen
 years,
 That I have been with the like province charg'd ;
 An only sister, by our parents will,
 (When they were call'd from their cares below)

Committed

Committed to my trust ; much more expos'd
To the great world than yours ; and, sir, unless
Nearness of blood deceive me, short of few
In those perfections which invite the gallants :
Yet thanks to my temper, cousin, as well
As to her virtue, I have seen her grow
Even from her child-hood, to her dangerous age,
Without the least disturbance to my rest ;
And when with equal justice I reflect
On the great modesty and circumspection
Of lovely Porcia, I conclude, that you
Might well have slept as undisturb'd as I.

Henr. Sir, I complain not of my sister's conduct ;
But you know well, young maids are so expos'd
To the invasion of audacious men,
And to the malice of their envious sex ;
You must confess the confines of their fame
Are never safe, till guarded by a husband.
'Tis true, discreet relations ought to use
Preventions of all kinds ; but, dear Carlos,
The blemish once receiv'd, no wash is good
For stains of honour, but th' offender's blood.

Carl. Y'are too severe a judge of points of honour.

Henr. And therefore, having not long since re-
ceiv'd

The news, that Don Antonio de Mendoza
Is likely to be here this night, from Flanders ;
To whom my sister, by th' intervention
O' th' Marquis D' Olivera, is contracted ;
I will not close these eyes till I have seen
Her, and my cares, safe lodg'd within his arms.

Carl. I find your travels, cousin, have not cur'd
you

Of that innate severity to women ;
Urg'd justly as a national reproach
To all of us abroad ; the rest o' th' world
Lament that tender sex amongst us here,
Born only to be honourable prisoners ;
The greater quality, the closer kept ;

Which cruelty is reveng'd upon ourselves,
 Whilst by immuring those, whom most we love,
 We sing, and sigh only to iron-grates.
 As cruel is that over-cautious custom,
 By proxy, to contract parties unknown
 To one another ; this is only fit
 For sovereign princes, whose high qualities
 Will not allow of previous interviews ;
 They sacrifice their love to publick good,
 Consulting interest of state and blood.
 A custom, which as yet, I never knew
 Us'd amongst persons of a lower rank,
 Without a sequel of sad accidents.
 Sir, understand me right ; I speak not this
 By way of prophecy ; I am no stranger
 'To Don Antonio's reputation,
 Which I believe so just, I no way doubt
 Your sister's being happy in him.

Henr. Don Carlos, let us quit this argument ;
 I am now going to our noble friend
 And kinsman the Corrigidor, to see
 If he'll oblige us with his company
 At my sister's wedding ; will you come along ?

Carl. Most willingly ; as soon as I've brought
 My sister hither, who has given this evening
 To her cousin Porcia.

Henr. I have some business, cousin, by the way,
 I'll go before, and wait you i'th' piazza.
 Your servant, sir.

[*Henrique waits on him to the door. Exit Carlos.*]

Henr. This kinsman is my bosom friend ; and yet,
 Of all men living, I must hide from him
 My deep resentments of his sister's scorn.
 That cruel maid, to wound me to the heart,
 Then close her ears against my just complaints !
 But though as yet I cannot heal my wound,
 I may by my revenge upon my rival
 Divert the pain ; and I will drive it home ;

There's in revenge a balm, which will appease
The present grief, and time cure the disease.

[*Exit Henrique.*]

Enter Porcia.

Por. My heart is so oppress'd with fear and grief,
That it must break, unless it finds relief ;
The man I love, is forc'd to fly my sight,
And like a Parthian, kills me in his flight ;
One whom I never saw, I must embrace,
Or else destroy the honour of my race.
A brother's care, more cruel than his hate ;
O how perplex'd are the intrigues of fate !

Enter Carlos and Camilla.

Carl. Cousin, I thought my sister's company
Would not displease you, whilst I wait upon
Your brother in a visit.

Por. Sir, you oblige me with a welcome favour.
I rather should have stil'd it charity,
To bring a friend to her, whose cruel fate
Has robb'd her of herself.

[*Aside.*]

Camil. Methinks, 'tis pity that a wall should make
The houses two, of friends so intirely one,
As you, and I, and our two brothers are.

Por. If it be true, that lovers live much more
There where they love, than where they breathe, I'm
sure
No walls can sever us, w'are still together.

Carl. Were I not much engag'd, I would not quit
So sweet a conversation ; but, sister,
At my return I'll wait upon you home.

Por. For this night, cousin, pray let her be mine,
I beg it of you both.

Carl. You may command, we are both yours.

[*Exit Carlos.*]

Por. My dear Camilla, how I long'd to have thee,
 [*Porcia throws herself on Camilla's neck.*

Where freely breathing out my grief, I might
 Some mitigation from thy pity find !

But since there's no true pity without pain,
 Why should I ease by thy affliction gain ?

Camil. Ah, Porcia ! if compassion suffering be,
 And to condole be pain ; my destiny
 Will full revenge in the same kind afford ;
 Should I but my unequal'd griefs relate,
 And you but equally participate.

Por. If yours, as mine, from love-disasters rise,
 Our fates are more ally'd than families.

Camil. What to our sex and blooming age can
 prove
 An anguish worthy of our sighs, but love ?

Por. 'Tis true, Camilla, were your fate like mine,
 Hopeless to hold, unable to resign.

Camil. Let's tell our stories, then we soon shall see
 Which of us two excels in misery.

Por. Cousin, agreed.

Camil. Do you begin then.

Por. You know, Camilla, best, how generously,
 How long, and how discreetly Don Octavio
 Has serv'd me ; and what trials of his faith
 And fervour I did make, e'er I allow'd him
 The least hope to sustain his noble love.
 Cousin, all this you know ; 'twas in your house
 We had our interviews ; where you were pleas'd
 'To suffer feign'd addresses to yourself,
 To cover from my watchful brother's eyes
 The passion which Octavio had for me.

Cam. My memory in this needs no refreshing.

Por. And how one evening (O that fatal hour !)
 My brother passing by Don Carlos' house,
 With his great friend and confident Don Pedro,
 Did chance to see the unfortunate Octavio
 In your balcony, entertaining me ;
 Whom, not believing there, he took for you ;

My

My back being towards him, and both dress'd alike ;
Enrag'd with jealousy, this cruel man
(To whom all moderation is unknown)
Resolves to stamp all your neglects of him
In's suppos'd rival, poor Octavio's heart.
They take their stand i'th' corner of our street ;
And after some little time, Octavio,
Free from suspicion, as design of ill,
Retires ; they assault him, and in's own defence
He kills Don Pedro, and is forc'd to fly ;
My brother cruelly pursues him still,
With such insatiate thirst after revenge,
That nothing but Octavio's blood can quench ;
Covering his ill nature and suspicion
With the resentment of Don Pedro's death.

Cam. Is this the sum of your sad story, Porcia ?
Is this all ?

Por. No, no, Camilla, 'tis the prologue only,
The tragedy will follow—This brother,
To whose impetuous will my deceas'd parents
(May their souls rest in peace) having condemn'd
Me and my fortune, treats me like a slave ;
So far from suff'ring me to make my choice,
That he denounces death if I refuse ;
And now to frustrate all my hopes at once,
Has very lately made me sign a contract
To one in Flanders, whom I never saw ;
And is this night (they say) expected here.

Cam. Is such a rigour possible, dear Porcia ?

Por. Was ever misery like mine, Camilla ?
Reduc'd to such extreams, past all relief ?
If I acquaint my brother with my love
T' Octavio, the man whom he most hates,
I must expect the worst effects of fury ;
If I endeavour to forget Octavio,
Even that attempt renews his memory,
And heightens my disquiet ; if I refuse
To marry, I'm lost ; if I obey,
I cast Octavio and myself away.

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Two such extreams of ill no choice admit,
Each seems the worst ; on which rock shall I split ?
Since, if I marry I cannot survive ;
And not to marry, were to die alive.

Cam. Your story, I confess, is strangely moving ;
Yet if you could my fortune weigh with yours,
In scales of equal sensibility,
You would not change your sufferings for mine.

Por. What can there be in nature more afflicting,
Than to be torn from th' object of my love,
And forc'd to embrace a man whom I must hate ?

Cam. Have you not known that object of your
love,

And entertain'd the person you esteem ?
Have you not heard, and answer'd to his sighs ?
Has he not born his part in all your cares ?
Do not you live and reign within his heart ?

Por. I doubt no more his faith, than my hard fate.

Cam. Tell me, dearest Porcia, if I love one,
Whom I shall never see, suff'ring as much
Without the means of e'er expressing it,
As what I suffer is above expression ;
If all my sighs wander in fleeting air,
And ne'er can reach his ears for whom they're form'd ;
If all my passion, all my killing cares,
Must be forever to their cause unknown ;
If their sad weight must sink me to my grave,
Without one groan that he can ever hear,
Or the least hope, that I should e'er obtain
Ease by's pity, or cure by his disdain ;
If this the state of my misfortune be,
(As heaven that has decreed it, knows it is)
Say, dearest Porcia, do you envy me ?

Por. What over-cruel laws of decency
Have struck you dumb ? have you misplac'd your love,
On such a party as you dare not own ?

Cam. No, no ; the cause is worthy of th' effect ;
For though I had no passion for this person,

I were

I were ungrateful if I should not give
The first place in my heart to such high merit.

Por. If he has been so happy to deserve
Your love, why are not you so just to let
Him know it ?

Cam. 'Tis impossible ; ah, that dismal word
Clearly states the difference of our fortunes !
You, in your first adventure have been cross'd,
But I, before I can set out, am lost.

Por. Pray make me comprehend this mystery.

Cam. 'Tis t' open my wounds afresh, dear Porcia,
But you must be obey'd—— [After a little pause.

His excellence the Conde d' Oniate
Being sent ambassador to th' emperor,
We having th' honour to be near ally'd
To's lady, went with him ; my brother
Was desir'd, by her, to make that journey :
Whose tenderness for me, not suffering him
To let me stay behind, I was engag'd,
And treated by th' ambassadors, my cousin,
With more respect than I could ever merit. .

Por. She's a lady fam'd for great civility.

Cam. We had not pass'd much time i'th' emperor's
court,

When my dear brother, unexpectedly,
By urgent business was call'd back to Seville ;
In our return (passing too near a garison
Of th' enemies) our convoy was surpriz'd
And routed by a party of their horse——

Por. Camilla, you begin to raise my fears.

Cam. We being pris'ners, were hurry'd strait away
To the enemy's quarters, where my ill fate
Made me appear too pleasing to the eyes
Of their commander ; who, at first approach,
Pretends to parly in a lover's stile,
Protesting that my face had chang'd our fortunes,
And him my captive made : but finding soon
How little he advanc'd in his design,
By flattery, and his feign'd submission ;

He shifts his person, calls me his prisoner,
 And swears my virgin treasure was his prize :
 But yet protests he had much rather owe it
 To my indulgence, than his own good fortune ;
 And so, through storms and calms, the villain still
 Pursues his course to his accursed end ;
 But finding me inflexible to his threats
 As well as fawnings, he resolves to use
 The last, and uncontroled argument
 Of impious men in power, force.

Por. Ah, poor Camilla ! where was your brother,
 At a time of such distress ?

Cam. My brother ? he, alas, was long before
 Born away from me in the first encounter ;
 Where having certainly behav'd himself,
 As well became his nation and his name,
 Remain'd fore wounded in another house.

Por. Pr'ythee make haste to free me from this fright.

Cam. The brute approaches, and by violence
 Endeavours to accomplish his intent ;
 I invoke my guardian angel, and resist,
 But with unequal force, though rage supply'd
 Those spirits, which my fear had put to flight ;
 At length grown faint with crying out and striving,
 I spy'd a dagger by the villain's side,
 Which snatching boldly out, as my last refuge,
 With his own arms I wound the savage beast ;
 He, at the stroke, unseiz'd me, and gave back ;
 So guilt produces cowardice ; then I
 The dagger pointing to my breast, cry'd out,
 Villain, keep off, for if thou dost persist,
 I'll be myself both sacrifice and priest.
 I boldly now defy thy lust and hate ;
 She that dares chuse to die, may brave her fate.

Por. How I love and envy thee at once !

[Porcia starts to her and kisses her.]

Go on, brave maid.

Cam. Immediately the drums and trumpets sound,
 Pistols go off, and a great cry to arms,

To

To arms: the lustful satyr flies ; I stand
Fix'd with amazement to the marble floor,
Holding my guardian dagger up aloft,
As if the ravisher had threaten'd still.

Por. I fancy thee, Camilla, in that posture,
Like a noble statue, which I remember
To have seen, of the enraged Juno,
When she had robb'd Jove of his thunderbolt.

Cam. Freed from this fright, my spirits flow'd so
fast

To the forsaken channels of my heart,
That they, who by their orderly access
Would have supported life, by throngs oppress :
O'ercharg'd with joy, I fell into a swoon,
And that which happen'd during this interval,
Is not within the circle of my knowledge.

Por. Y'have rais'd me to a mighty expectation ;
Will the adventure answer it, Camilla ?

Cam. At my return to life, op'ning my eyes,
Think, dearest Porcia, how I was astonish'd
To find there kneeling by my side, a man
Of a most noble form, who bowing to me,
Madam (says he) y'are welcome to the world ;
Pardon, I pray, the boldness of a stranger,
Who humbly sues t' you to continue in it ;
Or if you needs will leave us, stay at least
Until I have reveng'd your wrongs, and then
I'll wait upon you to the other world.
For you withdrawn, this will a desert seem,
And life a torment.

Por. High gallantry, cousin, for the first address.

Cam. 'Twas so surprizing, that my confusion
Check'd my reply ; but I suppose my looks
Did speak the grateful language of my heart ;
For I perceiv'd an air of joy enlighten
His manly face ; but, oh ! how soon 'twas clouded
By fresh alarms ! we heard the soldiers cry,
Where's Antonio ? the enemy is rally'd,
And coming on to give a second charge ;

He started up, and with a mein that mark'd
 The conflict 'twixt his honour and his love,
 Madam, (says he) the soul was never yet
 With such convulsion from the body torn,
 As I from you ; but it must ne'er be said
 That Don Antonio de Mendoza
 Follows those in dangers, whom he ought to lead ;
 Thus the vanquish'd conqueror disappear'd,
 Leaving that image stamp'd upon my heart,
 To which I all the joys must sacrifice
 Of the poor remnant of my wretched life ;
 If properly to live I may be said,
 When all my hopes of seeing him are dead.

[She puts her handkerchief to her eyes.]

Por. Though you have kept this part of your
 adventure

Still from me—

Cam. And from every body living.

Por. I have observ'd the signs of smother'd grief ;
 I've often seen those lovely eyes much swoln.
 Those are true tears, Camilla, which are stoln.
 But what said you was his name, Camilla ?

Cam. Antonio de Mendoza.

Por. O heavens, Antonio de Mendoza !

Enter Henrique.

Henr. I'm pleas'd to find you speaking of your
 husband.

Cam. What's that I hear ? her husband ! *[Aside.]*

Henr. Have you the letter ready, I desir'd you
 To write t' him ? I'll send a servant with it,
 To meet him on the way, 'twill shew respect.

Por. You know my obedience, brother.

Hen. 'Tis well, sister.

Enter Silvio.

Sil. Sir, here's a servant of Don Antonio

Newly

Newly alighted at the gate ; he's come
Post from his master, charg'd with letters for you.

Henr. I could not have receiv'd more welcome
news.

Go, bring him in ; sister, you may withdraw.

[*Exeunt Porcia and Camilla.*]

Enter Ernesto and Silvio.

Ernest. Sir, Don Antonio kisses your hands,
And sends me to present this letter to you.

[*He gives a letter to Don Henrique.*]

[*Don Henrique opens it, and having read it to
himself, says :*]

Henr. I'm glad to find by's letter he's in health ;
Yet methinks, friend, he writes but doubtfully
Of's being here this night, as I expected.

Ern. His letter, I suppose, sir, speaks his purpose.

Henr. I'll answer't, and dispatch you presently ;
In the mean while go make him welcome, Silvio.

[*Exeunt Silv. and Ern.*]

I would to heaven he were arriv'd ; I grow
Each minute more impatient : as bodies
Near the centre move with more violence,
So when w' approach the ends of our designs,
Our expectations are the more intense,
And our fears greater, of all cross events.

[*Exit Henrique.*]

*Enter Silvio, Ernesto, Geraldo, Pedro, Bernardino, Jago,
with some cups of chocolate.*

Sil. Methinks, camerade, a soup of chocolate
Is not amiss after a tedious journey—
Your master's health, sir.

[*He drinks.*]

Ern. I'll do you reason, sir.

Sil. Pray how long is't, brother, since you left
Spain ?

Ern.

Ern. 'Tis now five years, and upwards, since I
 went
 From Seville, with my master, into Flanders,
 The king's fencing-school; where all his subjects
 Given to fighting, are taught the use of arms,
 And notably kept in breath.

Sil. Your master, I am sure, has got the fame
 To be a per'lous man in that rough trade.

Ern. He's a brave foldier, envy must confess it.

Ped. It seems so, faith, since merely by the force
 Of his great reputation, he can take
 Our bright young mistress in without a siege.

Ern. If I mistake not, she will be reveng'd
 On him, e'er long, and take him too, by th' force
 Of her rare wit and beauty.

Ped. Sh'as a fair portion, sir, of both, I dare
 Assure you.

Sil. But pr'ythee, brother, instruct us a little,
 Tell us, what kind of country is this Holland,
 That's so much talk'd of, and so much fought for?

Ern. Why, friend, 'tis a huge ship at anchor,
 fraught
 With a sort of creatures made up of turf
 And butter.

Ped. Pray, sir, what do they drink in that country?
 'Tis said, there's neither fountains there
 Nor vines.

Ern. This is the butler, sure, by his apt question.
[Aside.]
 Friend, they drink there a certain muddy liquor,
 Made of that grain with which you feed your mules.

Ped. What, barley? can that juice quench their
 thirst?

Ern. You'd scarce believe it could, did you but
 see
 How oft they drink.

Ped. But methinks that should make them drunk,
 camerade—

Ern. Indeed most strangers are of that opinion.

But

But they themselves believe it not, because
They are so often.

Ger. A nation, sure, of walking tuns ! the world
Has not the like.

Ern. Pardon me, friend, there is but a great ditch
Betwixt them and such another nation ;
If these good fellows would but join, and drink
That dry, i' faith they might shake hands.

Ger. Pr'ythee, friend, can these Dutch Borracio's
fight ?

Ern. They can do even as well, for they can pay
Those that can fight.

Sil. But where, I pray fir, do they get their
money ?

Ern. Oh, fir, they have a thriving mystery ;
They cheat their neighb'ring princes of their trade,
And then they buy their subjects for their soldiers.

Sil. Methinks our armies should beat these butter-
boxes
Out of the the world.

Ern. Trust me, brother, they'll sooner beat our
armies
Out of their country ; why ready money, friend,
Will do much more in camps, as well as courts,
Than a ready wit, I dare assure you.

Ger. Methinks, camerade, our king should have more
money,
Than these Dutch swabbers, he's master o'th' Indies,
Where money grows.

Ern. But they have herrings, friend, which I assure
you,
Are worth our master's mines.

Ger. Herrings ! why what a devil do they grow
In their country ?

Ern. No faith, they fish 'em on the English coast,
And fetch their salt from France, then they pickle 'em
And sell 'em all o'er the world.

Ger. 'Slife, these rascals live by cookery.

Ern. This is the coddled cook, I've found him out.
[*Aside.*]

Bern. What kind of beds, fir, have they i'that country?

Ern. This, I dare swear's the groom o'th' chamber.
[*Aside.*]

Sir, they have certain niches in their walls,
Where they climb up o' nights, and there they stew
In their own grease till morning.

Jago. Pray, fir, give me leave to ask you one question,

What manner of women have they in that country?

Ern. The gentleman usher, upon my life. [*Aside.*]

Pray excuse me, fir, we gentlemen soldiers
Value ourselves upon our civility
To that soft sex; and, in good faith, they are
The softest of that sex, I ever met with.

Jago. Does any of our Spaniards ever marry
With 'em?

Ern. Yes, some lean families, that have a mind
To lard their progeny.

Sil. What, a god's name, could come into the
heads
Of this people, to make them rebel?

Ern. Why, religion; that came into their heads
A god's name.

Ger. But what a devil made the noblemen
Rebel, they never mind religion?

Ern. Why, that which made the devil himself rebel,
Ambition.

Sil. This is a pleasant fellow. [*Aside.*]
I find you gentlemen soldiers want no wit.

Ern. When we're well paid, fir, but that's so
seldom,

I find that gentleman wants wit that is
A soldier—Your company's very good,
But I have business which requires dispatch.

Ped. Will you not mend your draught before you
go?

Ern.

Ern. I thank you, sir, I have done very well.

All. Your servant, your servant, &c. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Camilla, Porcia, Flora.

Por. Was e'er disaster like to mine, Camilla?

Cam. Was e'er misfortune, Porcia, like to mine?

Por. That I must never see Octavio more?

Cam. That I again must Don Antonio see,
Yet never see him mine?

Por. I, to be marry'd to the man I hate.

Cam. And I, to have the man I love torn from me.

Por. I am by robbing of my friend undone.

Cam. I, for not hind'ring of the theft, am lost.

Por. Ye powers, who these entangled fortunes
give,

Instruct us how to die, or how to live. [*She weeps.*]

Cam. Cousin, when we should act, then to com-
plain

Is childishly to beat the air in vain.

These descants on our griefs only perplex;

Let's seek the remedy; you know, our sex

This honour bears from men, in exigents

Of love, never to want expedients.

Por. You have awaken'd me, give me your veil;

[*Porcia takes off Camilla's veil and puts it on herself.*]

Quickly, dear cousin, quickly; and you, Flora,

Run presently, and see whether my brother

Be settled to dispatch Antonio's man. [*Exit Flora.*]

Cam. What mean you, Porcia?

Por. If once my brother be set down to write,
I may securely reckon one hour mine;

For he is so extravagantly jealous,

That he distrusts the sense of his own words,

And will weigh a subscription to a scruple,

Lest he should wrong his family by his stile;

Therefore, I'll serve myself on this occasion

To see Octavio, and to let him know,

That

That all our hopes are ready to expire,
Unless he finds some prompt expedient
For our relief.

Cam. Pray how, and where d'you hope to speak
with him ?

Por. At his own house, where he lies yet conceal'd ;

'Tis not far off, and I will venture thither.

Cam. D' you know the way ?

Por. Not very well, but Flora's a good guide.

Enter Flora hastily.

Flor. O madam ! he's coming already.

Por. Ah, spiteful destiny ! come let's retire
Into my chamber, cousin.

[Exeunt Porcia and Camilla.]

Enter Henrique and Ernesto.

Henr. If you desire to see her, friend, you may.

Ern. I should be glad to acquaint my master, sir,
'That I have had the honour to see his bride.

Henr. Where's your lady, Flora ?

Flor. She's in her chamber, sir.

Henr. Tell her, Antonio's man attends her here,
To do his duty to her, e'er he goes. *[Ex. Flor.]*

Stay here ; you'll find her with a kinswoman,
In her home-dress, without a veil, but you
Are privileg'd, by your relation, for this access ;
I'll go dispatch my letter. *[Exit Henrique.]*

Enter Camilla, Porcia, and Flora.

*[Ernesto addresses himself to Camilla, seeing her
without a veil.]*

Ern. Madam, I have been bold to beg the honour
Of seeing your ladyship, to make myself
More welcome to my lord, at my return.

Por. A rare mistake! further it, dear Camilla,
[*Aside.*

Who knows what good this error may produce?

Cam. Friend, in what state left you your lord and mine?

Ern. As happy as the hopes of being yours
Could make him, madam.

Cam. I wou'd the master were as easily deceiv'd.
[*Aside.*

I pray, present my humble service to him;
And let him know, that I am very glad
He has pass'd his journey so successfully—
Give him the letter, Flora—farewell, friend.

[*Exit Camilla, Porcia, and Flora.*

Ern. Now, by my life, she is a lovely lady;
My master will be ravish'd with her form.
I hope this blind bargain, made by proxy,
May prove as happy a marriage, as those
Made after th' old fashion, chiefly for love;
And that this unseen beauty may have charms,
To bring him back to his right wits again,
From his wild ravings on an unknown dame,
Whom, as he fancies (once upon a time)
He recover'd from a trance, that's to say
From a sound sleep, which makes him dream e'er since.
I'll hasten to him with this pleasing news.
[*Exit Ernesto.*

Enter Camilla, Porcia, and Flora.

Cam. My melancholy could hardly hinder me
From laughing at the formal fool's mistake;
But tell me, did not I present your person
With rare assurance? the way for both to thrive,
Is to make me your representative.

Por. Most willingly, and I am confident,
When you your charms shall to his heart apply,
You all your rivals safely may defy.

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Cam. I wish I could be vain enough to hope it.
But, cousin, my despairs are so extream,
I can't be flatter'd, though but in a dream.

Flor. Madam, do we go, or what do you resolve on ?

Por. I must resolve, but know not what to chuse.

Cam. Cousin, take heed, I am afraid you venture
Too much, your brother cannot tarry long ;
And if at his return he finds you missing—

Por. Y'have reason, th' opportunity is lost.
What is't a clock, Flora ?

Flor. I think near seven, for the clock struck six
Just as Camilla enter'd the chamber.

Por. Quick then, Flora, fetch your veil, you shall
carry
My tablets to Octavio ; there he'll find
The hour and place where I would have him meet.

[*Exit Flora.*

Cam. 'Tis well resolv'd ; but where do you design
Your meeting ?

Por. In the remotest part of all the garden,
Which answers, as you know, to my apartment ;
And Flora has the key of the back-door.

Cam. As the case stands, you chuse the fittest place.

[*Flora returns veiled.*

Por. Cousin, I beg your patience whilst I write.

[*Porcia writes in her tablets.*

Cam. You, mistress Flora, by this accident
May chance to see your faithful lover, Diego.

Flor. He is a faithful lover of himself,
Without a rival, madam.

Cam. Damsel, your words and thoughts hardly
agree ;
For could we see his image in your heart,
'Twould be a fairer far, than e'er his glass
Reflected.

Flor. Madam, I am not yet so very old,
That I should dote.

Cam. Nor yet so very young, but you may love ;
Dotage and love are cousin Germans, Flora.

Flor.

Flor. Yes, when we love and are not lov'd again ;
[Smiling.]

For else, I think they're not so near akin.

Cam. I have touch'd a nettle, and stung myself.

[Aside.]

Por. Make all the haste you can, pray, *Flora*.

Flor. Madam, I'll fly.

Should I not play my part, I were to blame, [Aside.]
Since all my fortune's betted on her game.

Madam, has *Octavio* the other key
Belonging to the tablets ?

Por. Yes, yes, I pray make haste. [Ex. *Flor.*

Cam. Cousin, pray call for *Mirabel*, and let her
Divert us with a song.

Por. Who waits there ?

Enter Page.

Page, bid *Mirabel* come in, and *Floridor*
With his lute, and send in somebody with chairs.

Cam. Pray, cousin, let her sing her newest air.

Por. What you please.

Cam. Tell me, pr'ythee, whose composition was it ?

Por. Guess, and I'll tell you true.

[They bring in chairs.]

Cam. *Octavio's* ?

Por. Y'are i'th' right.

Enter Mirabel and Floridor.

Por. *Mirabel*, sing *Mistaken Kindness*.

The S O N G.

*Can Luciamira so mistake,
To persuade me to fly ?*

'Tis (cruel-kind) for my own sake,
To counsel me to die.

*Like those faint souls, who cheat themselves of breath,
And die for fear of death.*

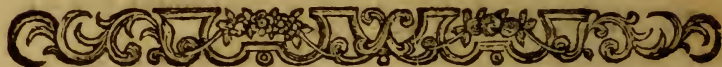
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*Since love's the principle of life,
And you the object lov'd,
Let's, Luciamira, end this strife,
I cease to be remov'd.*

*We know not what they do, are gone from hence,
But here we love by sense.*

*If the Platonicks, who would prove
Souls without bodies, love,
Had, with respect, well understood
The passions i'the blood,
Th' had suffer'd bodies to have had their part!
And seated love i'th' heart.*

Por. What discord there's in musick, when the
heart,
Untun'd by trouble, cannot bear a part!
Cam. In vain we seek content in outward things,
'Tis only from within where quiet springs.



A C T II.

SCENE the City of Seville.

Enter Don Antonio and Sancho, in riding cloaths.

Sancho.

S I R, we are arriv'd in very good time.

Ant. I did not think it would have been so soon
By an hour at least; but lovers ride apace.
Why smile you, Sancho?

San. Faith, at the novelty of your amours.

To

To fall in love with one you hardly saw,
And marry one you never saw ; 'tis pretty,
But we poor mortals have another method.

Ant. Y'are very pleasant, friend ; but is not this
The market-place, behind the Jacobins ?

San. Yes, fir.

Ant. 'Tis here I charg'd Ernesto to expect me.

San. Since you are here, fir, earlier than you
thought,

Why might you not go shift you at the post-house,
And be return'd before Ernesto come ?

Howe'er, 'tis better that he wait for you
Than you for him, in the open street.

Ant. 'Tis well thought on ; come let's go then.

[*Excunt.*]

Enter Don Octavio and Diego.

Oct. Come, Diego, 'tis now time to quit our dens,
And to begin our chase.

Dieg. Of what, fir, bats or owls, now the fun's set ?
Call you this making of love ? why, methinks
'Tis more like making of war ; marching all night
In arms, as if we design'd to beat up
The enemy's quarters.

Oct. Why, would not you venture as much for
Flora ?

Die. No, in good faith, fir, I shall venture enough
If e'er I marry her ; I'll run no hazard
(By my good-will) beforehand.

Oct. That's from your fear, not prudence, Diego.

Die. Sir, you may call it what you please ; but I
Dare boldly say, there lives not in the world
A more valiant man than I, whilst danger
Keeps its distance ; but when faucily
It presses on, then (I confess) 'tis true,
I have a certain tendernefs for life,
Which checks my ardour, and inclines my prudence
Timely to withdraw.

Oñ. Your stile is wond'rous civil to yourself ;
How you soften that harsh word call'd cowardice !
But the danger is not always evident,
When you are pleas'd, my friend, to run away.

Dieg. It may be so, sir, not to vulgar eyes ;
But I have such a piercing sight, that I
Discover perils out of others ken ;
Which they not seeing soon enough to shun,
Are forc'd t'encounter ; and then their struggling
Is, by th' unwary world, taken for courage.

Oñ. Who's truly valiant, will be always so.

Dieg. Who's wisely valiant, will avoid the foe.

Oñ. You have more light, Diego, I see, than heat ;
But I'll allow your wit and honesty
To come to composition for your want
Of courage.

Dieg. I have courage enough for the profession
To which my parents did design me.

Oñ. Why, what was that ?

Dieg. An advocate ; I could have acted choler
In my client's fight, and when his back was turn'd
Have hugg'd the lawyer of the adverse party ;
And, if I mistake not, they sell their breath
Much dearer than you soldiers do your blood.
'Tis true, you get honour, a fine light food
For delicate complexions ; but I have
Known some captains of plain stomachs starve upon't.

Oñ. The varlet's i' the right. *Aside.*] How came't
about

You were not of this thriving trade ?

Dieg. After I had spent seven years at Salamanca,
My father, a rich merchant of this city,
Was utterly undone, by that damn'd Englishman,
With whom we fright our children.

Oñ. Who, captain Drako ? Was he a pirate ?

Dieg. He had been so on this side of the line.

Oñ. 'Tis strange that war and peace should have de-
grees

Of latitude ; one would have thought they should

Have

Have been the same all o'er the world—But what's this
To my amours ? I trifle away my time.
Was ever lover's fate so rude as mine ?
Condemn'd to darkness, forc'd to hide my head,
As well as love ? and, to spite me the more,
Fortune has contradictions reconcil'd,
I am at once a pris'ner, and exil'd.

Enter Antonio and Sancho.

Ant. Methinks Ernesto should not tarry long,
If not already come. Sancho, how call you
The street there just before us, where you see
Yon gentleman with his cloak o'er his face ?
I have lost all my measures of this town.

San. I am as much to seek as you, sir.

Ant. Let us go to him, Sancho, and enquire ;
He has a notable good mien ; I ne'er
Saw an air more like Octavio's.

Oct. Unless my eyes do very much deceive me,
That's Don Antonio ; if it be he, Diego,
There is no danger in his knowing us :
He was my comrade when I first bore arms.

[Octavio lets fall his cloak from before his face.]

'Tis he.

Ant. You injure me, Octavio, to be so long
A knowing one who's so entirely yours. *[They embrace.]*

Oct. Your presence in this place, noble Antonio,
Was so unexpected, I hardly durst
Believe my eyes ; when came you to this town ?

Ant. I am just now arrived.

Oct. I joy to see you here, but should have thought
It likelier to have heard of you at court,
Pursuing there the recompences due
To your great merit.

Ant. That is no place for men of morality :
I have been taught, Octavio, to deserve,
But not to seek reward ; that does profane
The dignity of virtue. If princes,
For their own interests, will not advance
Deserving subjects, they must raise themselves

By a brave contempt of fortune.

Ost. Rig'rous virtue ! which makes us to deserve,
Yet suffer the neglect of those we serve.

Ant. Virtue to Interest has no regard ;
Nor is it virtue, if we expect reward.

Ost. If for their service, kings our virtues press,
Is no pay due to valour and success ?

Ant. When we gave up our persons to their will,
We gave with those, our valour, fortune, skill.

Ost. But this condition tacitely was meant,
Kings should adjust reward and punishment.

Ant. Kings are the only judges of deserts,
And our tribunal's seated in their hearts.

Ost. But if they judge and act amiss, what then ?

Ant. They must account to th' powers above, not men.

Ost. Then we must suffer. *Ant.* Yes ; if we reject
Their power as too great, we must erect
A greater to controul them ; and thus we,
Instead of shrinking, swell the tyranny.

Ost. W'obey for fear then. *Ant.* True, 'Tis only
above

Where power is justice, and obedience love.

Ost. I'm glad to find, in you, the seeds yet left
Of steady virtue ; may they bring forth fruit
Fit to illustrate and instruct the age.

Let me once more embrace you ; welcome, brave man,
[*Embraces Antonio.*]

Both the delight and honour of your friends.

Ant. You will give me leave, sir, to distinguish
Betwixt your judgment and civility.

Ost. He has not liv'd i'th' reach of public fame,
Who is a stranger to your character.

This is my house, be pleas'd, sir, to go in,
And make it yours ; though truly at present
I am but in an ill condition

To receive the honour of such a guest ;
Having by an unlucky accident

Been forc'd of late to keep myself conceal'd.

Ant. I humbly thank you, sir, but cannot yet

Receive your favour ; for I must stay here
Expecting the return of one I sent
Before me to my brother-in-law's.

Oct. Have you a brother-in-law in Seville ?
You surprize me much.

Ant. It is most true, Octavio, I come hither
A marry'd man, as much as friends can make me.

Oct. Since it imports you not to miss your servant,
Let us stay here without, until he comes ;
And then go in, and rest yourself a while.
But, how go our affairs in Flanders ?

Ant. I left our armies in a better state
Than formerly.

Oct. And your governor, the duke of Alva,
I suppose in great reputation.

Ant. The honour of our country, and the terror
Of others ; fortune consulted reason
When she bestow'd such favours upon him.

Oct. And yet 'tis said, he loses ground at court.

Ant. 'Tis possible ; under a jealous prince,
A great's as prejudicial as an evil fame.

Oct. They say he's cruel, even to barbarity.

Ant. 'Tis mercy, that, which they call cruelty.
In a civil war, in fertile provinces,
(And the sun sees not richer than are these)
The foldier, especially th' auxiliary,
Whose trade it is to fight for salary,
Is brib'd by gain the rebels lives to spare,
That mutual quarter may prolong the war ;
'Till this slow fever has consum'd their force,
And then, they'll fall to our rival France of course.
War made in earnest, maketh war to cease,
And vigorous prosecution hastens peace.

Oct. Y'hav'e made me comprehend his conduct ; he's
sure
As great a politician as a foldier.

Ant. Loyalty's his centre, his circumstance glory ;
And t'after ages he'll show great in story.

Oſ. And is our good friend the marquis d'Olivera,
In his esteem?

Ant. The boast of our army; he has exceeded
Hope, and made flattery impossible.

Oſ. They say he did wonders at the siege of Mons.

Ant. You mean (as I suppose) at the pursuit
O'th' German army led by the prince of Orange.
Indeed his courage, and his conduct there,
Were very signal.

Oſ. You'll much oblige me, if whilst you expect
Your servant here, I might learn from yourself
Some few particulars of your own actions;
Fame speaks loudly of them, but not distinctly.

Ant. Fame, like water, bears up the lighter things,
And lets the weighty sink. I do not use
To speak in the first person; but, if you needs
Will have a story to fill up the time,
I'll tell you an adventure of my own,
Where you'll find love so intermix'd with arms,
That (I am confident) 'twill raise your wonder;
How being prepossess'd with such a passion,
I should (upon prudential motives only)
Be engag'd (as now you find me) to marry
A lady whom I never saw.

Oſ. The person, and the subject, sir, both challenge
My best attention.

Ant. The following evening to that glorious day,
[*After a little pause.*]

Wherein the duke of Alva gain'd such fame
Against the cautelous Nassaw, some horse
Were sent from the army, under my command,
To cover the Limbourg frontiers, much expos'd
To th' enemies inroads; my troops scarce lodg'd,
I receiv'd intelligence, that a party
Of th' enemy (about two hundred horse)
Were newly come to a village three leagues off,
Intending there to lodge; immediately
We sound'd to horse, and march to their surprize
So luckily, that by the break of day

Their

Their quarters were on fire.

Oct. You had been taught, sir, by your wise general,
That diligence in execution, is
(Even above fortune) mistress of success.

Ant. They made but faint resistance; some were slain,
Some perish'd in the fire, others escap'd,
Giving the alarm, in quarters more remote,
To their companions drown'd in sleep and wine;
Who, at the outcry, and the noise of trumpets,
Methinks I fancy starting from their beds,
As pale and wan, as from their dormitories
Those the last trump shall rouse, diff'ring in this,
That those awake to live, but these to die.

Oct. Oh how unsafe it is to be secure!

Ant. Finding no more resistance, I made haste
To a lofty structure, which, as I conceiv'd,
Was the likeliest quarter for their officer,
Led thither by desire to rescue both;
Him, from the soldiers rage; that, from the fire.

Oct. A care most worthy of a gallant leader.

Ant. But think, Octavio, how I was surpriz'd,
When, entering a pavillion i'th' garden,
I found a woman of a matchless form,
Stretch'd all along upon the marble floor.

Oct. I easily can divine how such a heart,
As harbours in the brave Antonio's breast,
May suffer at so sad a spectacle.

Ant. At the first sight, I did believe her dead;
Yet in that state so awful she appear'd,
That I approach'd her with as much respect,
As if the soul had animated still
That body, which, though dead, scarce mortal seem'd.
But as the sun from our horizon gone,
His beams do leave a tincture on the skies,
Which shews it was not long since he withdrew;
So in her lovely face there still appear'd
Some scatter'd streaks of those vermilion beams,
Which us'd t'irradiate that bright firmament.
Thus did I find that distress'd miracle,

Able to wound a heart as if alive,
 Uncapable to cure it, as if dead.

OE. I no more doubt your pity, than your wonder.

Ant. My admiration did suspend may aid,
 Till passion join'd to pity made me bold ;
 I kneel'd, and took her in my arms, then bow'd
 Her body gently forward ; at which instant,
 A sigh stole from her ; Oh the ravishing sound !
 Which being a symptom of remaining life,
 Made me forget that 'twas a sign of grief.
 At length she faintly opens her bright eyes ;
 So breaks the day ; and so do all the creatures
 Rejoice, as I did, at the new-born light :
 But as the Indians, who adore the sun,
 Are scorch'd by's beam, e'er half his race be run ;
 So I, who did adore her rising eyes,
 Found myself wounded by those deities.

OE. I am big with expectation, pray
 Deliver me.

Ant. From her fair hand a bloody poniard fell,
 Which she held fast during her trance, as if
 Sh' had only needed arms whilst she did sleep,
 And trusted to her eyes when she did wake.
 What I said to her, being a production
 Of mere extasy, I remember not ;
 She made me no reply, yet I discern'd
 In a serener air of her pale face,
 Some lines of satisfaction, mix'd with fear.

OE. Such looks in silence have an eloquence.
 But pray go on.

Ant. Rais'd from the ground, and to herself return'd,
 I stept a fitting distance back ; as well
 To gaze upon that lovely apparition,
 As to express respect ; when at that instant
 The trumpets sound a charge ; my soldiers cry,
 Where is our leader ? Where's Antonio ?
 My love a while disputed with honour,
 But that being the longer settled power,
 O'ercame ; I join'd my troops, left in reserve,

As they were ready to receive a charge
From divers squadrons of fresh horse, who being
Quarter'd in neighbouring villages, had taken
Hotly th' alarm, and came (though then too late)
In succour of their friends. Honour and love
Had so inflam'd my heart, that I advanc'd
Beyond the rules of conduct, and receiv'd
So many wounds, that I with faintness fell.

Oct. How can this story end?

Ant. My foldiers beat the enemy, and brought me
off,

Where surgeons quickly cur'd my outward wounds;
But the remembrance of that heroine,
My inward hurts kept bleeding still afresh;
Till by the business of the war constrain'd
T'attend my charge i' th' army, my despair
Of ever seeing her again, conspiring
With the strong persuasions of Olivera,
I was at length even forc'd to an engagement
Of marriage with a lady of this city,
Rich, noble, and, as they say, beautiful.
And so you have me here come to consummate
Those nuptial rites, to which my interest,
And the importunity of trusty friends
O'er-rule my judgment, tho' against my heart.

Oct. A wonderful adventure! but pray, sir,
May I not take the liberty to ask you,
Who may this noble lady be, to whom
The fates have destin'd so much happiness?

Ant. I have no reserves for you Octavio,
'Tis the sister of——

*Enter Ernesto, and Octavio retires hastily, and covers
his face with his cloak.*

Antonio nodding to Octavio

It is my servant, sir.

Oct. Step to Antonio, Diego, and desire him
To send him off.

Ant.

Ant. I will immediately—Well, Ernesto,
 [Diego goes to Antonio and whispers,
 What good news? speak freely.

Ern. Sir, as you charg'd me, I told your brother-in-law,
 I thought you hardly could be there this night ;
 He kisses your hands, and bade me tell you,
 That he expects your coming with impatience.
 This letter's from Don Henrique, th' other's from
 Your beaut'ous bride, the most accomplish'd person
 I ever saw ; my being of your train
 Gave me the privilege of a domestick,
 To see her in her chamber dress, without
 A veil, either to cover faults, or hide
 Perfections.

Ant. Tell me truly, is she so very handsome ?

Ern. Handsomer far, in my opinion, sir,
 Than all those Brussels beauties, which you call
 The finish'd pieces ; but I say no more ;
 Let your own eyes inform you ; here's a key
 Of the apartment, that's made ready for you ;
 A lower quarter, very nobly furnish'd,
 That open's on St. Vincent's street.

Ant. Give it me ; and go to the post-house,
 And take care that my things be brought from thence.
 Octavio, will you go along with me, [Exit Ernesto.
 And be a witness of my first address ?

Oct. Sir, you chuse in me an ill companion
 Of lovers interviews, or nuptial joys.
 One whose misfortunes to such sad extremes
 Are heightned, that the very mentioning
 Of happy hours, serves only to imbitter
 The memory of my lost joys.

Ant. So very deep a sense of your misfortunes,
 Holds no proportion with Octavio's mind.

Enter Flora in haste.

Flo. Where's your master, Diego ?

Dieg.

Dieg. There's some ill towards, when this bird appears. *[Aside.]*

Do you not see him? y'have liv'd too long a maid.

Flo. Sir, I have something to say t' you in private,
That requires haste.

Oat. What new accident brings you hither, Flora?

Flo. These tablets will inform you, sir.

[Flora retires.]

Dieg. Will you not stay for an answer, damsel?

Flo. 'Tis a command, not a question, Diego.

Dieg. Short and sweet, Flora.

Oat. Good Flora, stay a minute; I much fear
It is some new misfortune.

Dieg. Nay, sir, you may be sure 'tis some disaster,
Else it would ne'er have come so easily,
And so unfought for.

Oat. Will you allow me for a moment, sir,
To step into my house, and read a letter?

[Bowing to Antonio.]

Ant. I'll wait upon you in, and stay your leisure.

[Exeunt all but Diego.]

Dieg. These little black books do more devils raise,
Than all the figures of the conjurers.
This is some missive from the heroine;
If it ends not in fighting I'll be hang'd;
It is the method of their dear romances,
And persons of their rank make love by book.
Curse of the inventor of that damn'd device
Of painting words, and speaking to our eyes!
Had I a hundred daughters, by this light,
Not one of 'em should ever read or write.

Enter Flora, and seems to go away in haste.

Here she comes again. 'Twas a quick dispatch.

A word, Flora, or a kind glance at least;

What, grown cruel? Diego, no body w' you.

Flo. This is no time for fooling, friend.

Dieg. Nay, if you be so serious, fare you well;
But now I think on't better, I'll do th' honours

Of

Of our street, and bring you to the end on't.

Flo. I shall be well help'd up with such a 'squire ;
If some wandering knight should chance to assault you,
To bear away your damsel, what would you do ?

Dieg. I'd use no other weapon but a torch ;
I'd put aside your veil, shew him your face,
'That, I suppose, would guard us both.

Flo. Why, d'you think 'twould fright him, Diego ?

Dieg. Oh, no ; 'twould charm him, Flora.

Flo. Well, such as 'tis, I'll venture it without
Engaging your known valour ; good-night.

[*Exit Flora.*]

Enter Octavio and Antonio.

Oct. What may this be ? I swear I cannot guess ;
The warning's short, but she must be obey'd ;
The hour draws near ; I must go seek a friend,
Her words seem to imply need of a second ;
'Twere barbarous to engage Antonio,
Newly arriv'd, and come on such an errand. [*Aside.*]
Noble Antonio, my confusion's great,

[*Addressing to Antonio.*]

To tell you thus abruptly, I must leave you ;
Th' occasion's indispensable.

Ant. I must not quit you, sir, I know too well
The laws of honour, to desert you now :
When I perceive my friend in such disorder,
And all the marks that he is call'd to danger,
To leave him then—

Oct. It is a summons from a lady, sir,
Whom I have lov'd with passion and success,
To meet her in her garden presently :
All is propitious on her part, and mine ;
But she's so guarded by a tyrant brother,
So naturally jealous, and so incens'd
By a late accident which I shall tell you,
'That to assure you there would be no danger
In this adventure, were, sir, to abuse you ;

But

But for that very reason I am bound
Not to consent you should embark yourself
In a business so directly opposite
To the occasion which has brought you hither.

Ant. I like the omen at my first arrival,
To have the honour to serve so brave a friend.

Oct. You from a life of perils hither come
To find a nuptial bed, not seek a tomb.

Ant. My friend engag'd, it never must be said
Antonio left him so, to go to bed.

Oct. Y'are marry'd, and expose what's not your own.

Ant. Wedded to honour, that must yield to none.

Oct. Honour makes me refuse your aid ; we must
As well to friends, as to ourselves be just.

Ant. He ought not to pretend to friendship's name,
Who reckons not himself and friend the same.

Oct. Friendship with justice must not disagree,
That were to break the virtue's harmony.

Ant. Friendship is justice ; for whene'er we give,
We then receive, so 'tis commutative.

Oct. So great's your friendship, you your friend
oppress ;

To make it juster, you must make it less.

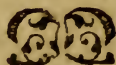
Ant. Friendship can never err in the extent ;
Like Nile, when't overflows, 'tis most beneficent.

Oct. I find, Antonio, you will still subdue.

Ant. I owe my triumph to my cause, not you.
Come, we lose time, your mistress must not stay.

Oct. Who's so accompany'd, needs not fear his way.

[*Exeunt.*]



A C T III.

SCENE Don Henrique's House.

Camilla, Porcia and Flora, appear as in a balcony.

Porcia.

C O M E, cousin, the hour assign'd approaches.
Cam. Nay, more than so, for 'tis already night.

Flor. And thanks to your stars, sufficiently dark.

Por. To the clouds you would say, Flora; for stars,
 In this occasion, would not much befriend us:
 Pray, cousin, when Octavio shall arrive,
 Do you and Flora watch above with care;
 For if my cruel brother should surprize us—

Cam. Let us alone to play the sentinels.

Flor. I'm confident he's abroad, and will not
 Suddenly return; for I heard him say,
 He'd pass the evening at the Corigidor's;
 And thence, you know, he seldom comes home early.

*Enter Antonio, Octavio, and Diego, with their cloaks
 o'er their faces, and their swords undrawn in their
 hands.*

Ant. Is it not something early for adventures
 Of this nature?

Oct. 'Tis the hour she appointed.

Ant. How dark 'tis grown o'th' sudden! there's not
 one

Star appears in all the firmament.

Die. So much the better; for when I must fight,
 I covet no spectators of my prowess. [*Aside.*

Oct. Stay you here, Antonio; I'll step before,
 And give the sign; when you hear the door open,
 Then come on, and follow me in.

Enter

Enter, at the other side of the stage, Henrique and Carlos.

Hen. The Corrigidor's is a sweet place.

Car. The walks and fountains so entice me, I still
Weary myself before I can retire.

Hen. Indeed we have staid longer than we thought,
And therefore let's go home the shorter way ;
The back-door of my garden's here at hand.

Car. It will be better than to go about.

Porc. Would he were come, I fear the rising moon
Will give us little time. [*Above in the balcony.*

[*Octavio knocks upon the hilt of his sword.*

I think I hear his usual knock ; who's there ?

Oct. 'Tis I.

Porc. I hope y'are not alone.

Oct. No ; here's Diego with me, and a friend.

Porc. 'Tis well ; I'll open the door presently.

Hen. Come, we are now hard by the garden-gate.

Oct. Let's to the door, sure she's there by this time ;
Be not afraid, Diego.

Die. You had as good command me not to breathe.

Oct. Come on ; what are you thinking on ?

Die. That I see company, or that my fear does.

Oct. Y'are i'the' right ; let's, to avoid suspicion,
Walk on at large, till they are out of distance.

[*The noise of a lock.*

Car. I think I heard your garden-door open.

Hen. I think so too ; ha, at this time of the night !
Why, what a devil can this mean ? 'Tis so.

Ant. They have open'd this door ; 'tis time for me
To follow, surely Octavio is gone in.

[*Antonio goes towards the door.*

Porc. What stay you for ?

[*Holding the door half open.*

Hen. What is't I hear ? sure 'tis Porcia's voice.

Porc. What mean you to stand there ? come in, I say.

Hen. Hell and furies ! [*He goes to draw his sword.*

Car.

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Car. Be patient, fir, and you will make a clearer Discovery of your affront.

Porc. You may come in securely, Octavio,

[Setting open the door.]

I have set those will watch my brother's coming.

Ant. Madam, I am not Octavio.

Porc. Not Octavio! who are you then? and who's That shadow there?

Hen. I can hold no longer—I'm thy destiny,

[Draws his sword.]

Vile woman; and his mortal enemy.

Ant. Ha, my mortal enemy?

Hen. Yes, villain; whoe'er thou art, thou shalt pay

This treachery with thy life.

Ant. Vain man! whoe'er thou art, know, the life thou

Threaten't is guarded by a trusty sword.

[Carlos draws, and they all enter the garden fighting.]

Hen. Make fast the door.

[To Carlos.]

Thou art some desperate villain, hir'd to murder.

[Octavio and Diego come to the door.]

Ant. Hir'd by friendship, and honour's my salary.

[In the garden.]

Oct. That's Antonio's voice within the garden;

[Runs to the door and finds it shut.]

What, the door shut! my friend engag'd, and I

Excluded! cursed fate! this tree may help me

To climb o'er; if not, I'll fly t'him. *[He climbs up.]*

Die. You may do so; your sprightly love has wings,

And's ever fledge; 'tis molting time with mine;

Yet I'll up too; the hazard's not in climbing;

[Diego climbs the tree.]

Here I will sit, and out of danger's reach

Expect the issue.

SCENE changes to a garden, out of which they issue fighting.

Ost. Courage, brave friend; you have Octavio by you.

Ant. So seconded, a coward would grow firm.

Hen. What, is there more of your crew? then 'tis time

To call for help—ho, Silvio, Geraldo, Pedro, come forth, and bring out torches with you.

Enter Silvio, with his sword drawn.

Silv. Here am I, fir, my camerades will follow
[*They fight.*]

As soon as they have lighted their torches

Ant. How I despise these slaves, Octavio, Having you by me!

Die. Their swords do clatter bravely in the dark.
[*In the tree.*]

Silv. I'm slain.
[*Silvio falls.*]

[*Henrique stepping back falls over Silvio, and loses his sword, and Carlos runs in to him.*]

Car. What, are you hurt?

Hen. No, I fell by chance: help me to find my sword.

Ost. What, do you give back? you do well to take breath,

Whilst you have any left; 'twill not be long, Now that the rising moon lends us some light.

[*The rising moon appears behind the scene.*]

[*Porcia runs out to Octavio.*]

Porc. O Octavio, let not this moment slip To free me from my cruel brother's fury, Or never hope to see me any more Amongst the living.

[*Octavio leads her away by the arm.*]
Ost.

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Oa. Ah, noble maid! he that is once possess'd
Of such a treasure, and defends it not,
Let him live wretched, and detested die.
Where's my brave friend?

Ant. You have me by your side; lead off your
mistress;
I'll secure your retreat.

Die. That, doubtless, is my master, who victorious,
[*In the tree, pointing to those who are going off.*]
Is bravely marching off with his fair prize;
I'll down and follow.

Carl. But whilst I was engag'd to succour you,
[*Having help'd up Henrique.*]
Our enemies, I fear, are got away;
I heard the door open, and see none here,
Although the night's much brighter than 'twas.
I'll follow, and trace the villains, if I can,
To their dens: mean while take care of your sister;
And, pray, till my return be moderate.

Hen. How! moderation in this case?—what, ho!
Geraldo, Pedro, ah, ye cursed rogues!

[*Enter servants with torches.*]
Durst ye not shew your heads till they were gone?
Geraldo, light me in, whilst Pedro looks
To his hurt companion—ah, Porcia! Porcia!

[*Exeunt Henrique and Geraldo; Pedro carries out
Silvio fainting with his hurts.*]

SCENE changes to the city of Seville.

[*Enter Octavio, Porcia, Antonio, and a little after
Diego, and after them Carlos.*]

Die. Sure, that's Antonio bringing up the rear.
Sir, th'are but just before; my master bears her
[*Looking back to Carlos.*]
Most gallantly away; lose not sight of me.

Car.

Car. This rogue takes me for one of his own crew ;
He will, by his mistake, help me to harbour 'em.

[*Exeunt.*

[*Camilla and Flora appear in the balcony.*

SCENE changes to Don Henrique's house.

Cam. Was there ever such a disaster, Flora ?
Sure, th'are all dead, so great's the silence.

Porcia ! Porcia !—nobody answers.

Flor. Madam, let us go down into the garden.

Cam. Excuse me ; that were to involve myself
In this unlucky scandal ; 'tis possible,
Affrighted with the scuffle, she's return'd
Into her quarter by the other door ;
Let's away thither.

[*They go down upon the stage.*

Flor. Oh, madam ! I see a light, and Don Henrique

Coming this way with his sword drawn, what shall
We do ?

Cam. Peace ; let us hide ourselves behind the door,

[*They go behind the door.*

Till we discover his intentions.

*Enter Henrique and Geraldo with a torch, and Pedra
with a light ; Henrique and Geraldo their swords
drawn.*

Ped. Sir, I have search'd all the rooms of the house,
And cannot find her.

Hen. Base infamous woman ! may be she's fled
To the quarter order'd for Antonio.

Ped. That door is lock'd, and's servant has the key.

Hen. Ah, this cursed vagabond ! thus to rob

[*He stamps.*

A brother of the fruits of all his care,
And cast this stain on th' honour of our house !

But

But if ever I get the fugitive
 Within my reach, I'll sacrifice her blood
 To the offended spirits of my ancestors.

Flor. Madam, d'you hear?

Cam. Yes, and tremble, Flora.

Hen. Call for her woman.

Ped. Flora ! Flora !

Enter Flora.

Flor. My good angel guard me—what's your pleasure, sir?

Hen. Where's your mistress, hussy?

Flor. She told me, sir, about half an hour since
 She would go down into the garden. [*Exit Flora.*]

Hen. My shame is certain ; ah ! the sad condition
 Of us men of honour ! how unequally
 Our crosses and our comforts mingled are !
 Our orphan sisters are no sooner grown
 Above the follies of their childish age ;
 During which season, custom does exact
 Our watchful caution over all their actions ;
 But they are grafted on some stranger stock,
 Where they do change both their abodes and names ;
 Without the least reflection on their kindness,
 Who pain'd themselves to cultivate their youth,
 Or else remain to exercise our fears.

O unjust heavens ! why suffer you that they,
 Who to our joys of life such bubbles are,
 Should add such weight unto our griefs and care ?
 Ah Porcia, Porcia !

Enter Carlos.

Car. Don Henrique, if I am not much mistaken,
 I have in this short time made a great progress
 Towards your redress ; I come from harbouring
 The villains, who have done you this affront.

Cam. It imports to be attentive now.

Hen.

Hen. O you revive me ! May I but once enjoy
The pleasure of my revenge, though the next
Moment were the last period of my life,
I should depart contented. Are the villains
Within our reach ?

Car. Be patient, sir, and I'll inform you fully.
You were no sooner up, but I pursu'd
Your flying enemies, hoping, the night
Grown somewhat lighter, might help me to discover
The place of their retreat—one of their party,
Who was behind the rest, mistaking me
For one of his camerades, bade me come on ;
Saying, his master was but just before ;
That he had born his mistress bravely off,
And put her champion brother out of combat.

Hen. Insolent rascal !—

[*He stamps.*]

Car. We had not pass'd above a street or two
Before he stopp'd, and at the second house,
Beyond the church in saint Iago's street,
He enter'd, and desir'd me to follow him ;
I, making a stand, he grew suspicious,
And, from my silence, guessing his mistake,
He slipp'd into the house and lock'd the door ;
When I had well observ'd the street and house ;
I came with speed to give you this account.

Flor. Oh, madam, this is Don Octavio's house,
Without all doubt, they've carry'd Porcia thither.

Cam. Peace, Flora, and listen to the sequel.

Hen. Come, cousin, we lose time—Heigh, who waits
there ?

I will besiege the house ; if they refuse
To render, I'll reduce that theater
Of my shame to ashes, and make their fort
Both the'rs and it's own sepulchre. There are
Such charms in vengeance, that I do not wonder,
It is reserv'd for him who form'd the thunder.

Car. Have patience, cousin, and consult your
reason ;

'Twill soon convince you how unpracticable

And vain your proposition is, t' attempt,
 At this time of night, a house so guarded,
 In a well-govern'd city ; that would prove
 Very like thunder, which the cloud destroys
 Wherein 'twas form'd, producing only noise.
 What can the issue be, but to alarm
 The town, expose your person and your fortune
 To th' rigour of the law, publish your shame,
 And frustrate your revenge for ever ?

Hen. What ! would you have me tarry till these
 villains,

Who have invaded my house, affronted
 My person, murder'd my servant, and robb'd
 Me of a sister, may evade my vengeance ?

[*Spoken hastily.*

Car. No ; fear not that, let me alone to find
 A certain way to hinder their escape ;
 I'll instantly to the Corrigidor,
 And beg the assistance of his authority
 To secure these criminals for the present,
 That afterwards the law may punish them.

Hen. A fine proposal ! why cousin, can you think
 That I'll submit a personal injury
 To th' tame decision of the formal law ?
 And having been affronted by the sword,
 To pray the aid of the long robe, and take
 An advocate for second ?—reliev'd by law !

Car. Since we all parties are in making laws,
 We must not judges be in our own cause ;
 We hold it infamous to break our words,
 Yet cancel the great charter with our swords.

Hen. They, by their insolence, the laws invade.

Car. But you, by your revenge, the laws degrade.

Hen. Honour obliges me to take revenge.

Car. Honour is justice, rightly understood ;
 Your idol honour's only heat of blood.

Hen. Honour's opinion, which rules all the world.

Car. Opinion, Henrique, only governs fools ;
 Reason, the wise and truly valiant rules.

Hen.

Hen. Reason's opinion, for every one
Stamps reason on his own opinion.

Car. Then by your argument, when people join
In making laws, because they all opine,
Laws are reasonable, and bind us all.

Hen. Curse on your sophistry, to treat a friend
With figures that's raging in a fever !

You may as well pretend to teach a man
To sing his part, that's stretch'd upon a rack.

No, sir, I'll sooner lose this irksome life,
Than e'er consent to publish my disgrace,
Before I have reveng'd it—to assist

At the funeral of my own honour !— [He stamps.

Car. What a wild creature is a choleric man !

[Aside.

'Tis far from my intent ; all my design
Is only how we may conceal your shame,
Till we have got these villains in our power,
Which can be brought about by no such means,
As by demanding justice against those
Who did assault your person, and have wounded
Your servant, a very plausible pretence !
Will this content you ? trust my conduct, cousin ;
Is not my interest the same with yours ?

Hen. Well, since it must be so, I pray make haste.

Car. Doubt not my diligence ; by this I'll prove
Friendship has fire, and wings, as well as love.

Hen. If you could fly, you'd move with too much
leisure ;

Ah, tedious minutes, which revenge does measure !
[Exit Carlos.

Flor. Madam, y'have heard their mischievous de-
sign ?

Cam. Yes, Flora, out of question Porcia's there ;
And if they find her, she is lost for ever.

Flor. I'll try to hinder it, though I were certain
To perish in th' attempt ; I'm confident
The house at present is in such confusion,
I may run thither without being mis'd.

Cam. 'Tis well thought on ; in the interim I'll retire
To Porcia's chamber. [*Exeunt from behind the door.*]

Enter Geraldo.

Ger. Sir, Don Antonio is just arriv'd.

Hen. Ha ! what's that you say, firrah ?

Ger. That Don Antonio, sir, your brother-in-law
Is without, walking i'th' hall, and bade me
Give you notice of it ; shall he come in ?

Hen. Antonio arriv'd ! O heavens, this circumstance
Was only wanting to compleat my shame !
When he desires to see his wife, shall I,
Myself, inform a person of his quality,
That she is run away ? Where shall I find
A heart, a tongue, a voice, or breath, or face,
To utter this unparallell'd disgrace ? [*Spoken hastily.*]
O this fantastick sense of honour ! I
At my own tribunal stand assail'd,
Yet fearing others censure am embroil'd.

Ger. What is your pleasure, sir ? 'tis possible
That Don Antonio may think it long.

Ger. Wait on him in, but at the same time tell him
You cannot find me—I will leave my house
And the discovery of my shame to fate ;
And any censure rather undergo,
Than be the reporter of my own disgrace ;
Till first I have my honour's ransom paid,
In the vile blood of this perfidious maid. [*Exit Hen.*]

Enter Antonio and Ernesto.

Ant. My friend and his fair mistress safely lodg'd,
And free from their adventure ; 'tis now fit
To mind my own engagement—But, Ernesto,
What can the meaning be of this rude usage,
In suffering me to stay without thus long,
Upon my first arrival ? Come, let's go on
Into the other rooms.

Ern.

Ern. I swear, sir, I'm amaz'd at this great change ;
'Tis not above two hours, since I found here
A numerous and well-order'd family,
In all appearance ; now I see the pages
Bolt out of the doors, then start back again
Into their holes, like rabbits in a warren ;
The maids lie peeping at the garret windows,
Like th' upper tire of ordnance in a ship ;
All looks disorder'd now ; nor can I guess
What may have caus'd so great an alteration ;
But there I see the servant you sent in.

Enter Geraldo.

Ant. Friend, where's your master ?

Ger. I cannot tell, sir.

Ant. Where is his sister ?

Ger. In truth I know not, sir ; we men-servants
Have little to do in the ladies quarters. [*Exit Ger.*]

Ant. This looks but odly ; are you sure, Ernesto,
Y'have not misguided me to a wrong house ?

Ern. If you are sure, sir, that we are awake,
Then I am certain this is the same house,
Wherein this afternoon I saw and spoke with
Don Henrique and your bride ; by the same token
There was a lady with her in a veil ;
And this very room is the ante-chamber
To her apartment.

Ant. I should be finely serv'd, if after all
This negociation, and a tedious journey,
My pains and patience should be cast away
On some such wither'd Sybil for a wife,
As her own brother is asham'd to show me.

Ern. You'll soon be freed from that fear, sir.

[*Ernesto goes toward the door.*]

Ant. How so ?

Ern. Because I see her in the inner-room,
Lying along upon her couch, and reading ;
Her face is turn'd the other way, but yet

Her shape and cloaths assure me 'tis the same.

Ant. Art certain that 'tis she ?

Ern. There are not many like her.

Ant. If thou be'st sure 'tis she, I'll venture in,
Without her brother's presence t'introduce me.

Ern. She's coming this way, sir.

Enter Camilla, reading.

Cam. Y'have reason, Dido, and 'tis well remark'd,—

[She shuts her book ; after a little pause.]

The woman who suffers herself to love,
Ought likewise to prepare herself to suffer ;
There was great power in your charms, Æneas,
T'enthrall a lady's heart at first approach,
And make such early and such deep impressions,
'That nothing, but her death, could e'er deface.
Alas, poor Dido !—

Ant. O heavens! what's that I see ?—or do I dream ?

[Antonio seeing her, starts, then stands as if amaz'd.]

Sure I am asleep, and 'tis a vision
Of her who's always present to my thoughts ;
Who, fearing my revolt, does now appear
To prove and to confirm my constancy.
When first I saw that miracle, she seem'd
An apparition, here it must be one.

Ern. What fit of frenzy's this ?—sir, 'tis Porcia,
A lovely, living woman, and your bride.

Ant. The blessing is too mighty for my faith.

Ern. Faith ! ne'er trouble your faith in this oc-
casion ;

Approach her boldly, sir, and trust your sense.

Ant. As when we dream of some transporting
pleasure,

And finding that we dream, we fear to wake,
Lest sense should rob us of our fancy's treasure,
And our delightful vision from us take ;
Eless'd apparition, so it fares with me.

That

That very angel, now, once more appears,
To whose divinity, long since, I rais'd
An altar in my heart ; where I have offer'd
The constant sacrifice of sighs and vows.

My eyes are open, yet I dare not trust 'em !
Bliss above faith must pass for an illusion ;
If such it be, O let me sleep for ever,
Happily deceiv'd : But, celestial maid,
If this thy glorious presence real be,
O let one word of pity raise my soul
From visionary bliss, and make me die
With real joy instead of extasy.

Speak, speak, my destiny, for the same breath
May warm my heart, or cool it into death.

Errn. 'Slife ! he's in one of his old fits again --
Why, what d' you mean, sir ? 'tis Porcia herself.

Cam. I am that maid, who to your virtue owes
Her honour then, and her disquiet since ;
Yet in my pain, I cannot but be pleas'd
To find a passion censur'd in our sex,
Justify'd by so great an obligation.
'Tis true, I blush, yet I must own the fire,
To which both love and gratitude conspire.

Ant. Incomparable creature ! can it be,
That having suffer'd all which mighty love
Did e'er inflict, I now should be repaid
With as full joys as love could ever give ?
Fortune, to make my happiness compleat,
Has join'd her power, and made me find a bride
In a lost mistress, but with this allay,
Of leaving me no means my faith to prove,
Since chance anticipates the pains of love.

Cam. The servant's error has misled the master,
He takes me too for Porcia ; blessed mistake !

Assist me now, artful dissimulation. [*Aside.*

But how can that consist with so much passion ?

'Tis possible the sense of my distress'd
Condition might dispose a noble heart

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To take impressions then, which afterwards
Time, and your second thoughts may have defac'd ;
But can a constant passion be produc'd
From those ideas pity introduc'd ?
Let your tongue speak your heart ; for should y'abuse
me,

I shall in time discover the deceit :
You may paint fire, Antonio, but not heat.

Ant. Madam—

Cam. Hold ; be not too scrupulous, Antonio ;
Let me believe it, though it be not true ;
For the chief happiness poor maids receive,
Is when themselves they happily deceive.

Ant. If, since those conquering eyes I first beheld,
You have not reign'd unrival'd in my heart,
May you despise me now you are my own,
Which is to me all curses summ'd in one.
But may your servant, madam, take the boldness
To ask, if you have ever thought of him ?

Cam. A love so founded in a grateful heart,
Has need of no remembrance, Antonio ;
You know yourself too well ; those of your trade
Have skill to hold, as well as to invade.

Ant. Fortune has lifted me to such a height
Of happiness, that it may turn my brain,
When I look down upon the world.
What have I now to wish but moderation,
To temper and to fix my joys ?

Cam. I yield as little t' you, noble Antonio,
In happiness, as affection ; but still
Porcia must do as may become your bride,
And sister to Don Henrique ; in whose absence
A longer conference must be excus'd ;
Therefore I take the freedom to withdraw.
Should I have staid until Don Henrique came,
His presence would have marr'd my whole design.

[*Aside.*

[*Exit Camilla.*

Ant.

Ant. Where beauty, virtue, and discretion join,
'Tis heaven, methinks, to find that treasure mine.

Enter Henrique.

Hen. Sure, Don Antonio having long ere this
Found out th'infamous flight of my vile sister,
Will be retir'd to meditate revenge
Upon us both—Ah, curse ! he is there still ;
[*He sees him.*]
I'll slip away—But it is now too late,
He has perceiv'd me.

Ant. How, Don Henrique ! avoid your friend, that's
come
So long a journey t'embrace you, and cast
Himself at the feet of your fair sister ?

Hen. Noble Antonio, you may well imagine
The trouble I am in, that you should find
My house in such disorder, so unfit
To receive th' honour of so brave a guest.

Ant. 'Tis true, Don Henrique, I am much surpriz'd
With what I find ; I little did expect
Your sister, Porcia, should have been—

Hen. Oh heavens ! I'm lost, he has discover'd all.

[*Aside.*]

'Tis not, Antonio, in a brother's power
To make a sister of a better paste,
Than heav'n has made her.

Ant. In your case 'specially ; for without doubt,
Heaven never made a more accomplish'd creature.

Hen. What means the man ?

[*Aside.*]

Ant. I come just now from entertaining her,
Whose wit and beauty so excel all those
Of her fair sex, whom I have ever known,
That my description of her would appear
Rather detraction than a just report
Of her perfections.

Hen. Certainly he mocks me ; he never could
Have chosen a worse sufferer of scorn ;

But I will yet contain myself a while,
To see how far he'll drive it. *Aside.*]—Say you, fir,
That you have seen and entertain'd my sister?

Ant. Yes, Don Henrique; and with such full contentment,

So rais'd above expression, that I think
The pains and care of all my former life
Rewarded with excess, in the delight
Of those few minutes of her conversation;
'Tis true, that satisfaction was abridg'd
By her well-weigh'd severity; to give me
A greater pleasure in the contemplation
Of her discreet observance of the rules
Of decency; not suffering me, though now
Her husband, any longer to enjoy
So great a happiness, you not being by.

Hen. I am confounded; but I must dissemble
My astonishment, till I can unfold
The mystery, *Aside.*]—She might have spar'd that caution,
But I suppose you'll easily forgive
An error on the better side.

Ant. Sir, I have seen so much of her perfection
In that short visit, I shall sooner doubt
Our definitions in morality,
Than once suppose her capable of error.

Hen. This exposition makes it more obscure:
I must get him away. *Aside.*] Sir, is't not time
To wait on you to your chamber? It's late,
And I believe you have need of rest.

Ant. I should accept your offer, fir, with thanks,
If I were not oblig'd, as late as 'tis,
To see a friend before I go to bed.

Hen. I'll bear you company, if you'll give me leave.

Ant. I humbly thank you, fir, but can't consent
To give you so much trouble; I'll return
Within an hour at farthest.

Hen. Whene'er you please; y'are wholly master here.

Ant. I never saw a man so discompos'd,

What-

Whate'er the matter is.—

[*Aside.*

Ernesto, I must make a step to see
A friend near hand ; bid Sancho follow me,
And stay you in my chamber till I come.

[*Exeunt Antonio and Ernesto.*]

Hen. Your servant, sir. [*Henrique waits on him to the door.*]
'This sudden fally hence

At this time of the night, newly arriv'd
From a long journey, and not to suffer me
To wait upon him, does embroil me more.
But, now I will not long be in suspense;
I'll to my sister's chamber.

Enter Carlos, as Henrique is going into Porcia's chamber.

Car. Ho ! Don Henrique, come away, all's prepar'd,
Our kinsman the Corrigidor is ready
With a strong band of serjeants, and stays for you.

Hen. Speak softly, Don Antonio is arriv'd,
And some of his may over-hear us.

Car. That's very unlucky ; but does he know Your fister's missing ?

Hen. I think, not yet.

Car. Come let's away ; we have no time to lose.

Hen. Pray stay a while ; I labour with a doubt
Will burst me, if not clear'd before I go.

Car. What cousin ! will you lose an opportunity
Never to be recover'd ? Are you mad ?
Will you permit the villains to escape,
And laugh at us for ever ? Come away.

[He pulls him.

Hen. Well, I must go ; and let him make it out ;
The worst estate of a man life is doubt.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T IV.

SCENE Don Octavio's House.

Enter Octavio angrily pushing Diego, and Porcia following.

Octavio.

VILLAIN, thou hast undone us ; cursed villain,
Where was thy soul ? had fear quite banish'd it,
And left thee not one grain of common sense ?

Por. Was there ever so fatal an accident ?

Oct. Why, traitor, didst thou not let me know it,
As soon as we were come into the house ?

Dieg. What would y'have done, if you had known
it then ?

Oct. I would have sally'd out, and kill'd the rogue,
In whose power thou hast put it to destroy us.
Can it be doubted, but that long ere this
He has acquainted Henrique where we are ?
From whose black rage we must immediately
Expect t'encounter all the worst extremes
Of malice, seconded by seeming justice ;
For the unfortunate are still i' th' wrong.
Curse on all cowards ! better far be serv'd
By fools and knaves : they make less dangerous faults !

Dieg. Am I in fault, because I'm not a cat ?
How could I tell i' th' dark, whether that rascal
Were a knight errant, or a recreant knight ?
I thought him one of us, and true to love ;
Were it not for such accidents as these
That mock man's forecast, sure the destinies
Had ne'er been plac'd amongst the deities.

Oct. Peace, cowardly slave ; having thus plaid the
rogue,

Are you grown sententious ? Did I not fear
To stain my sword with such base blood, I'd let

Thy

'Thy soul out with it at a thousand wounds.

Dieg. Why then a thousand thanks to my base blood,
For saving my good flesh. *[Aside.]*

Oct. Pardon, my dearest mistress, this excess
Of passion in your presence.

Por. What shall we do, Octavio? if we stay here,
We are undone for ever: my brother
Will be instantly upon us. Alas!
My own life I value not, Octavio,
When yours, my better life, such hazard runs;
But O my honour! O my innocence!
Expos'd to scandal; there's my deepest sense.

Oct. Though the complexion of your brother's malice
Resemble hell, it is not black enough
To cast a stain upon your virgin innocence.
Sure two such different branches ne'er did spring
From the same stock; to me 't seems very strange,
Our middle natures, form'd of flesh and blood,
Should have such depths of ill, such heights of good,
An angel sister, and a devil brother.

Por. He's my brother, and I know no defence
For injur'd innocence, but innocence.
Fly, fly, Octavio, leave me to my fate.

Oct. Your kindness, generous maid, confutes itself;
To save my life, you counsel me to fly,
Which is at once to bid me live and die.

Por. What then, for heaven's sake, d'you resolve to
do?

Oct. I must resolve, and suddenly, but what,
I swear I know not, there have been such turns
In my misfortunes, they have made me giddy.

Por. You must determine, time wastes, Octavio.

Oct. Madam, if I should lead you through the streets;
And chance to meet th'officers of justice,
I not daring to avow my person,
For that unlucky accident you know of,
You might, I fear, by that means, be in danger;
We must not venture't—Run, rascal, and fetch
A chair immediately.

Dieg.

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Die. A pretty errand at this time o'th' night !
These chairmen are exceedingly well-natur'd,
Th'are likely to obey a servant's orders
After nine o'clock.

[*Exit Diego.*]

Oct. Ye pow'rs above, why do ye lay so great
A weight on human-nature, and bestow
Such an unequal force to bear our loads ?
After a long pursuit, through all those storms
Which hell-bred malice, or the power of fate
Could ever raise, t'oppress a noble love ;
To be at length possess'd of a rich mine,
Where nature seem'd to have lodged all her treasure,
And in an instant have it ravish'd from me,
Is too rude a trial for my patience
To sustain ; I cannot bear it.

Por. My sense of this misfortune equals yours,
But yet I must conjure you to submit
To the decrees of those who rule above ;
Such resignation may incline their justice
Th' impending mischief to divert ; besides
In human things, there's such vicissitude,
Where hope should end, we hardly can conclude.

Oct. Weak hope the parent is of anxious care,
And more tormenting far, than fix'd despair :
This, makes us turn to new expedients ;
That, languish 'twixt desire and diffidence.

Por. Fortune will blush for shame, when she shall
find
Her best-aim'd darts can never touch your mind.

Oct. Ah, Porcia ! though my mind be far above
The reach of fate, 'tis level unto love ;
Urge it no more ; I'll die a thousand deaths
E'er I'll consent to part with you.

[*Strikes his breast.*]

Por. I shall be always yours, for though we're
forc'd
To separate, yet we are not divorc'd.

Oct. Whilst our souls act by organs of the sense,
'Twixt death and parting there's no difference.

Por.

Por. Consult your reason, then you will comply ;
Making a virtue of necessity.

Oñ. Ah, lovely maid ! 'twas not allow'd to Jove,
To hold at once his reason and his love.

Enter Diego

Die. The chair is come, sir, just as I expected.

Oñ. Where is it ?

Die. Even where it was ; they are deeply engag'd
A las Pintas, and will not leave their game,
They swear, for all the Dons in Seville.

Oñ. A curse upon these rogues ! I'll make 'em
come,
Or make their hearts ake. *[Oñavio runs out.]*

Die. Madam, though I was never yet unkind
To my own person, I am so much troubled
At the disquiet my mistake has brought you,
That could I do't conveniently, i'faith,
I would even cudgel myself.

Por. Away, buffoon, is this a time for fooling ?

Enter Antonio and Sancho.

Ant. Where is my noble friend, Oñavio ?

Die. Did you not meet him at the door, sir ?

Ant. No.

Die. He went out, sir, just as you came in.

Ant. Madam, I might have gone to bed, but not

[Addresses herself to Porcia.]

To rest, without returning to enquire
Of yours, and of my noble friend's condition ;
And once more to offer you my service.

Por. I take the boldness, in Oñavio's absence,
To return his, with my most humble thanks,
For your late generous assistance of us,
And for this new addition to our debt,

Ant. Tho' I have not th' honour to be known
t'you,
The service of your sex in their distresses

Is the first vow of those of our profession ;
 And my constant friendship for Octavio
 Is of so old a date, that all occasions,
 By which I may express the fervour of it,
 Are most welcome to me.

Enter Flora in great haste.

Flor. O madam—I'm out of breath with running.

Por. What accident, Flora, brings you hither ?

Flor. A sad one, madam, and requiring haste,
 To give you timely notice on't—Don Carlos,
 Assisted by the light o'th' rising moon,
 And by a mistake of some of your train,
 Has trac'd you to this house, and in my hearing
 Inform'd your brother of the place, and manner
 Of your retreat ; who is now coming hither
 Accompany'd with the Corrigidor,
 To seize on whomsoever shall be found
 Within these walls, upon pretence of murder.

Por. Oh cruel accident !

Flor. Madam, make haste, get out of the back door,
 Or you will certainly be met with.

Por. How vile a creature am I now become !
 For though in my own innocence secure,
 To the censorious world, who like false glasses
 Mingling their own irregular figures,
 Misreflect the object, I shall appear
 Some sinful woman, sold to infamy.

Ant. Your own clear mind's the glass, which to your-
 self

Reflects yourself ; and trust me, madam,
 W'are only happy then, when all our joys
 Flow from ourselves, not from the people's voice.

Flor. Madam, they'll instantly be here.

Por. Oh that Octavio should just now be absent !
 But to expect till he return were madness.

Ant. Y'have reason, madam, and if you dare trust
 Your person to the conduct of a stranger,

Upon

Upon my honour, lady, I'll secure you,
Or perish in th' attempt.

Por. Generous sir, how shall a wretched maid,
Abandon'd by her fate to the pursuit
Of an inhuman brother, e'er be able
Either to merit, or requite your favours?

Ant. I am th' oblig'd, if rightly understood,
Being o'erpaid by th' joy of doing good.

Por. Sir, I resign myself to your protection,
With equal gratitude and confidence.

Ant. Come, madam, we must lose no time—
Diego, find out your master presently,
And tell him, that the danger not allowing
Our stay till his return, I shall convey
His mistress safely to a nunnery.

Por. And, Flora, stay you here to bring me word,
What he resolves to do in this our desperate
Condition. *[Exit Diego.]*

Flor. Madam, I shall.

Ant. But stay—I swear I'd like to have committed
[Going out, returns.]

A foul mistake ; the monastery gates
Will not be open'd at this time o'th night,
Without a strict enquiry into the cause ;
Besides, 'tis possible, that once lodg'd there,
She may be out of my friend's power, or mine,
Ever to get her thence, if it be known.

It must not be—I have thought better on't :
[He pauses and thinks.]

I will convey you to my brother-in-law's,
A person of such quality and honour,
As may protect and serve you with his credit :
And there my wife may have the happiness
T' accompany you, and pay the offices
Due to your virtue and distress'd condition :
And going to a house that's so much mine,
Make account, madam, 'tis to your own home.
Sancho, stay you here, to attend Octavio,

[Turning to Sancho.]
And

And guide her the next way to my apartment;
Here is the key; I shall have little use on't,
Having Ernesto waiting for me there.

One word more, Sancho, let Octavio know
'Tis my advice, that he come in a chair;
He, by that means may possibly escape
Examination, if he should be met with.

Por. Flora, I pray do you continue here,
And if by any accident Octavio
Should be hinder'd from coming after us,
Observe his motions well, and where he fixes;
Then return home, and I shall find some way
Of sending to you, to inform myself.

Flor. I shall not fail t'observe your orders, madam.

Ant. Madam, I am ready to attend you.

Por. Ah, cruel brother! ah, my dear Octavio!
How am I tortur'd betwixt love and hate!

Ant. W'had better suffer than deserve our fate.

[*Ex. Ant. and Por.*]

Sanch. 'Tis no small compliment my master makes
Your lady, and her gallant, at this time
O'th' night to quit his brother-in-law's, and leave
So fair a bride as Porcia all alone.

Flor. What, is his mistress's name Porcia too?

Sanch. Yes; and if she has as fair a hand-maid
As yourself, I shall soon forget my damsels
In the Low-Countries.

Flor. If your Low-Country damsels resemble us,
You would not be put to't to forget first.
But I believe that you are safe enough;
I have not heard such praises of their wit,
But that we may suppose they have good memories.

Enter Diego.

Die. Is not my master yet return'd?

Flor. No.

Die. Well; now have we an honourable cause
To wear the Beadle's livery; faith, Flora,

If your tender sex had not been privileg'd
From this harsh discipline, how prettily
Would the Beadle's crimson lace show upon
Your white back !

Flor. 'Twon't do so well as on a darker ground ;
'Twill suit much better with your tawny hide.

Sanch. I pray, camerade, is it the mode in Seville
To be whipp'd for company ?

Die. Oh, sir, a well-bred soldier will ne'er refuse
Such a civility to an old friend ;
This is a new way of being a second,
To shew your passive courage.

Sanch. We soldiers do not use to shew our backs.

Die. Not to your enemies ; but, sir, the Beadle
Will prove your friend, for your blood being heated
With riding post, the breathing of a vein
Is very requisite.

Sanch. Would t' heaven that I were i'the camp
again ;
There we are never stripp'd till we are dead.

Enter Octavio, and the Chairmen appear at the door.

Oct. Be sure you stir not thence till I return.

[*To the Chairmen.*]

Sirrah, where's Porcia ?

Die. She's fled away i'th' dark, with a young man
Of your acquaintance.

Oct. Rascal, leave your fooling.

Die. There's none i'th' case, sir, 'tis the wisest thing
She ever did ; had she staid your return,
She would have fallen into those very clutches,
In which you will immediately be grip'd,
Unless you make more haste ; Flora is come
With all the speed she could, to let you know
Th'are coming with the justice, to lay hold
Of all within this house ; pray be quick, sir,
And save yourself. She's safe in a nunnery ;
Conducted thither by Antonio.

Oct.

Oat. Peace, screech-owl ; fire consume that tongue of thine.

What say'st thou, villain ! in a nunnery ?
 Porcia in a nunnery ? O heavens ! nothing
 But this was wanting to make me desperate ;
 What hope's there left ever to get her thence,
 After such accidents as these made publick ?
 Ah, Flora, is it true that my dear Porcia
 Is gone into a nunnery ?

Flor. Once, sir, 'twas so resolv'd, and Diego sent
 To give you notice on't ; but afterwards,
 He being gone, they chang'd their resolutions :
 There's one can tell you more— [Pointing to *San.*

San. My master bade me stay, to let you know
 He has convey'd her to his own apartment,
 In his brother-in-law's house, a person
 So eminent in quality and credit,
 That the imagining him in her and your
 Protection, sir, may much avail ye both ;
 Besides, she'll have the satisfaction there
 Of being treated by my master's bride.
 There he'll expect you, and advises you
 To come in a chair, to avoid questioning
 In case of any encounter.

Oat. I'll take his counsel, he's a generous friend.
 Come, Chairmen, away : pray, friend, do you guide us.
 [To *San.*

Die. Up with your burden, beasts, and fall forthwith
 To your half-trot. [Exeunt.

[The chair is carried over the stage ; Diego, Sancho, and Flora follow.

[A noise within, Follow, follow, follow.

Enter Carlos, the Corrigidor, and Serjeants, pursuing Sancho, Flora, and Diego.

Die. This is one of Don Cupid's pretty jests ;
 We're struck upon a shelf before we could
 Put out to sea.

Car.

Car. You find, fir, my conjecture's not ill-grounded.

[*To the Corrigidor.*]

Corrig. What are you, firrah?

Die. A living creature, very like a man,

Only I want a heart.

Corrig. Y'are pleasant, fir, pray heaven your mirth continue.

Who is that woman with the veil?

Die. Let her answer for herself, sh' has a tongue;

Set it but once a going, and she'll tell

All that she knows, and more.

Corrig. Make her uncover her face.

[*One of the Serjeants goes to lift up her veil.*]

Car. Hold friend—Cousin, if it should be Porcia,

[*Turning to the Corrig.*]

It were not fit to expose her here.

Corrig. 'Tis very well consider'd; go you to her,
And speak to her in private.

[*Carlos goes towards Flora.*]

Flor. 'Tis I, fir, Flora, who being commanded
By my lady——

Car. Speak softly pr'ythee, Flora, 'tis enough;
I understand the rest, and pity her;
Bid her sit still i'th' chair, I'll do my best
To save her from dishonour.

Flor. He thinks 'tis Porcia there; a good mistake;
It may secure Octavio from the hands
Of this rude rabble.

[*Aside.*]

They take you for my mistress, fir, sit still,

[*To Octavio in the chair.*]

I'll follow the chair, and watch all occasions
To further your escape.

Car. We have found our wand'ring nymph, fir.

Corrig. Was it Porcia?

Car. No, fir, 'twas her waiting-woman, Flora,
Following the chair, wherein they were conveying
Her lady to some other place.

Corrig. We arriv'd luckily; had we but staid
A moment longer, they had all been fled.

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Ser. Will you have us see, fir, who's i'th' chair?

Corrig. Forbear, fellow!

Her own folly is punishment enough *[To Carlos.]*
T' a woman of her quality, without
Our adding that of publick shame.

Car. 'Twas happily thought on, when you oblig'd
Don Henrique to expect us at your house;
For had he come, and found his sister here,
'T had been impossible to have restrain'd
His passion from some great extravagance.

Corrig. I cou'd not think it fit to let him come;
For one of such a spirit would ne'er brook
The sight of those had done him these affronts.
And's better that a business of this nature,
Especially 'twixt persons of such quality,
Should be compos'd, if it were possible,
By th' mediation of some chosen friends,
Than brought t' a publick trial of the law;
Or, which is worse, some barbarous revenge.

Car. This fellow (if I am not mistaken)

[Looking upon Diego.]

Is Don Octavio's man.

Corrig. Who do you belong to, friend?

Die. To no body, fir.

Corrig. Do not you serve?

Die. Yes, fir, but my master is not himself.

Corrig. Take his sword from him, Serjeant.

[The Serjeant goes to take away his sword.]

Die. Diego disarm'd, by any other hand
Than by his own? know friend, it is a weapon
Of such dire execution, that I dare not
Give it up, but to the hands of justice.

[The Corrigider receives the sword, and gives it to the hands of his Serjeants.]

Pray call for't, fir, as soon as you come home,
And hang't up in your hall, then under-write,
This is bold Diego's sword; O may it be
Ever from rust, as 'tis from slaughter free.

Corrig. Thou art a fellow of a pleasant humour.

Dieg.

Die. Faith, sir, I never pain myself for love,
Or fame, or riches ; nor do I pretend
To that great subtilty of sense, to feel
Before I'm hurt, and for the most part
I keep myself out of harm's way.

Car. The definition of a philosopher.

Corrig. Come, leave your fooling, firrah, where's
your master ?

Die. The only way to leave my fooling, sir,
Is to leave my master ; for without doubt
Whoever has but the least grain of wit,
Would never serve a lover militant ;
He had better wait upon a mountebank,
And be run through the body twice a week,
To recommend his balsam.

Corrig. This fellow is an original.

Die. But of so ill a hand, I am not worth
The hanging up, sir, in my master's room,
Amongst the worst of your collection.

Enter Serjeants with two Footmen, and two Maid-Servants.

Serj. An't please your worship, we have search'd the
house,
From the cellars to the garrets, and these
Are all the living cattle we can find.

Corrig. Friends, take a special care of that same
varlet,
And the waiting-woman ; we'll find a way
To make them tell the truth, I warrant you.

Flor. O Diego ! must we be prisoners together ?

Die. Why, that's not so bad as the bands of wedlock,
Flora.

Corrig. Come, let's away ; but whether to convey
her——
To her own house, certainly were not fit,
Because of her incensed brother.

Car.

Car. If you approve on't, cousin, I'll carry her
To mine ; for since we seek (if possible)
To compose the business, she will be there
With much more decency and satisfaction ;
Being in a kinsman's house, and where she'll have
My sister to accompany her.

Corrig. This business cannot be in better hands
Than yours ; and there I'll leave it, and bid you
Good-night.

Car. Your servant, cousin, I wish you well at
home.
You may be pleas'd to take your Serjeants with you ;
[*As the Corrigidor goes out.*
There are without two servants of Don Henrique's,
They'll be enough to guard our prisoners,
And with less notice.

Corrig. Come, Serjeants, follow me.

Car. Well, ye may go about your business, friends.
[*To the Footmen and Maids.*
I am glad we did not find Octavio here ;
For though I might justly pretend ignorance,
I would not have him suffer, though by chance.

[*Ex. Servants.*
San. Well, I am now sufficiently instructed,
And since there is no notice ta'en of me,
I'll fairly steal away, and give my master
An account of this misfortune. [Exit Sancho.

Car. Take up the chair and follow me.

[*They take up the chair.*
Die. A lovely dame they bear ; 'tis true, she's some-
thing

Hairy about the chin, but that, they say,'s
A sign of strength : it tickles me to think
How like an ass he'll look, when op'ning the shell,
His worship finds within so rough a kernel.

Exeunt.

SCENE changes to Don Antonio's apartment in Don Henrique's house.

Enter Antonio and Porcia.

Ant. Madam, banish your fear, you are now safe
Within these walls ; be pleas'd to remain here,
Till I shall bring some lights, and acquaint Porcia
With th' honour she'll receive in entertaining
So fair a guest.

Por. Who is't, you say, you will advertise, sir ?

Ant. My wife Porcia ; have but a little patience,
And she'll attend you, madam. *[Exit Antonio.*

Por. Is her name Porcia too ? Pray heaven send her
A better fate than her distressed namesake.
But whither am I brought ? What house is this ?
What with my fears, and darkness of the night,
I have lost all my measures, I can't guess
What quarter of the town it is w'are in ;
For to avoid the meeting with my brother,
And his revengeful train, we have been forc'd
To make so many turnings, I am giddy.
But, thanks to providence, I have this comfort,
That, now, I'm in a place out of his reach.

Enter Antonio with two lights, and sets them on the table.

Ant. Madam, my wife will suddenly attend you ;
Pardon, I pray, my absence for a moment.

[Exit Antonio.

Por. Now I begin to hope my sighs and tears
Have in some measure with just heaven prevail'd
At length to free me—But what do I see !

[Looking about her she starts.

Am I awake, or is it an illusion ?
Bless me, is not this my brother's house ? this

The quarter joining to my own apartment ?
 There is no room for doubt, and my misfortunes
 Are always certain, and without redress.
 Unerring powers, arbiters of fate,
 Teach me my crimes, and how to expiate
 Your wrath : Alas, I know not what I have done,
 To merit this continued persecution !
 But how came I here ? brought by Octavio's friend,
 One, on whose virtue I did so rely,
 That I my brother's malice durst defy.
 Can he betray me ? sure I'm in a dream.
 But if Octavio—O vile suspicion !
 Octavio false ? No, truth and he are one.
 'Tis possible his friend may guilty be ;
 But to what end so base a treachery ?
 And if perfidious, how could he be his friend ?
 I am confounded with the various forms
 Of my misfortunes, heightned still the more,
 The less I can their hidden cause explore.
 This only's evident, that I must fly
 Immediately this fatal place. But why
 Struggle I thus with fate ? since go or stay,
 Death seems alike to wait me every way.

[*She weeps.*]

Enter Antonio and Camilla.

Cam. I wonder much what lady this can be
 Antonio mentions. [*Aside.*]

Ant. Pardon, I beseech you, madam, the liberty
 Which I so early take ; but I presume
 Such is your generous tenderness to those
 Whose spiteful fortunes, not their fault, has brought
 Into distress, that you will think yourself
 Oblig'd to him, who gives you the occasion
 T'exercise those virtues which only visit
 Others, but reside with you.—This fair lady—
 But she will best relate her own sad story,
 Whilst I seek out Don Henrique, and engage him
T'employ

T'employ his power and int'rest for her service.

[*Exit Antonio.*]

[*Upon Camilla's approach Porcia takes the handkerchief from her eyes.*]

Cam. Ha! what's that I see? Stay, stay, Antonio.

[*She runs after Antonio.*]

It is not fit Don Henrique—but he's gone,
And we are lost for ever.

Por. O heavens! is this Antonio, the same man
To whom I am betroth'd? then my destruction
Is inevitable.

Cam. Are you an apparition? or are you
Porcia herself? speak, that when y'have said it thrice,
I may not yet believe you.

Por. You well may doubt even what you see, Ca-
milla,

Since my disasters are so new and strange,
They sever truth from credibility.

Cam. How is it possible you should be here?

Por. I know not how; only of this I'm sure,
I have not long to expect the dismal end
Of my sad tragedy; since 'tis evident,
The person that hath led me to this place,
This fatal place, is the abus'd Antonio;
Who has conspir'd with my unnatural brother
To take away my wretched life, and chose
This scene as fittest for their cruelty.
And thus, strange fate! (through ignorance betray'd)
I have sought protection from the same party
Whom I have injur'd; and have made my husband
Th' only confident of his own affront;
Who to accomplish his too just revenge,
As well upon my family as person,
Gives me up to be murder'd by my brother.
So, whilst I'm branded as a faithless bride,
He'll be detested as a parricide.

Cam. Prodigious accident! but wer't thou blind
Not to know thine own house, unhappy Porcia?

Por. Alas, how could I, in so dark a night,
In such confusion, and so full of fear ? -
Besides, he brought me in by the back-way,
Through his own quarter, where was neither light,
Nor any creature of the family.

Cam. Although I cannot comprehend the steps
Of this your strange adventure, yet, dear cousin,
Your case, as I conceive, is not so desperate.

For. We easily persuade our selves to hope
The things we wish.

But, cousin, my condition
Will not admit self-flattery, and what
Can you propose to temper my despair ?

Cam. Don't you remember, how this afternoon
Antonio's man finding me in your quarter
Without a vail, you having put on mine,
That he applied himself to me, and I,
By your command, assum'd your person ?

For. Yes, very well.

Cam. The master since has by the man's mistake
Been happily led into the same error :
I have not disabus'd him yet, in hopes
It might produce advantage to us both.

Por. Oh ! he has spoken with my brother since,
Who sure has undeceiv'd him long ere this.
No, without doubt, they having found themselves
Affronted both, have both conspir'd my death.

Cam. How, cousin, can that be, if Don Antonio
Has engag'd himself in your protection,
And is Octavio's friend ?

Por. Cousin, if you impartially reflect
On the affront which I have done Antonio,
You will not wonder much, if he recede
From the scarce-trodden path of rigid honour,
To meet with his revenge ; and to that end
Proceeds thus cautelously ; still pretending
He knows not me ; that he may not disavow
Both to Octavio and to all the world
Th' infamy of betraying a poor maid

To loss of life and honour.

Cam. Misfortunes make you rave ; this vile suspicion
Is inconsistent with Antonio's fame ;
You may as well believe, that nature will
Reverse the order of the whole creation,
As that Antonio, a man whose soul
Is of so strong and perfect a complexion,
Should ere descend to such a slavish sin.

[Spoken with heat.

And if we had the leisure, I could give you
Such reasons to convince you of your error,
That you would both acknowledge and repent it.

Por. Alas ! I had forgot her near concerns
For Antonio. *Aside.*] Pardon and pity me, Camilla ;
My mind is so distracted by afflictions,
I know not what I shou'd, or shou'd not fear.

Cam. I pity thee with all my heart ; but, cousin,
If Antonio, not knowing you, nor your
Relations, should chance to find your brother,
And tell him unawares all that has pass'd,
And that has brought the distress'd party hither ;
He'll presently imagine it is you ;
And then, I fear, 'twill be impossible
(Though he should interpose with all his power)
To stop the torrent, or divert his rage
From breaking in, and executing on us
That horrid parricide, which, though too late,
It may be he himself would execrate.

Por. There's too much ground for what you fear,
Camilla ;
But if I could secure myself this night,
'Tis very possible, that to-morrow
We might engage Antonio and your brother
To find out some expedient to relieve me.

Cam. Were you only in pain for your security
This night, I know an easy remedy
For that.

Por. Which way, my dearest ?

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Cam. Why, what does hinder us from making use,
On this occasion, of the secret door,
By which, you know, you have so often pass'd
Into your house, upon more pleasing errands ?
By this we shall obtain these benefits,
Safety from your brother's present fury,
And time to try if Carlos and Antonio
May be engag'd to mediate in this business.
And I have cause to think you will not find
Antonio so implacable as you
Imagine.

Por. I conceive you, cousin : fool that I was,
To think a heart once conquer'd by your eyes,
Should e'er become another virgin's prize !

Enter Antonio.

Ant. So late ! a guest in's house ! that's come so far !
On such a business ! and not yet come home !
There's something in't I cannot comprehend. [*Aside.*
Madam, I ha'n't as yet found out your brother,
but sure it will not be long ere he return ;
then I'll acquaint him with the accident
has made his house this lady's sanctuary.

Por. Here is a glimpse of comfort, for I see
He takes my cousin for Don Henrique's sister. [*Aside.*
O bless'd mistake, so luckily continu'd !

Cam. I am, by his permission, mistress here,
And since that I am pleas'd, sir, 'tis enough,
Without our troubling him with the account
of her sad story.

Ant. True, madam, as to her reception here ;
But yet 'twere very fit he knew it too,
That we might serve ourselves of his advice
And credit, for this lady's service.

Enter Henrique.

Hen. Though I did promise the Corrigidor

Not

Not to stir from his house till his return,
 Yet I could not obtain it of myself. [*Aside.*
 I'm so impatient to unfold the riddle
 Of Don Antonio's seeing of my sister,
 And entertaining her in her own lodgings ;
 I shall not now be long i'th'dark.—O heavens ! [*He sees*
 'Tis she herself, and Camilla with her : [*her.*
 Were all my servants mad ; or all agreed
 T'abuse me in affirming she was fled ?
 But Don Carlos, was he mad too, to swear
 That he had trac'd her to another house ?
 Certainly I or they must be possess'd ;
 Or some enchantment reigns within these walls.

Ant. O here comes Don Henrique, now I'll acquaint
 him

With your sad story, madam.

Cam. I fear we are undone.

Ant. Don Henrique—

Por. I'm dead if he proceed, but how to hinder
 him—

Ant. Here's a lady with your sister Porcia ———

Hen. Yes, sir, I see who 'tis.

Ant. Since you know her, sir, you will the easier
 Excuse my boldness

Hen. Boldness ! in what sir ?

Ant. To have been th' occasion of your finding her
 Here, with your sister, at this time o'th' night.

Hen. Lord, sir, what do you mean ?

Ant. There was in truth such a necessity in it,
 'That 'twill, I hope, excuse my humble suit to you
 In her's and my behalf.

Por. Now all comes out.

Hen. I understand you, sir, she does desire
 To pass this night with Porcia to assist her
 In th' ordering of her nuptial ceremonies :
 Let her stay a god's name.

Por. If he does not dissemble, my condition
 Is not so desperate as I imagin'd. [*Aside.*
Ant.

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Ant. I hope you'll pardon this great liberty ;
So early a confidence will need it, fir.

Hen. 'Tis more than enough, that you desire it ;
Th' occasion too does justify her stay.

Ant. 'Tis most true, fir, th'occasion did inforce me
Thus boldly to presume upon your friendship,

Hen. Ha'done for heavens sake ; is it a novelty,
Think you, for Porcia and her cousin-german
To pass a night together ?

Ant. Is she so near a kinswoman of his ?
Strange inadvertence in her, not to tell me
Her relation to him, when I nam'd him first.
I'd made fine work on't, had I told him all.

Hen. She knows I owe her many a good turn
Upon Octavio's score, and hope ere long
To be able to repay her to the full.

*[Looking on the ladies, and spoken aside, that
Antonio might not hear him.]*

Por. Can he declare his mind in plainer terms ?

Cam. I cannot tell which of us two he means,
These words may be applied to either of us,
But I begin to fear that he knows all.

Hen. Since 'tis so late, pray give the ladies leave
To retire to their chambers ; go in, sister.

Ant. My brother's words and his behaviour
Imply some mystery ; but I must be silent
Till I discover more.

[Aside.]

Por. Let us be gone, w'are lost if we stay here ;
I'm confident he counterfeits this calm
To cover his revenge, until Antonio
And the rest of the house are gone to bed.

Cam. But we shall ne'er be able to get out,
Whilst they continue in the outward rooms.

Por. Yes, by the garden door, but I'm afraid
'Tis shut.

Cam. No, now I think on't, Flora went that way,
And left it open.

Por.

Por. Come, let's be gone; I hope heaven will ordain Ease by that door, which first let in my pain.

[*Exeunt Porcia and Camilla.*]

Ant. I'll only make a step, fir, to my chamber, And then return to you immediately.

Hen. Pray, fir, give me leave to wait on you.

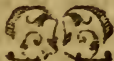
Ant. I humbly thank you, fir, I know the way, And shall not stay above a moment from you.

Hen. What you please, fir, you command here.

Ant. I'll now go see whether my servant Sancho Has brought Octavio to my lodgings, As I directed him.

[*Exit Antonio.*]

Hen. Heavens! was there ever so strange a mystery! Don Carlos he affirm'd that those we fought with Had convey'd Porcia away; and when I come To seek her in the house, I find her missing; To second this, her waiting-woman, Flora, Tells me that she went down, about that time, Into the garden; Antonio not long after, Affirms that he both saw and entertain'd her In her own apartment, where I now find her, And Camilla with her: What can this be? These sure are riddles to pose an Oedipus; But if, by my own sense, I am assur'd My honour's safe, which was so much in doubt; What matter is it how 'tis brought about?



A C T V.

SCENE Don Carlos's house.

Enter Diego, Flora, and Pedro accompanying the chair, groping as i' th' dark.

Pedro.

DAME Flora, and Signior Diego, go in there.
And you, my friends, set down the chair, and let
The lady out : go, there's money for you.
I'll go fetch a candle.

[Diego and Flora go in, and the chair being set in the door, Octavio goes out into the room ; Pedro claps-to the door, and goes away.]

Enter Octavio, Diego, Flora, at another door.

Oct. What ! put in all alone here i' th' dark,
[Groping as in the dark.]

And the door shut upon me ! Diego, Flora.

Dieg. Here am I, sir, and mistress Flora too,
Unless my sense of feeling fails me.

Oct. I can't conjecture where we are ; I durst not
So much as peep out of the chair, since Flora
Gave me the warning ; but where'er I am,
'Tis better far than in the serjeants hands.

Flor. Though now i' th' dark, I know well where
we are ;

I have too often walk'd the streets, Octavio,
From your house hither, upon Cupid's errands,
Not to know the back-door of Carlos his
Apartment, 'tis there I am sure w'are now.

Oct.

Ost. Curse on thee, Flora! had'st thou lost thy wits,
Not to let me know it sooner?

Dieg. A gypsy told me by my palm, long since,
A fowre-fac'd damsel should be my undoing.

Flor. Suspend a while your apprehensions, sir;
You may escape before the candles come;
The door was wont to open on this side;
If not, I have another way in store.

[*Ostasio goes to the door.*]

Ost. Flora, I cannot make the lock go back.

[*Pedro unlocks it on the other side, and coming in with a candle, meets with Ostasio, and starting back and stumbling, lets the candle fall, then running out again, double-locks the door.*]

Dieg. Nay then, 'faith w'are fast; I heard him give
The key a double turn. [*Diego takes up the candle.*]
Here's a fair trial for your maiden breath;
Flora, blow't in again, let's owe your mouth
More light, than yet your eyes could e'er impart.

Flor. Light's cast away on such an owl as you;
But yet I'll try. [*Flora blows the candle in.*]

Dieg. Thanks, gentle Flora, to your virgin-puff;
'Tis a strong breath, that can o'ercome a snuff. [*Aside.*]
But I had rather't had been let alone:
If I must needs be kill'd, unless it were
Behind my back, I'd have it i' the dark;
For I hate to be kill'd in my own presence.

Ost. What must we do, Flora? all my hope's in you.

Flor. W'have yet some room for hope; there's a
back-stairs

Beyond that inner chamber, which goes down
Into the garden; if the door be open,
As certainly it is, the way is easy.

Ost. Come, let's lose no time; pr'ythee guide us,
Flora. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to Don Henrique's house.

Enter Don Henrique.

Hen. As well pleas'd as I am, to find my honour
Less desperate than I thought, I cannot rest
Till I have drawn from Porcia a confession
Of the whole truth, before she goes to bed ;
She's in her chamber now, unless by new
Enchantments carried thence.

As he is going towards Porcia's chamber,

Enter Carlos in haste

Car. I can't imagine what should make Don Henrique

Quit the Corrigidor's till we return'd :
One of his servants tells me he's come home.
O here he is—Now shall I raise a storm,
Which (if we do not take a special care)
Will scarce b'allay'd without a shower of blood ;
Yet I must ventur't, since it so imports
Our friendship and the honour of our house.

[Aside.

Happiness is such a stranger to mankind,

[Addressing to Henrique.

That like to forc'd motion it is ever strongest
At the first setting out, then languishing
With time, grows weary of our company ;
But to misfortunes we so subject are,
That like to natural motion they acquire
More force in their progression.

Hen. What means this philosophical preamble ?

Car. You'll know too soon, I fear.

Hen. Don Carlos, I am now so well recover'd
From all m'inquietudes, that for the future
I dare defy the malice of my stars,
To cause a new relapse into dis temper.

Car.

Car. Cousin, I'm much surpriz'd with this great change;

But since y'are such a master of your passions,
I'll spare my ethicks, and proceed to give you
In short the narrative of our success.

Our worthy kinsman the Corrigidor,
Forward to serve you in th' affair I mention'd,
Was pleas'd to go along with me in person,
With a strong band of serjeants, to the place
Where I, attended by your servants, led him.

Cousin, 'twas there;—(it wounds my heart to speak it;
And I conjure you summon all your patience—)
'Twas there I found——

Hen. Whom, cousin, did you find? for since I'm sure
You found not Porcia there, my concernments
In your discoveries are not very likely
To discompose me.

Car. I would to heaven we had not found her there.

Hen. What's that you say, Don Carlos? My sister
there!

Car. Yes, sir, your sister.

Hen. My sister? that's good i'faith; ha, ha, ha.

Car. Why do you laugh? Is the dishonour of
Our family become a laughing matter?
This is a worse extream, methinks than t'other.

Hen. How can I chuse but laugh, to see you dream?
Awake, for heavens sake; and recall your senses.
Porcia there, said you?

Car. Yes, sir, Porcia I say; your sister Porcia;
And which is more, 'twas in Octavio's house.

Hen. Why sure y'are not in earnest, cousin.

Car. As sure as y'are alive I found her there.

Hen. Then you transport me, sir, beyond all patience:
Why, cousin, if she has been still at home,
Antonio seen, and entertain'd her here,
Accompany'd by Camilla; if even now
I left them there within; is't possible
You should have found her in Octavio's house?
To be here, and there too at the same time,

None

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None sure but Janus with his double face
Can e'er unfold this mystery.

Car. Let me advise you, abuse not yourself ;
I tell you positively I found her there :
And by the same token, her waiting woman
Flora was there attending her.

Hen. Flora ? dear cousin, do not still persist
Thus to affirm impossibilities.

Car. Sure you are making some experiment
Upon my temper, and would fain provoke
My patience to some such high disorder,
That I should ne'er hereafter have the face,
When you are in your fits, to play the stoick.

Hen. Cousin, I swear to you upon my honour,
'Tis not above a quarter of an hour
Since I did speak with Porcia and your sister,
In that very apartment, and am now
Returning to them in my sister's chamber.

Car. And, sir, I swear to you upon my honour,
'Tis not above a quarter of an hour
Since I left Porcia carrying in a chair
From Don Octavio's house, and your man Pedro
Leading the chair-men to mine, and follow'd
By Flora, whilst I came to find you out,
To acquaint you with this unpleasing news ;
But fit for you to know as soon as might be.

Hen. This question, cousin, may be soon decided ;
Pray come along, her chamber's not far off.

Car. And my house but the next door, let's go thi-
ther.

Hen. You'll quickly find your error, cousin.

Car. And you'll as soon be undeceiv'd—but stay,
Here comes your servant, whom I left to guard her ;
He'll instantly convince you of the truth.

Enter Pedro.

Ped. O sir !——

Hen. What brings you hither, Pedro ?

Ped.

Ped. Give me my albricias ; fir, I bring you
The rarest news, your enemy Octavio—
I'm quite out of breath——

Hen. What does the varlet mean ?

Ped. Sir, I suppose Don Carlos has inform'd you,
That he left me to see your sifter Porcia,
With Flora and Diego, Octavio's man,
Safely convey'd t'his house.

Car. See now, Don Henrique, who was i'the right.

Ped. I did as he commanded me, and put them
All three into Don Carlos's anti-chamber,
Porcia in the same chair, which brought her thither ;
And for more safety double-lock'd the door,
Whilst I went down in haste to fetch some candles.

Hen. As sure as death this madness is infectious ;
My man is now in one of Carlos's fits.

Ped. Returning with some lights a moment after,
I no sooner open'd the door, but heavens !
Who should I see, there, standing just before me,
In the self-same place where I left Porcia,
But Octavio, your enemy Octavio.

Hen. Here is some witch-craft, sure ; what can this
mean ?

Ped. Amaz'd at this sight, I let the candle fall ;
And clap'd the door to, then double-lock'd it,
And brought away the key.

Car. But how could he get in, if you be sure
You lock'd the door, when you went out for lights ?

Ped. I know not whether he was there before,
Or got in after ; but of this I'm sure
That there I have him now, and safe enough.

Hen. Let's not, Don Carlos, now perplex ourselves
With needless circumstances, when, and how ;
Those queries are too phlegmatic for me ;
If the beast be i'th' toil, it is enough ;
Let us go seize him ; for he must die.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Pray, brother, what unhappy man is he,
Whom you so positively doom to death?
I have a sword to serve you, in all occasions
Worthy of you and me.

Hen. His intervening, Carlos, is unlucky;
How shall we behave ourselves towards him
In this business, so unfit for his knowledge?

Car. Cousin, you should consider with yourself,

[Carlos draws Henrique aside.

What answer to return him; he's not a man
To be put off with any slight pretences;
Nor yet to be engag'd in such an action,
As bears th' appearance rather of brutality
Than true honour; you know, Antonio needs
No fresh occasions to support his name:
Who dangers seek, are indigent of fame.

Hen. I beg your patience, sir, but for one word
With this gentleman, my friend.

[Henrique addresses himself to Antonio.

Ant. I'll attend your leisure.

I find my coming has disorder'd 'em, *[Aside.*
There's something they would fain conceal from me;
All here is discompos'd, what e'er's the matter.

Hen. I am a rogue if I know what to do.

Car. Since the event's so dangerous and doubtful,
'Tis best, in my opinion, sir, to temporize.

Hen. How easily men get the name of wise!
To fear t'engage, is call'd to temporize:
Sure fear and courage cannot be the same,
Yet th'are confounded by a specious name;
And I must tamely suffer, because fools
Are rul'd by nice distinctions of the schools.
How I hate such cold complexions! *[H. stamps.*

Car. Why so transported? as if vehemence
Were for your passion an approv'd defence.

Hen. Who condemns passions, nature he arraigns.

Car.

Car. Th'are useful succors, when they serve in chains ;
But he who throws the bridle on their necks,
From a good cause, will produce ill effects.

Hen. Be th'effects what they will, I am resolv'd.
I doubt not of your kind concurrence, fir,

[*Addressing to Antonio.*

In all the near concernments of a person
Ally'd to you, as I am ; but, noble brother,
It were against the laws of hospitality
And civil breeding, to engage a guest
(Newly arriv'd after so long a journey)
In an occasion where there may be danger.

Ant. If such be the occasion, I must then
Acquaint you freely, that I wear a sword,
Which must not be excluded from your service ;
I'm sure you are too noble to employ yours
In any cause not justify'd by honour.

Hen. Though with regret, I see, fir, I must yield
To your excess of generosity ;
This only I shall say, to satisfy
Your just reflections ; that my resentments
Are grounded on affronts of such a nature,
That as nothing but the offender's life
Can e'er repair 'em ; so as to the forms
Of taking my revenge, they can't admit
Of the least scruple.

Ant. Honour's my standard, and 'tis true, that I
Had rather fall, than blush for victory ;
But you are such a judge of honour's laws,
That 'twere injurious to suspect your cause.
Allow me, fir, th'honour to lead the way.

[*Exeunt Antonio and Henrique.*

Car. If Porcia be there too (as I believe)
'Twill prove, I fear, a fatal tragedy ;
But should she not be there, yet 'tis too much
For such a heart as mine through ignorance
To have betray'd a gentleman, though faulty,
Into such cruel hands ; I must go with them ;

But

But so resolv'd, as in this bloody strife,
I'll salve my honour, or I'll lose my life. [Exit Carl.]

SCENE changes to Don Carlos's House.

Enter Otharvio, Diego, and Flora with a candle.

Flor. O th' unluckiness ! I vow t' you, fir,
I have scarce known that door e'er lock'd before.

Oth. There's no remedy, Flora, I am now
At the mercy of my enemies.

Dieg. Having broken into another's ground,
'Tis just, i'faith, you should be put i'th' pound.

Oth. The tide of my ill fate is swoln so high,
'Twill not admit encrease of misery ;
Since amongst all the curses, there is none
So wounds the spirit, as privation.
For 'tis not where we lie, but whence we fell ;
The loss of heav'n's the greatest pain in hell.
When I had sail'd the doubtful course of love,
Had safely gain'd my port, and far above
My hopes, the precious treasure had secur'd,
For which so many storms I had endur'd ;
To be so soon from this great blessing torn,
That's hard to say, if 'twere first dead or born,
May doubtless seem such a transcendent curse,
That even the Fates themselves could do no worse ;
Yet this I bore with an erected face,
Since fortune, not my fault, caus'd my disgrace ;
But now my eyes unto the earth are bent,
Conscious of meriting this punishment ;
For trusting a fond maid's officious care,
My life and honour's taken in this snare :
And thus I perish on this unseen shelf,
Pursu'd by fate, and false unto my self.
Flora, when I am dead, I pray present

[He pulls out his tablets.]

These tablets to your lady, there she'll find

My.

My last request, with reasons which I give,
That for my sake she would vouchsafe to live.
Give me the candle, Flora.

*[Octavio sets the candle on a table, and sits down
to write in his tablets.]*

Die. A double curse upon all love in earnest,
All constant love ; 'tis still accompany'd
With strange disasters ; or else ends in that
Which is the worst of all disasters, marriage.

Flor. Sure you could wish that every body living
Had such a soul of quicksilver, as yours,
That can fix no where.

Die. Why 'twould not be the worse for you, dear
Flora,
You then might hope in time to have your turn,
As well as those who have much better faces.

Flor. You, I presume, sir, would be one o'th' latest
Which I should hear of ; yet 'tis possible
That one might see you before you should be
Welcome.

Die. She has wit and good humour, excellent
Ingredients to pass away the time ;
And I have kindness for her person too ;
But that will end with marriage, and possibly
Her good humour ; for I have seldom known
The husband and the wife make any musick,
Though when asunder they can play their parts ;
Well, friend Diego, I advise you to look
Before you leap, for if you should be coupled
To a yolk, instead of a yolk-fellow,
'Tis likely you may wear it to your grave.
Yet, honest Diego, now I think on't better,
Your dancing and your vaulting days are done ;
Faith, all your pleasures are three stories high,
They are come up to your mouth ; you are now
For ease and eating, the only joys of life ;
And there's no cook, nor dry-nurse like a wife.

Oct. Here, take my tablets, Flora ; sure they'll spare
Thy life for thy sex's sake. But for poor Diego—

Dieg.

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Dieg. Why, fir, they'll never offer to kill me,
There's nothing in the world I hate like death.

Oſ. Since death's the paſſage to eternity,
To be for ever happy, we muſt die.

Die. 'Tis very true ; but moſt that die would live,
If to themſelves they could new leaſes give.

Oſ. We muſt poſſeſs our ſouls with ſuch indiſference,
As not to wiſh nor fear to part from hence.

Die. 'The firſt I may pretend to, for I ſwear
I do not wiſh to part ; 'tis true I fear.

Oſ. Fear ! why, death's only cruel when ſhe flies,
And will not deign to cloſe the weeping eyes.

Die. That is a cruelty I can forgive,
For I confeſs, I'm not afraid to live.

Oſ. We ſhall ſtill live, though 'tis by others breath,
By our good fame, which is ſecur'd by death.

Die. But we ſhall catch ſuch colds, fir, under ground,
That we ſhall never hear fame's trumpet ſound.

Oſ. 'Tis but returning, when from hence we go,
As rivers to their mother-ocean flow.

Die. We know our names and channels whiſt w're
here,
W're ſwallow'd in that dark abyſs when there.

Oſ. Ingulph'd in endleſs joys and perfect reſt,
Unchangeable, i'th' centre of the bleſs'd.

Die. Hark, I hear a noiſe—

[The noiſe of the opening of a door.]

*[Diego runs to the door, looks into the next room,
then comes running to Oſtavio.]*

Die. O fir, w're loſt, I ſee two female giants
Coming moſt terribly upon us.

Oſ. Away, you fearful fool——

*Enter Camilla and Porcia, the one with a key, the other
with a candle.*

Por. I'm confident no body ſaw us paſs
From th' other houſe.

Cam. However, let us go through my brother's quarter,
And open the back-door into the ſtreet ;

'Tis

'Tis good in all events, to have a retreat
More ways than one.

[A door claps behind, and both look back.]

Porc. O heavens, our passage is cut off!

The wind has shut the door through which we came.

Cam. The accident's unlucky, 'tis a spring-lock,
That opens only on the other side.

Por. Let's on the faster, and make sure of th' other—
[Seeing Octavio she starts.]

Octavio here!—

[Octavio hearing them, starts up.]

Oat. Porcia in this place! may I trust my senses,
Or does my fancy form these chimera's?

Die. Either we sleep, and dream extravagantly,
Or else the Fairies govern in this house.

[Flora runs to Porcia.]

Flor. Ah, dearest mistress! you shall never make me
Quit you so again.

Porc. But can that be Octavio?

Oat. I was Octavio, but I am at present
So much astonish'd, I am not myself.

Cam. What can the meaning of this vision be?

[Octavio approaches Porcia.]

Oat. My dearest Porcia, how is't possible
To find you in this place, my friend Antonio
Having so generously undertaken
Your protection?

Por. Did he not yours so too? and yet I find
Octavio here, where he is more expos'd
Than I, to certain ruin; I am loth
To say 'tis he who has betray'd us both.

Oat. Antonio false? it is impossible.

Die. 'Tis but too evident.

Oat. Peace, slave; he is my noble friend, of noble
blood,
Whose fame's above the level of those tongues
That bark by custom at the brightest virtues,
As dogs do at the moon.

Porc.

Porc. How hard it is for virtue to suspect !
 Ah, Octavio ! we have been both deceiv'd ;
 This vile Antonio is the very man,
 To whom my brother, without my consent
 Or knowledge, has contracted me in Flanders.

Oct. Antonio the man to whom you are contracted ?
 Porcia the bride whom he is come to marry ?

Porc. The very same.

Oct. Why did you not acquaint me with it sooner ?

Porc. Alas, I have not seen you since I knew it ;
 But those few hours such wonders have produc'd,
 As exceed all belief ; and ask more time
 Than your unsafe condition, in this place,
 Will allow me, to make you comprehend it.

Cam. Cousin, I cannot blame your apprehensions,
 Nor your suspicion of Antonio's friendship :
 But I am so possess'd with the opinion
 Of his virtue, I shall as soon believe
 Impossibilities, as his apostacy
 From honour.

Oct. What's her concernment in Antonio, Porcia ?

Porc. O that's the strangest part of our sad story,
 And which requires most time to let you know it.

*[A blaze of light appears at the window, and
 a noise without.]*

Porc. See, Flora, at the window, what's that light
 And noise we hear. *[Flora goes to the window.]*

Flor. O madam, we are all undone ; I see
 Henrique, Carlos, and their servants, with torches,
 All coming hither ; and which is wonderful,
 Antonio leading them with his sword drawn.

Cam. Thou dream'st, distracted wench ; Antonio false !
 It is impossible —

[Cam. runs to the window, and turning back says :]
 All she has said, is in appearance true ;
 There's some hidden mystery which thus
 Abuses us ; for I shall ne'er believe
 Antonio can transgress the rules of friendship.

Oct. Friendship's a specious name, made to deceive
 Those

Those whose good nature tempts them to believe ;
The traffick of good offices 'mongst friends,
Moves from ourselves, and in ourselves it ends.
When competition brings us to the test,
Then we find friendship is self-interest.

Porc. Ye pow'rs above ! what pleasure can ye take
To persecute submitting innocence ?

Oa. Retire, dear Porcia, to that inner room ;
For should thy cruel brother find thee here,
He's so revolted from humanity,
He'll mingle thine with my impurer blood.

Porc. That were a kind of contract ; let him come,
We'll meet at once marriage and martyrdom.

Oa. Soul of my life, retire.

Porc. I will not leave you.

Oa. Thou preserv'st me by saving of thyself ;
For they can murder only half of me,
Whilst that my better part survives in thee.

Porc. I will die too, Octavio, to maintain,
That different causes form the same effects ;
'Tis courage in you men, love in our sex.

Oa. Though souls no sexes have, when w'are above,
If we can know each other, we may love.

Porc. I'll meet you there above, here take my word.

[Octavio takes her hand and kisses it.]

This Porcia knows the way of joining souls,
As well as th' other when she swallow'd coals.

*[They retire to the other room, Porcia leaning
on Camilla, and Octavio waits on them to
the door.]*

Die. Nay if y'are good at that, the devil take
The hindmost ; 'tis for your sake, fair Flora,

[Taking Flora by the hand.]

I shun these honourable occasions.

Having no weapon, sir, 'tis fit that I

March off with the baggage. *[Turning to Octavio.]*

[Exeunt Diego and Flora.]

Oa. I'm now upon the frontiers of this life,
There's but one step to immortality ;

And

And since my cruel fortune has allow'd me
 No other witness of my tragick end,
 But a false friend and barbarous enemy,
 I'll leave my genius to inform the world,
 My life and death was uniform ; as I
 Liv'd firm to love and honour, so I die.

[*Draws his sword.*

Look down, ye spirits above ; for if there be
 A fight on earth worthy of you to see,
 'Tis a brave man pursu'd by unjust hate,
 Bravely contending with his adverse fate.

[*Waving his sword.*

Stay till this heaven-born soul puts off her earth,
 And she'll attend ye to her place of birth.

*Enter Antonio, Henrique, Carlos, and Pedro, their swords
 drawn, Antonio before the rest.*

Ant. Where is the man whose insolence and folly
 Has so mislead him to affront my friend ?

Oñ. Here is the man thou seek'st, and he, whom thou
 So basely hast betray'd.

Ant. Oh heavens ! what is't I see ? it is Octavio,
 My friend.

Oñ. Not thy friend, Antonio, but 'tis Octavio,
 Who by thy perfidy has been betray'd
 To this forlorn condition ; but, vile man,
 Thou now shalt pay thy treachery with thy life.

[*Octavio makes at Antonio.*

Ant. Hold, Octavio, though thy injurious error
 May transport thee, it shall not me, beyond
 The bounds of honour ; heaven knows I thought
 Of nothing less that what I find, Octavio
 In this place.

Hen. What pause is this, Antonio ? All your fervour
 In the concerns of a brother-in-law,
 Reduc'd to a tame parly with our enemy ?
 Do all the promises you have made to me,
 T'assist my just revenge, conclude in this ?

Oñ.

O \acute{a} . Do all the promises you have made to me
T'assist my virtuous love, conclude in this ?

Hen. Where is your wonted bravery ? where your
kindness

To such a near ally ?

O \acute{a} . Where is your former honour ? where your firm-
ness

To such an ancient friend ?

Ant. What course shall my distracted honour steer,
Betwixt these equal opposite engagements ? [*Aside.*

Hen. What, demur still ? nay then I'll right myself.

[*Henrique makes at Octavio, Antonio turns on
Octavio's side.*

Ant. Who attacks Octavio must pass through me.

Car. I must lay hold on this occasion. [*Aside.*

Good cousin, I conjure you to restrain
Your passion for a while ; there lies conceal'd
Some mystery in this, which once unfolded,
May reconcile this difference.

Henr. Sweetly propos'd, sir, an accommodation ?
Think'st thou my anger's like a fire of straw,
Only to blaze, and then expire in smoak ?
Think'st thou I can forget my name and nation,
And barter for revenge when honour bleeds ?
His life must pay this insolence, or mine.

[*He makes at Octavio again, Antonio interposes.*

Ant. Mine must protect his, or else perish with him.

Henr. Since neither faith nor friendship can prevail,
'Tis time to try what proof you are, Antonio,
Against your own near interest : Know that the man,
Whom you protect against my just revenge,
Has seconded his insolence to me
By foul attempts upon my sister's honour ;
Your Porcia's, sir ; if this will not enflame you—

[*Antonio turns from Octavio, and beholds him
with a stern countenance.*

O \acute{a} . How ! I attempt your sister's honour, Henrique ?

[*Antonio turns, and looks sternly upon Henr.*

The parent of your black designs, the devil,

Did ne'er invent a more malicious falshood ;
 'Tis true, that I have serv'd the virtuous Porcia,
 With such devotion, and such spotless love,
 That, though unworthy, yet she has been pleas'd
 To recompense my passion, with esteem ;

[Ant. turns and looks sternly upon Oct.]

By which she has so chain'd me to her service,
 That here I vow either to live her prize,
 Or else in death to fall love's sacrifice.

Ant. O heavens ! what's that I hear ? thou blessed
 angel,

Guardian of my honour, I now implore
 Thy powerful assistance to preserve
 That reputation, which I hitherto
 By virtuous actions have maintain'd unblemish'd.
 In vain, Don Henrique, you design to change

[He pauses a little and rubs his forehead.]

My resolutions ; it must ne'er be said,
 That passion could return Antonio
 From the strict rules of honour ; fir, I tell you
 Nothing can make me violate my first
 Engagement.

Hen. Nay then, thou shalt die too, perfidious man ;
 Ho ! Geraldo, Pedro, Leonido.

*Enter Geraldo, Pedro, and Leonido, with their swords
 drawn ; they join with Henrique ; Carlos interposes.*

Car. For heaven's sake, cousin, draw not on yourself
 The horrid infamy of assassinating
 Persons of noble blood, by servile hands.

Hen. Do you defend them too ? kill 'em I say.

Ant. Retire, Octavio, I'll sustain their shock.

Oct. Octavio retire !

Ant. Trust me, you must, they will surround us else ;
 Through that narrow passage they'll assail us
 With less advantage.

*[They retire fighting off the stage ; Henrique and
 his men pursuing them, and Carlos endeavouring
 to stop Don Henrique.]*

Hen. What, d'ye give back, ye men of mighty fame ?

Ant.

Ant. Don Henrique, you shall quickly find, 'tis honour,
Not fear, makes me retire. [Exeunt.

*Enter presently Antonio and Octavio at another door,
which Antonio bolts.*

Ant. Now we shall have a breathing-while at least,
Octavio, and time to look about us ;
Pray see yon other door be fast.

[*Octavio steps to the door where they went out,
and Henrique bounces at the door they came in at.*

Hen. Geraldo, fetch an iron bar to force
The door. [Within, aloud.

[*Antonio goes to both the doors, to see if they
be fast.*

Ant. So, 'tis now as I could wish it.

Oct. What do you mean, generous Antonio ?

Ant. To kill thee now myself ; having perform'd
What my engagement did exact from me
In your defence 'gainst others ; my love now
Requires its dues, as honour has had his ;
There's no protection for you from my sword,
But in your own, or in your frank renouncing
All claim to Porcia ; she is so much mine,
That none must breathe, and have the vanity
Of a pretension to her, whilst I live.

Oct. I never will renounce my claims to Porcia ;
But still assert them by all noble ways :
Yet, sir, this hand shall never use a sword
(Without the last compulsion) 'gainst that man
Who has so much oblig'd me ; no, Antonio,
You are securely guarded by the favours
Which you so frankly have conferr'd upon me.

Ant. Pray, sir, let not your pretended gratitude
Enervate your defence ; 'tis not my custom
To serve my friends with prospects of return.

Oct. And, sir, 'tis not my custom to receive
An obligation, but with a purpose,
And within the power of my return.

340 *The Adventures of Five Hours.*

Friendship, Antonio, is reciprocal,
He that will only give, and not receive,
Enslaves the person whom he would relieve.

Ant. Your rule is right, but you apply it wrong ;
It was Octavio, my camerade in arms,
And ancient friend, whom I design'd to serve ;
Not that disloyal man, who has invaded
My honour and my love :—'Tis the intent
Which forms the obligation, not th' event.

Oa. I call those powers, which both discern and
punish,
To witness for me, that I never knew
You e'er pretended to Don Henrique's sister,
Before I came within these fatal walls :
This I declare, only to clear myself
From th' imputation of disloyalty,
And to prevent the progress of your error.

Ant. How can I think you should speak truth to me,
Who am a witness y' have been false to her,
To whom you now profess so high devotion ?

Oa. I false to Porcia ! take heed, Antonio,
So foul an injury provokes too much ;
But, sir, I must confess I owe you more,
'Than the forgiveness of one gross mistake.

Ant. Rare impudence ! I must not trust my senses.

Oa. If we cannot adjust this competition,
Let's charge our envious fortunes, not our passions,
With this fatal breach of friendship.

Ant. Leave your discourses, and defend yourself ;
Either immediately renounce all claims
'To Porcia, or this must speak the rest.

[*Shaking his sword.*

Oa. Nay then, I must reply. [*They fight.*

[*A noise, as if the door were broken open.*

*Enter Henrique, Carlos, Leonido, and Geraldo, with
their swords drawn.*

Hen. What's this ! Antonio fighting with Octavio ?
This bravery is excessive, gallant friend,

Not

Not to allow a share in your revenge,
To him who's most concern'd ; he must not fall
Without some marks of mine.

[Henrique makes at Octavio, and Antonio turns to Octavio's side.]

Ant. Nay, then my honour you invade anew,
And by assaulting him, revive in me
My pre-engagements to protect and serve him
Against all others.

Henr. Why, were not you, Antonio, fighting with
him ?

Were you not doing all you could to kill him ?

Ant. Henrique, 'tis true; but finding in my breast
An equal strife 'twixt honour and revenge,
I do, in just compliance with them both,
Preserve him from your sword, to fall by mine.

Car. Brave man, how nicely he does honour weigh !
Justice herself holds not the scales more even.

Hen. My honour suffers more, as yet, than yours,
And I must have a share in the revenge.

Ant. My honour, sir, is so sublim'd by love,
'Twill not admit comparifon, or rival.

Hen. Either he must renounce all claims to Porcia,
Or die immediately.

Ant. Y'are i'the right, that he must do, or die:
But by no other hand than mine.

Oct. Cease your contention, and turn all your swords
Against this breast ; whilst Porcia and I have breath,
She must be mine, there's no divorce but death.

Hen. I'll hear no more, protect him if thou canst ;
Kill the slave, kill him, I say.

[Henrique makes at him, and Carlos endeavours to interpose.]

Car. For heaven's sake hold a moment ; certainly
There's some mistake lies hidden here, which clear'd
Might hinder these extreams.

[Henrique and his servants press Antonio and Octavio.]

[*Flora peeps out, and seeing them fight cries out*
Camilla ! Porcia ! Camilla and Porcia look-
ing out, both shriek, and then run out upon
the stage.

Enter Porcia and Camilla from the inner-room.

Por. Don Henrique !

Cam. Antonio ! Carlos !

Por. Octavio !

Cam. and Por. together. Hear us but speak, hear us
 but speak.

Hen. By heavens 'tis Porcia ! why how came she here ?

Car. Why, did not I tell you she was brought hither
 By my directions ? you would not believe me.

Hen. But how then could Octavio come hither ?

Car. Nay, that heaven knows, you heard as well as I
 Your man's relation.

Hen. Ah, thou vile woman, that I could destroy
 Thy memory with thy life !

[*He offers to run at Porcia, Antonio interposes.*

Ant. Hold, fir, that must not be.

Hen. What, may not I do justice upon her
 Neither ?

Ant. No, fir ; although I have not yet the honour
 To know who this lady is, I have this night
 Engag'd myself both to secure and serve her.

Car. He knows not Porcia ; who was it the right,
 Don Henrique, you or I ?

Hen. He not know Porcia ! why, 'tis not an hour
 Since I saw him entertaining her at home ;
 Sure w'are enchanted, and all we see's illusion.

Cam. Allow me, Henrique, to unspél these charms ;
 Who is't, Octavio, you pretend to ? speak.

Oct. You might have spar'd that question, madam,
 none
 Knows so well as you, 'tis Porcia I adore.

Ant. Porcia's my wife ; disloyal man, thou dy'st.

[*Offers to make at Octavio.*

Cam.

Cam. Hold, sir, which is the Porcia you lay claim to?

Ant. Can you doubt of that? why, sure you know too well

The conquest that you made some days ago,
Of my poor heart, in Flanders.

Car. Conquest! poor heart! Flanders! what can this mean?

Hen. New riddles every moment do arise,
And mysteries are born of mysteries.

Car. Sure, 'tis the pastime of the destinies
To mock us, for pretending to be wise.

Cam. Thanks be to heaven, our work draws near
an end,

Cousin, it belongs to you to finish it.

Por. To free you from that labyrinth, Antonio,
In which a slight mistake, not rectify'd,
Involv'd us all; know, the suppos'd Porcia,
Whom you have lov'd, is the true Camilla.

Cam. And you, Don Henrique, know, that Don
Octavio

Has always been your sister's faithful lover,
And only feign'd a gallantry to me,
'To hide his real passion for my cousin
From your discerning eyes.

Ant. Generous Octavio!

Oct. Brave Antonio! how happy are we both,

[They embrace.]

Both in our loves and friendships!

Ant. Ah, how the memory of our crosses past,
Heightens our joys, when we succeed at last!

Oct. Our pleasures in this world are always mix'd,
'Tis in the next where all our joys are fix'd.

[Camilla takes Antonio by the hand, and leads him to Don Carlos.]

Cam. This, my dear brother, is that brave commander,
To whom you owe your life and liberty;
And I much more, the safety of my honour.

Car. Is this that gallant leader, who redeem'd us
With so much valour from the enemy?

Cam. The very same.

Car. Why did you not acquaint me with it sooner ?
'Twas ill done, Camilla.

Cam. Alas, my dearest brother, gratitude

[*Drawing Carlos aside.*

Conspiring with the graces of his person,
So soon possess'd him of my heart, that I
Asham'd of such a visionary love,
Durst never trust my tongue with my own thoughts.

Car. 'Tis enough ; here, sir, take from me her hand,

[*Addressing to Antonio.*

Whose heart your merit has long since made yours.

[*Antonio takes Camilla's hand and kisses it.*

Ant. Sir, with your leave, and hers, I seal the vows
Of my eternal faith unto you both.

Car. But let's take heed, Antonio, lest whilst we
Are joying in our mutual happiness,
Don Henrique's scarcely yet compos'd distemper
Revive not, and disorder us afresh ;
I like not his grim posture.

Ant. 'Tis well thought on, let's approach him.

[*Ostasio holding Porcia by the hand, advances towards Don Henrique.*

Ost. Here, with respect, we wait your confirmation
Of that, which seems to be decreed above,
Though travers'd by unlucky accidents.
This lady, your incomparable sister,
Can witness, that I never did invade
Your passion for Camilla ; and Pedro's death
Happen'd by your mistaken jealousy ;
The causes of your hate being once remov'd,
'Tis just, Don Henrique, the effects should cease.

Hen. I shall consult my honour—

Car. You cannot take a better counsellor
In this case, than your own sister's honour ;
What to secure them both, could have been wish'd
Beyond what fate has of itself produc'd ?

Hen. How hard it is to act upon constraint !
That which I could have wish'd, I now would fly ;

Since

Since 'tis obtruded by necessity.—

'Tis fit that I consent, but yet I must

Still seem displeas'd, that m' anger may seem just. [*Aside.*]

Ant. Noble Don Henrique, you may reckon me
To be as truly yours, by this alliance,
As if a brother's name subsisted still.

Hen. Well, I must yield I see, or worse will follow.
[*Aside.*]

He is a fool, who thinks by force or skill

To turn the current of a woman's will :

Since fair Camilla is Antonio's lot,

I Porcia yield to Don Antonio's friend.

Our strength and wisdom must submit to fate :

Strip'd of my love, I will put off my hate.

Here, take her hand, and may she make you, sir,

[*Hen. takes Por. by the hand, and gives her to Oct.*]
Happier than she has done me.

Diego and Flora advance.

Flor. Had e'er disorders such a rare come-off ?
Methinks 'twould make a fine plot for a play.

Die. Faith, Flora, I should have the worst of that ;
For by the laws of comedy, 'twould be
My lot to marry you.

Oct. Well thought on, Diego, tho' 'tis spoke in jest ;
We cannot do a better thing in earnest
Than to join these, who seem to have been made
For one another ; what say'st thou to it, Flora ?

Flor. Troth I have had so many frights this night,
That I am e'en afraid to lie alone.

[*Diego takes her by the hand.*]

Die. Give me thy hand, sweet Flora, 'tis a bargain ;
I promise thee, dear spouse, I'll do my best
To make thee first repent this earnest jest.

Flor. You may mistake ; we have a certain way,
By going halves, to match your foulest play.

Car. Since this last happy scene is in my house,
You'll make collation with me e'er you part.

Ant. et Oſ. Agreed, agreed, agreed.

Ant. Thus end the ſtrange Adventures of Five Hours,
As ſometimes bluſt'ring ſtorms, in gentle ſhowers.

[*Addressing to the pit.*]

Oſ. Thus, noble gallants, after bluſt'ring lives,
You'll end, as we have done, in taking wives.

Die. Hold, firſt, there's not an end as yet, for then
Comes your own brats, and thoſe of other men.

Hen. Beſides the cares of th' honour of your race,
Which, as you know, is my accuſed caſe.

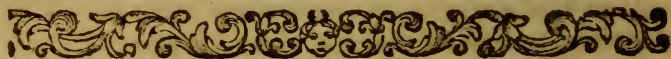
[*Addressing to the boxes.*]

Cam. You ladies, whiſt unmarried, tread on ſnares;
Marry'd, y' are cumber'd with domeſtick cares.

Por. If handſome, y' are by fools and fame attack'd;
If ugly, then, by your own envy rack'd.

Flor. We, by unthriſty parents forc'd to ſerve;
When fed are ſlaves, and when w'are free we ſtarve.

Car. Which put together, we muſt needs confeſs,
This world is not the ſcene of happineſs.



EPILOGUE.

By Mr. SMITH.

OUR poet, gentlemen, thought to ſteal away,
Hoping thoſe wretched rhimes, i'th' end o'th' play,
Might ſerve for epilogue; for truly he
Takes epilogues for arrant bribery;
H' obſerves your poet, in our modern plays,
Humbly ſheweth,—and then as humbly prays:
So that it can't be ſaid, what they have writ
Was without fear, though often without wit.
He truſts (as ye ſay papiſts do) to merit;
Leaves you (like quakers) to be mov'd by th' ſpirit.
But ſince that epilogues are ſo much in vogue,
Take this as prologue to the epilogue.

By

By Mr. HARRIS.

SOME, as soon as th' enter, we wish 'em gone ;

Taking their visit as a visitation.

Yet when they go, there are certain grimaces
(Which, in plain English, is but making faces) :

That we, for manners sake, to all allow.

The poet's parting ; don't rise, but smile and bow ;

And's back being turn'd, ye may take the liberty

To turn him, and all h'as writ, to raillery.

Now as I shall be sav'd, were I as you,

I'd make no bones on't—why, 'tis but his due.

A fop ! in this brave, licentious age,

To bring his musty morals on the stage ?

Rhime us to reason ? and our lives redress

In metre, as Druids did the Savages ?

Affront the free-born vices of the nation ?

And bring dull virtue into reputation ?

Virtue ! would any man of common sense

Pretend to't ? why virtue now is impudence ;

And such another modest play would blast

Our new stage, and put your palates out of taste.

We told him, sir, 'tis whisper'd in the pit,

This may be common sense, but 'tis not wit ;

That has a flaming spirit, and stirs the blood ;

That's bawdery, said he, if rightly understood :

Which our late poets make their chiefest tasks,

As if they writ only to th' vizard-masks.

Nor that poetick rage, which hectors heaven,

Your writer's stile, like's temper, 's grown more even ;

And he's afraid to shock their tender ears,

Whose god, say they, 's the fiction of their fears ;

Your moral's to no purpose. He reply'd,

Some men talk'd idly just before they dy'd,

And yet we heard them with respect :—'Twas all he said.

Well, we may count him now as good as dead :

And since ghosts have left walking, if you please,

We'll let our virtuous poet rest in peace.

22 月 15 日 1905

1905 年 12 月 15 日 星期一

今日无事，上午在办公室处理文件，下午在图书馆看书。天气寒冷，风很大，出门需戴口罩。

下午三点钟，接到某君来信，言其已回京，并附寄某物一件，嘱即转交。已照办，并回信致谢。

晚饭后，与家人散步于后园，见梅花已开，香气扑鼻，甚觉清幽。归室内，整理明日行程。

明日计划前往某处办事，并顺道拜访某君。希望一切顺利，早日完成任务。

今日工作虽忙，但心情尚好。夜深人静，思绪万千，感慨良多。明日继续努力，不负所托。



THE

REVENGE:

OR,

A Match in *Newgate*.

A

COMEDY.



REVENGE

A MARCH IN THE MOUNTAINS

OF THE MOUNTAINS

OF THE MOUNTAINS



Dramatis Personæ.

	Sir <i>Lyonell</i> , Father to <i>Marinda</i> and <i>Diana</i> .
Mr. <i>Smith</i> ,	<i>Wellman</i> , in love with <i>Marinda</i> .
Mr. <i>Williams</i> ,	<i>Friendly</i> , his friend, in love with <i>Corina</i> .
	Sir <i>John Empty</i> , lover of <i>Diana</i> .
Mr. <i>Bowman</i> ,	Mr. <i>Shatter</i> , lover of <i>Diana</i> .
Mr. <i>Fevorn</i> ,	<i>Trickwell</i> , a cheating gamester.
Mr. <i>Lee</i> ,	Mr. <i>Dashit</i> , a vintner.
Mr. <i>Bright</i> ,	<i>Gliften</i> , a goldsmith.
Captain,	<i>Fervice</i> , his man.
<i>A Boy</i> ,	<i>Sam</i> , <i>Dashit's</i> man.
<i>Mumford</i> ,	<i>Jack</i> , the barber's man.
	<i>Corina</i> , the whore.
Mrs. <i>Barry</i> ,	<i>Marinda</i> , mistress to <i>Wellman</i> .
Mrs. <i>Butler</i> ,	<i>Diana</i> , loves <i>Friendly</i> .
Mrs. <i>Price</i> ,	<i>Ample</i> , their woman,
<i>Any-body</i> ,	Mrs. <i>Dashit</i> , wife to <i>Dashit</i> .
Mrs. <i>A. Lee</i> ,	Mrs. <i>Dunwell</i> , a bawd.
Mrs. <i>Norice</i> ,	

Constable, Boys, Fiddlers, Watchmen.



THE
REVENGE:
OR,
A MATCH in *Newgate*.
A
COMEDY.

ACT I.

SCENE I. A street.

*Enter Sam with a torch, DASHIT raving, followed
by Mrs. DASHIT.*

Mr. DASHIT.



UN, you rogue, run, raise the street,
you son of a careless whore—cry stop
thief, stop thief—

Sam. Which way, sir?

Mr. DASH. A pox of ways—Sirrah,
cry stop thief, I say.

Sam. So we may stop honest men, sir.

Mr. DASH.

Mr. Dash. There's no such thing within the walls of London, ye rogue; there's nothing but knaves, cheats, cuckolds and traytors, thieves and pick-pockets, tho' I be one of the livery. A pox of honesty, my plate's gone, the reckoning unpaid, I'm cheated and undone! therefore run, ye dog, run.

Mrs. Dash. Good sweet husband, have patience.

Mr. Dash. Patience! yes, so you advis'd me when I found the alderman and your ladyship in a civil posture on the red couch, in the Swan. Patience, quotha! pox of your remedies. Get ye in, here's company.

Enter Footman with a flambeau, follow'd by Friendly and Wellman.

Well. Whe! how now, mr. Dashit! what enrag'd in rancour, and the beauty of London-bars, your lady too, in tears! what's amiss? unfold this dismal story.

Mr. Dash. Only cheated, robb'd, abus'd, and undone, fir; that's all, that's all. [Weeps.]

Well. As how, man? come, advance thy comely countenance, and do not let thy sorrowful snout bedew thy reverend jerkin. The reason, my hardly-honest Dashit?

Mrs. Dash. Oh fir, mr. Trickwell, that knave, is this night run away with our great gallon-tankard, six silver boats, a great salt, besides spoons and forks.

Mr. Dash. Oh, for some wise man that would but find them out presently!

Well. Yes, if a wise man could be found out presently.

Friend. How was this plate lost? how escap'd he unseen with it?

Mr. Dash. Why, an't like ye, fir, thus: as I understand, that man, (man, quoth I? no, rather monster,) that t'other-end-of-the-town villain, nay, I believe that jesuit in disguise, sent from beyond sea to ruin honest citizens; I say, this heathen, Trickwell, comes
me

me into my house this evening, with a great two-handed gentlewoman, or some priest in petticoats; they call for a room, pretend to send a porter for some ladies of delight, bespeak a supper, but no ladies came.

Mrs. Dash. My cocky forgets to tell your worships, that our house being full, we had no room empty but the great parlour below-stairs.

Mr. Hold your peace, hold your peace, I say. Am I a common-council-man, like to be, of the city of London, and cannot tell my tale myself? get ye in, I say, and look to what's left.

Well. Well, sir, on with your relation.

Mr. Dash. Well sir, a noble supper they had of the best in season; I came in, and cry'd, your servant, gentlemen; ask'd 'em how they lik'd their wine, and departed civilly: then enter'd a blind harper, cries, do you lack any musick, sir? he cries, play: the harper uncases, the drawer is nodded out, who obeys, believing he would be private with the gentlewoman; and 'tis Sam's part, you know, sir, to wink at things.

Well. Right and civil.

Mrs. Dash. Aye, aye, but he shall answer for that winking at the last day, I'll warrant him.

Mr. Dash. Well, sir, having eat the supper, and Trickwell perceiving none in the room but the blind harper, whose eyes heaven had shut up from beholding wickedness, opens the casement to the street, very patiently packs and pockets up my plate, un-naturally thrusts the woman out of the window, and himself most preposterously, with his heels forwards, follows. The harper plays on, bids the empty dishes much good may do 'em, and plays on still. The drawer returns, cries, what do you lack, gentlemen? but out, alas, the birds were flown, sir, flown. Laments are rais'd.—

Well. Which did not pierce the heavens.

Mr. Dash. Sam cries out; my wife in the bar hears the noise, and she bawl'd out; I heard her, and

and thunder'd; the boys flew like lightning, and all was in confusion.

Well. Well, this must be for some great sins committed; the sins of the bar and cellar, unmerciful bills, and sophisticated wine, my honest damn'd vintner:—
Repent, oh repent and mend, and be sound.

Mr. Dab. Well, I will hang that rogue Trickwell, and there's an end on't: I'll do't; and so good night to you, gallants.

[*Exit Dabbit and his wife, as into their house.*]

Well. Well, dear Jack, good night: I have a visit to make before I sleep, and will take my leave o' thee. A sound wench, soft sleep, and pleasant dreams bless thee, my dear Friendly.

Friend. Not so, I'll see thee safe at home; I dare not leave you to yourself so late; you are warm with youth and wine, which may direct you to the undoing of that body of yours, which shortly must be bless'd with chaste embraces. These common women will ruin thee, Frank; faith leave 'em in good time: come, you shall not to a bawdy-house, I hate 'em.

Well. I pray for their continuance and encrease, e'er since I thought of marriage.

Friend. Pr'ythee why?

Well. A married man ought to love a bawdy-house, as Englishmen love Flanders; wish war should be maintain'd there, lest it should be brought home to their own doors.

Friend. Thou art a worthy lad, and brave; but this damn'd lust has been thy constant daily vice, the only one thou'rt given to.

Well. Pr'ythee call it a nightly one: but not to trifle with thee, faith, I am going the way of all flesh.

Friend. To a whore?

Well. One thou callest so, a very publican and sinner.

Friend. And canst thou, having such an object before thy eyes as the fair, the chaste Marinda, whom thou'rt
to

to marry, give thyself up to the loose, the common arms of one who loves thee not but for her interest? Damn her, thou shalt not go. I hate, I nauseate a common prostitute, who trades with all for gain; one that sells human flesh, a mangonist.

Well. Poor devils, what would you have 'em do? wou'dst thou have 'em get their living by the curse of man, the sweat of their brows? egad, they dearly earn what we give 'em. Is charity grown a sin, or relieving the poor and impotent, an offence? and faith, Frank, where can we bestow our money better? in land the title may be crack'd, in houses they may be burnt, in fine cloaths they will wear out, in wine, alas, our throats are but short, and our heads weak; but woman, oh, dear lovely woman's the lasting true pleasure. Lay it out upon woman, I say, and a thousand to one, some of them will bestow that on you that will stick by you as long as you live: they are no ungrateful persons, they'll give love for love; do you protest, they'll swear; do you vow, they'll lye; do you sigh, they'll weep; do you give them English coin, they'll repay you with the French——And they only sell their bodies: do not some of our sex sell their souls? nay since all things have been sold, honour, justice, faith, even religion, pray where's the dishonour of selling the pleasures of a woman's bed? who is't would live and toil, but for a woman? who fights, lies cold and hard in an open field, but to gain wreaths to lay at a woman's feet?

And 'tis a truth can be deny'd of no man:

All things were made for man, and man for woman.

——Give me my fee.

Friend. Well, sir, I see you are resolv'd, and I can only boast I love Diana better than you do her sister, Marinda.

Well. Come, wilt thou go with me?

Friend. Whither?

Well. To this house of salvation.

Friend. Salvation!

Well.

Well. Yes, 'twill make thee repent. Pri'ythee go to the family of love, I'll shew thee my creature, my natural, my mistress, my pretty blue-ey'd wanton, my honest, fond, self-hearted flatterer; my fair-fac'd, sweet-lip'd rogue; that has beauty enough for her virtue, virtue enough for a woman, and woman enough for any reasonable man, in my knowledge.

Friend. What, to a bawdy-house, to visit an impudent prostitute? pox on't, 'twill make me hate the sex. The worst object the world can shew me, is an immodest vulgar woman.

Well. No matter, thou shalt go; go, as thou lovest me.

Friend. Well, sir, I'll go to bring you safely back.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to a house.

Enter Mrs. Dunwell, and Trickwell drunk.

Trick. Nay, Moll, unreasonable Mary! whe, the whole prize was not above forty pounds; and hast thou the conscience to snack ten, only for a good word speaking, a little holding the door, and bawding? The device was my own too, the hazard mine, and the hanging may be mine, whilst thou securely filchest under my conduct. Come, the nest of cups is fair, you bitch, be contented; you were drunk too into the bargain, Moll. Come, bear a conscience, Moll, and heaven will bless our endeavours: besides, Moll, thou hast an honest calling of bawding, which brings thee in a pretty livelihood, Moll; when, god knows, I trust to nothing but my own industrious flight of hand. Come, give me back the salt. [Snatches the silver salt.

Dun. By yea and by nay, Trickwell, I am afraid thou wilt play the knave, and restore 'em.

Trick. No, by the lord, aunt, restitution is catholick; and you know oracles are ceas'd. *Tempus præter-*

præteritum.—Dost hear, my necessary evil?—Thou ungodly fire that burnt Diana's temple, dost hear? make Corina civil, or by the lord, bawd—

Dun. Foregad you are the foulest mouth'd son of a whore, the profanest railing rascal, call a woman the most ungodly names! I must confess we all eat of the forbidden fruit; and for my own part, though I am, as they say, a bawd that covers a multitude of sins, yet I trust I am none of the wicked, that go to steeple-houses with profane organs in 'em, ye scurvy, faucy Jack.

Trick. Who, I rail at thee, my industrious Moll, my subtle procurer? I rail at thee, my necessary damnation? I'll make an oration in praise of thy modesty, thou flower of thy function.

Dun. And I think I have deserv'd it at your hands, mr. Trickwell; for I have assisted you early and late, up-rising, and down-lying.

Trick. Thou hast; therefore listen: A bawd, for her profession, is the most honourable of all the twelve companies; for as that trade is most worshipful that sells the best commodities, what must the bawd be then, my little Moll? for where others sell silk cloaths, gold and silver, pearls and diamonds, thou sellest divine virtue, virginity, modesty, maiden-heads, youth, and beauty: and who are her customers? not cits, grooms, mechanicks, and disbanded soldiers; but gentlemen of the best rank, knights, lords, dukes and squires. Thus she lives, keeps the best company, eats and drinks of the best, and domineers when she's drunk, reigns queen, Moll, over her adoring subjects.—But hold, here's Wellman and Friendly! what a pox does his gravity in a bawdy-house?

Enter Wellman and Friendly.

Well. Come along, yonder's the preface to my mistress, her matron, or bawd, or what you please.—Mrs. Dunwell, your servant.

Dun.

Dun. Your servant, sweet sir: ah, you're a pretty man, to neglect a creature that loves you thus; in troth you are——But well, I'll fetch her to you, sir—

[*Exit Dun.*]

Well. Do so, sweet mrs. Dunwell——What, mr. Trickwell, does your knaveship dare walk the street? look to't, mr. Dashit lies in wait for you.

Trick. The more fool he; I can lie for myself: a pox of the rich rascal, 'tis no deceit in me to cheat him; he has cozen'd me of an estate of some two hundred a year, with his damn'd reckonings, and then who but honourable mr. Trickwell, the noble 'Squire, and so forth, till he had got all my land in mortgage; then took the forfeiture, and turn'd me out of doors. I'll plague him for't. But I interrupt your diversion, and will kiss your hands, my noble patrons.

[*Exit Trickwell, with the plate.*]

Enter Dunwell and Corina, she kicking her.

Well. See, sir, this is the ugly thing you so despise.

Friend. This!

Well. This very thing: 'tis but a dowdy—but she serves—

Friend. A whore this? virtue defend me, what a lovely woman 'tis!

Well. Salute her, man, salute her.

Friend. Salute her! yes, and leave my heart upon her lips.

Well. Go, salute my friend; this is my friend, Corina.

Cor. I care not for you nor your friends; I'm sure you use me scurvily, because you know I love you: but I shall learn those arts you men are practis'd in; and scorn, and hate, and hide it, when it serves my turn, as you can do—I shall—but yet I'm true, true as my virtue when you first seduc'd it, false as you are—and yet I love you strangely—

Well. Salute my friend, I say—go, you fond fool, clasp his neck round, and press his cheeks to yours;
kiss

kiss him as you do me, as soft and meltingly : go, you coy tit, I say you shall. [Kisses him.]

Friend. She 'as fir'd me with that touch :—There's witchcraft in't.

Well. Come, kiss her again ; by heaven thou shalt, I'll not be jealous on't : kiss her more ardently—So, thou wilt learn in time. Go fetch your lute, and let him hear ye sing to't.

Cor. I'm all obedience, sir, when you command ; but I have something heavy at my heart that makes me wish you would excuse me now.

Well. Go to, I say—what can sit heavy there ? I love thee, love thee infinitely, in faith I do, Corina. Here, here's gold for thee ; the summer's coming on, and thou perhaps wants toys, as gowns and points, and petticoats. I'll have thee show, Corina, with the best, splendid and gay, my girl, as is thy beauty.

Cor. I'll take this gold, but 'tis not that I want : methinks of late there is a strange decay of passion in you ; you're not so dearly fond as you were wont, supplying still your want of love with gold ; your mirth is forc'd, your visits cold and short, as winter-days ; and when you speak of love, you do't with caution. There's some reserve hid in that generous breast, which I wou'd be acquainted with, yet tremble lest you should betray't too soon.

Well. Corina, you mistake my heart, 'tis thine, entirely thine ; but when a lover's sure, as I am of thy heart, those little assiduities are neglected, which only hoping lovers use to pay. I am happy now, and have no need of vows but those of constancy. Go to your lute !

Cor. And have ye none you do design to marry ?

Well. Fie, you're a fool to think I be so weak ; marry ! I scorn that slavery, whilst I possess all the delights of it with thee, without its plagues and care—Go to your lute. [Exit Cor.]—Well, Frank, and how dost thou like my mistress ? is she not charming ? do you blame me now ? in troth I lov'd her dearly once, till my soul shew'd me the imperfections of my body,
and

and plac'd my love on a more worthy object, my fair Marinda; which, if this baggage knew, there were no being for me, she would so rave: But, faith, I think I'm not so criminal as you imagin'd, hah?

Friend. Yet she's a whore!

Well. A-whore! oh call her a miss, a lady of the town, a beauty of delight, or any thing. Whore! 'tis a nauseous name, and out of fashion, now, to call things by their right names. Is a citizen a cuckold? no, he's one of the livery: is a great man a fool? no, he's weak, or led away: is a person of quality pocky? no, but is not well, has got a surfeit, or so. Come, she is a mistress—but heark, she sings!

[A song within to a lute, after which, enters Corina.]

Friend. She's all a perfect heaven! oh, I adore her!

Cor. To obey your commands, I sung, my love, but I had rather you had pardon'd me.

Well. You are a simple chit; go, get you gone, and let me go; 'tis late, and I am sleepy.

Cor. This language was not wont to come from thee; take heed, and do not cheat my easy faith: for if you do, perhaps 'twill make me mad; and in my wildness some strange things may do, may ruin both our lives. Take heed, for now I love ye much above 'em both. Come, you shall stay with me to-night.

Well. By no means, my dear, this gentleman has vow'd to see me chastly laid.

Cor. And so ye shall: the play of infants shall not be more chaste. I have no wish to make him break his vow, and he shall have a bed.

Well. Peace! that offer will offend him; he's a modest man, one of a profess'd abstinence. Good night.

Cor. And must you go?

Well. I must.

Cor. And will you come to-morrow?—but, oh, I did not use to ask such questions. Will you be sure?

Well. I will : when did I fail ? good night. Boy, your flambeau. Good night, Corina.

[He goes out, Friendly stays.]

Cor. Why stay you, sir ? you see your friend is gone.

Friend. Madam, if he knows not how to prize heaven, I do ; and cannot leave the pleasure so soon, at least if you will give me leave to gaze, I dare not say possess, that were a blessing fit only for the gods ; nor knows man how to claim it——That you should throw away such wonderful beauty on the remiss, cold, and insensible !

Cor. Who is it, sir, that's so insensible ?

Friend. Death, whither does my passion hurry me ? I shall betray a friendship of many years, for a flame which a new lust has kindled in a moment. *[Aside.]*

Cor. Heavens ! are you silent, sir ? what made ye talk of one remiss and cold ? who mean ye, Wellman ? oh, if you did——

Friend. I meant mankind ; for none can merit you——Is she unchaste ? can such an one be damn'd ? oh love and beauty, you two eldest seeds of the vast chaos, what strong right ye have, even in things divine, our very souls ! *[Aside.]*

Cor. Why do you stifle what was so well begun ? unfold ; I know you have some meaning, sir, in what you have to say : concerns it Wellman ?

Friend. No. Answer me one thing, madam.

Cor. I will : for you have something to relate, which I must hear. Demand ; I listen.

Friend. The question is but rude.

Cor. I care not——What means he ? *[Aside.]*

Friend. Are you—you pardon me ?

Cor. I do. There's something in his heart that I must flatter thence. Be confident.

Friend. And are you then—a—whore ? you said you wou'd forgive. *[Bows.]*

Cor. I did : and though that question's rude, yet 'cause I know thou hast some reason for't, I'll answer thee directly, that I am.

Friend.

Friend. Are prostitutes such things, so delicate ? can custom spoil what nature made so good ? I never saw a sweet face vicious : it might be proud, inconstant, wanton, vain—

Cor. Oh leave, sir, to philosophize on beauty, and tell me why you do so.

Friend. Heavens ! why couldst not thou be constant ?

Cor. Constant ! to what ? to whom ?

Friend. To Wellman : he has all the charms of nature ; and to be false to him, was such a sin—

Cor. Oh heavens ! what base flatterer has traduc'd me ? tell me ; who dares report I am not true, not true to Wellman ? I have been false to virtue, false to honour, false to my name and friends ; but was to Wellman what heaven is to the just and penitent, all soft, all mercy, all complying sweetness.

Friend. By heaven, I do believe it ; and ne'er heard a breath that could profanely say thou wert not : But, oh, I thought with reason, if 'twere so, I could not slightly part with such a jewel, or, Indian-like, barter this real gold for shining gingling bawbles. Marinda ! heaven, thou'rt an angel to her.

Cor. Enough : I know my doom ; that word's enough ; and I'm betray'd to ruin ! [*Aside.*] I will, my heart, thou shalt dissemble this—Go, base, false man, that with the name of friend has play'd the traitor to the best of men. I know thou injur'st Wellman ; or if true, 'twas not thy part to tell it : hadst thou license for such a cruel tale, thou shou'dst have spar'd it to her that lov'd thy friend. Be gone, I hate thee, and whatsoe'er thou mean'st by such a lye, I scorn thee for't, and think thee much unfit for any gallant friendship——I know 'tis truth, and with the fatal knowledge instruct my heart to break. [*Aside.*]
[Goes out.]

Friendly musing alone, enter Wellman peeping.

Well. Tho' I do not care for this woman now, yet some dregs of the old haunt of jealousy remain about

me still ; and I must see what use my friend and quondam mistress makes of this kind opportunity—Hah, alone, and musing ! [*Listens.*]

Friend. 'Twas not well done, indeed, to tell her ; but love was raging in me, and I believ'd I should insinuate with that secret.

Well. By heaven, he's caught ! Eternal laughter seize me.

Friend. 'Twas love, the very first effects of love were treacherous and ill : heaven guard me from the rest. Yet I must on :

Let winter'd age dully pretend to prove
That love is lust ; I know no life but love.

Well. Is it so, sweetheart ? how is't ? what, is the worst sight the world can produce, a common woman now ?

Friend. Hah, will you go home, sir ? 'tis high bed-time.

Well. With all my heart, sir ; only do not chide me. I must confess—

Friend. A wanton lover you have been. [*Shaming.*]

Well. When love was raging in me. [*Shaming again.*]

Friend. Oh leave your rallying : will you be gone ?

Well. Let winter'd age dully pretend to prove
That love is lust ; I know no life but love.

Go thy ways for an apostate ; I believe my last garment must be let out in the seams for you : Is't not so ? but come, I must go serenade Marinda ; but take this certain rule along with thee :

Of all the fools that ignorance e'er nurs'd,
He that 'gainst nature would be wise, is worst.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T II.

S C E N E I. A street.

Enter Wellman, Friendly, and Footmen with lights, and men with musick, as under Marinda's window.

Wellman.

WELL, gentlemen, here's the window of my dear Marinda: 'tis here, my friends, resides that lovely maid, whose beauty chases away those lesser fires that did infest my heart. Come, gently touch your strings, and call her forth to bless me e'er I go to rest: I'm not half sanctify'd without a sight.

[They play a little, then a song.]

Enter Marinda above, in night-dress, and Diana.

Mar. Who's there, my dear-lov'd Wellman? this was kind.

Well. My generous Marinda! when did I e'er approach thee but with kindness, the fondest, tenderest part of kindness too? and when I cease to do so, heaven neglect me.

Mar. And me, when I but fear the contrary. Wou'd I could let thee in; but, oh, I dare not: my father nicely careful, tho' thou'rt mine, mine by a solemn contract, yet forbids me to entertain thee with that freedom yet.

Well. But, my Mariada, 'tis a heavenly night, such as was made for lovers, still and calm; and I have such soft things to whisper to thee, as pains me to conceal. I long to touch thy hand, to catch thy sighs, and lean my head upon thy rising bosom. A freedom now methinks you might allow me: 'tis very hard.

Mir. 'Tis so ; but yet a little suffering, and we may meet with lawful freedom : till when, continue to be true and kind.

Well. By heaven, by all the stars that shine above, and by thy brighter eyes, I will be ever true.

Mar. I must give faith to what you say ; and pr'y-thee since, easy maid, I do believe so soon, in pity do not cheat me. Here, wear this little ring ; a dying brother gave it, and bade me never part with it, but to him that love had made my husband : wear it thou ; for thou'rt my soul's best choice.

[Takes it in his hand, and kisses it.]

Well. Which when I part from, hope, the best comfort of my life, forsake me.

Dian. Heavens ! what a long tedious tale of faith and troth's here ! Could I once see the man I lik'd, I'd have done a thousand fine and more material things by this time.

Well. Madam, here is a man, whom if you could but pity—

Dian. What, my grave lover, mr. Friendly, who hates a wencher ! no, by my troth, I'm for no such dull ingredients in a lover : I love a man that knows the way to a woman's bed without instructions. Besides, what should we two do together, get fools ? no, I hate thee.

Well. You may be mistaken in your man.

Dian. I wish I were : Let him but bring it under the hand of any woman who has been kind to him, and I'll believe him fit to be belov'd by me ; till then, I am obdurate.

Friend. Well, madam, I'll endeavour to obey you.

Dian. Let it be quickly then, I hate delays, you know I'm stor'd with lovers, sir John Empty will be before hand with you else ; you know he's a spruce spark, and cannot long lay siege before a heart, but he will force an entrance : he's of my humour too, gay, loves fiddles, wine and women ; a fool and rich ; oh heavenly qualities ! Be wise, sir, and consider them,
and

and learn to whore betimes ; you know not what you may come to. Farewel, the day begins to break, and the old man will wake. Good morrow, modest mr. Friendly. [*Exeunt from the window.*]

Well. Good morrow, mad-cap—Come, shall's go to bed ?

Friend. No, I cannot sleep ; I'll walk a little.

Well. And meditate ? Farewel, fir, I'm for rest.

[*Exeunt all but Friendly.*]

Friend. This woman yesterday was charming to me, and now all that she said, seem'd dull and tedious. What a strange change is here ! The light comes on ; hark how the free born birds chant forth their untaught passions, and in those pretty notes express their love. They have no bawds, no mercenary beds, no politic restraints, no artful heats, no faint dissemblings ; custom makes them not to blush, nor shame afflicts their name. Oh happy birds, in whom an inborn heat is held no sin ! How vastly you transcend poor wretched man, whom national custom, tyrannous respect of slavish order fetters, calling that sin in us, which in all else is nature's highest virtue. But a whore ! now shame forsake me, whither am I fallen, one that my friend has had, to live to be a shameful talk to men !

Wellman returns.

Well. I have a mind to know whether Friendly goes to Corina ; when I am absent, 'tis with some regret I think he should ; but present, it so pleases me to see his modesty in his love, I'm ready to resign her.—He's here still !—Good-morrow, friend, I cannot leave thee thus dissatisfied ; what art thou studying on ?

Friend. Love ; but it likes me not.

Well. Why ?

Friend. She is not honest.

Well. What then ? shou'd we hate all that are so, some men wou'd hate their mothers and their sisters ; a sin against kind.

Friend. Is it a wise man's part to be in love ?

Well. Let wise men alone ; 'twill beseem thee and me well enough.

Friend. And shall I not commit a sin against friendship ?

Well. What, to love where I do ? By heaven, I resign her freely to thee : the creature and I must grow strangers ; and by this time she has heard of my design to marry, and swears and rails, and cries, and curses me. Come, faith I will resign her, and you see Diana will like thee ne'er the worse for't.

Friend. I'll but embrace her, hear her speak, and at the most but kiss her.

Well. O hark ! he that cou'd live upon the scent of meat, wou'd live cheaply.

Friend. I shall never become heartily a man o' th' town, a kind of flat ungracious debauchee ; an insufficient dulness reigns about me.

Well. This Italian breeding has spoil'd thee, and stiffen'd thy behaviour. Come, come, thou shalt to her, and she shall like thee.

Friend. But if she shou'd not, friend ?

Well. Fear her not, 'tis her trade, and what she's practis'd long with many lovers.

Friend. Was she not true to thee ?

Well. I do believe she was, whilst she was mine.

Friend. Was she a sinner ere you saw her then ?

Well. Oh, a very strumpet ! Pardon me, truth. Come, have a good heart, and thou shalt possess her, since thou art so in love.

Friend. Death, man, 'tis destiny, I cannot help it.

Well. Nay, I hope so. Come, come, she sells but flesh ; so that even in the enjoying thou't regain again thy freedom. Go thy ways. [*Exit. Friend. Enter Trickwell.*] How now, rascal ! what make you up so early ?

Trick. He that will thrive, must be early stirring, sir : I am going to get the penny, sir : Ay, heaven has endow'd me with industry, I thank it.

Well.

Well. And what good acquaintance have you, firrah ? no handsome women ?

Trick. Faith, fir, yes, some do start up now and then ; but a pox on't, when they have run through all the trades and degrees of the city, they pass at the other side of the town for new faces, and are caught up by your courtiers for innocent and honest, though the city surgeon have had good customers of 'em ; and by my troth, fir, I hate to cheat a gentleman with false ware. But last night—

Well. What last night ?

Trick. I was horrid drunk at supper with one fir John Empty, a brave young fool for my purpose ; I brought him a wench, one Betty Cogit ; a pox on her, a pretty drunken whore 'tis, and handsome : if she can serve you, I can bed my knight with any other.

Well. Away, you're a rogue ; I'll talk about it another time. Farewel : Have a care of mr. Dashit, firrah. *[Exit Wellman.]*

Trick. Let mr. Dashit have a care of me ; I'll take care he shall be cozen'd most plentifully. Now for some new device ; what shall it be ?

[Enter Jack, a boy with barber's things.]

Jack. Pray, fir, which is the way to Cheapside, to the Sun-tavern ?

Trick. Sun-tavern, child ! what wou'dst thou do there ?

Jack. Whe, fir, I am sent for to trim mr. Dashit ; and tho' he be my godfather, I know not the way to his house.

Trick. Why, art thou a barber ?

Jack. A barber-surgeon, fir.

Trick. To what bawdy-house does your master belong ? and what's your name ?

Jack. John Scowre, an't like your worship.

Trick. John Scowre ! Good mr. John Scowre, I desire your farther acquaintance. Nay, be cover'd, my dainty boy. Is thy master at home ?

Jack. My father, forsooth, you mean; but he's dead.

Trick. And laid in's grave, good boy?

Jack. Yes, sir, and my mother keeps shop.

Trick. A good witty boy; thou't live to read a chapter to the family, and write sermons, John, in time, wo't thou not?

Jack. In grace a God, sir.

Trick. And whither art thou going now, John?

Jack. Marry, forsooth, to trim mr. Dashit the vintner. He's my godfather, I told you, forsooth.

Trick. Good boy, hold up thy head. Pr'ythee do one thing for me; my name's Hazard.

Jack. He! good mr. Hazard!

[*Bows.*]

Trick. Lend me thy barber's implements.

Jack. Oh lord, sir!

Trick. Well spoken, a fine boy! What are they worth, child?

Jack. Oh lord, sir, worth! I know not.

Trick. A witty child! Here's a shilling for thee. Where dost live, John?

Jack. At the three wash-balls, forsooth, in Mincing-lane.

Trick. Ay, I know't; a delicate boy! I have an odd jest in my head, child, to trim mr. Dashit: 'tis for a wager, boy, a humour; I'll return thy things presently. Hold, let's see—

[*Takes off his apron, and takes his things.*]

Jack. What mean ye, mr. Hazard?

Trick. Nothing, child, but a jest. Go drink a flaggon, and I'll return presently.

Jack. Pray, sir, do not stay.

Trick. As I am an honest man—The three wash-balls, John?

Jack. Ay, sir.

Trick. Good: And if I do not shave mr. Dashit, my ingenuity wants an edge. Let me see, a barber! My villainous tongue will betray me; I must step in and disguise a little. For my speech, what if it be broken

broken French, or a northern or a Welsh barber? Good, the widow Scowre's man: good, newly hir'd a journeyman; very well: I have my cue, and will proceed, happy be luck—
[*Exit Trickwell.*]

SCENE changes to Corina's house.

Enter Corina with her hair loose, raving, and Mrs. Dunwell.

Dun. Nay, dear sweet child, do not torment thyself thus violently: say Wellman be to be married, are there no more young gentlemen, no more both handsome and rich? Come, come, you could not expect to build tabernacles with him.

Cor. Damn your sententious nonsense, let me go loose as the winds when mad, when raging mad. 'Twas you, heaven curse ye for't, that first seduc'd me, swo that he lov'd me, wou'd eternally; and when my virtue had resolved me good, damn'd witch, whose trade is lying and confusion, you hard besieged it round with tales of Wellman, repeated all his charms so often o'er, my heart began to yield, and virtue fade like flowers with too much heat; which when you saw, a curse upon your tongue, you told him where the part was feeblest here—told him my strength, and how he best might conquer: and he, oh lovely tyrant, found it true, and never ceas'd till he had vanquish'd all. Leave me, thou witch, that hast reduc'd this soul, this body too, to nothing but a grave.

Dun. To nothing! Marry and that's not my fault; I have made as many proffers of your virginity since he ruin'd it, as if you had been my own daughter a thousand times, so I have; but you were so peevish, you ever stood in your own light; nothing would down with you but Wellman.

Cor. Hell take thy tongue, or blast it.

Dun. Ay, for God forgive me, it has been a thousand times forsworn for you, and yet I've brought you to nothing. Have I not brought you English and French merchants of the best rank, jews of the richest tribes, Irish lords, Scottish earls; and lastly, the Dutch agent, who offer'd ye a tun of money? and is all this nothing? Come, come, had you had grace, you had made something of all these; but nothing but Well-man was regarded.

Cor. Oh that hated name! like some black charm it curdles up my blood.

Dun. And yet, o' my conscience, the gentleman's an honest gentleman, and one you have got fairly by; I help him to you, and have I this for my labour? Well, Mary Dunwell, [*exceps*] go thy ways; Mary Dunwell, thy kind heart will bring thee to the hospital.

Cor. I'll be reveng'd; nothing but dire revenge shall satiate my rage. Methinks I am inspir'd with manly strength, a bloody courage swells my rising heart, and I shall act some wonderous dismal mischief. And yet to see him bleed, he that has sworn so many tender things, and breath'd 'em all in kisses on my bosom; but now all those, and thousands new invented, he pays another mistress more belov'd. I die, I die, and cannot bear that thought, by which I find I'm feeble woman still. Why didst thou (tell me, for I'll here begin,) why didst thou praise this monster? — To my soul.

[*Draws a dagger and takes hold of her.*]

Dun. Heavens, madam, hold and hear me: I did praise him, I confess; I said he was a fool, a lavish fool, one that loved women more than his religion; that he kept high, and lov'd most ardently: but what of this? the wind you see is turn'd.

Cor. Turn all then to confusion; turn, thou witch, 'tis I will play the devil. Heart, resolve, and set down this decree, never to rest till thou hast made him equal to me, wretched.

Enter

Enter Boy.

Boy. Madam, mr. Wellman and mr. Friendly are below, and desire leave to kiss your hand.

Cor. Oh, he's grown ceremonious in his visits. No more, I will be calm, as if my fortune knew no change ; I will dissemble, smile ;

I'll shew myself all woman in my art,
But be a very devil in my heart,

[Puts the dagger and pistol in her two pockets.]

Enter Wellman and Friendly.

Well. How now, Corina, what disorder's this ?

Cor. Oh, my dear life ! this woman has displeas'd me ; but one kind look from thee chases all other thoughts out of my soul.

Well. But what's the matter ? do not dissemble with me.

Cor. With thee ! far be such art from thy Corina's tongue ; you've taught her truth with love. What else shou'd such a master teach a mistress ? Come, I forgive her now : alas, she's lost the little dog you gave me. Wou'd it not grieve one to lose aught of thine ?

Well. Fie, fie, cry for a dog ? what would'st thou do for me, that pay'st such tributes to a poor worthless animal ?

Cor. For thee ! weep tears of blood ; but 'tis impossible I could be robb'd of thee by aught but death. I know thy noble heart—to be a traitor. *[Aside.]*

Well. Thou art so fond, thou mind'st nothing but me ; see'st thou not my friend ?

Cor. Yes, and love him too, next to thy self, by heaven ;—for he's as great a villain, being he's a man. *[Aside.]* Come, sir, you must not be so sad ; I'll sing and dance, do any thing to make you gay and smile : for trust me, sir, I hate sad company. Heavens, what ails you, sir ?
have

have you the tooth-ach, fir? I've many remedies for that.

Friend. No, my pain is at my heart; have you a cure for that?

Cor. A thousand. Kind eyes, soft sighs, and kisses well applied.

Friend. 'Twill but increase the pain: 'twas so I caught it.

Cor. Alas! I'll sing then; I have a thousand songs, so pretty and so loving—

Friend. Still that but hurts me more.

Cor. Then I've no remedies. [*sighs.*] Hah, what ring is that? I like it, and must have it,

Well. No, you must not, love.

Cor. Fie, you call me love, and cry I must not! I say I will. How now! who is't commands where I am?

Well. You intirely; but this ring I cannot part with.

Cor. 'Tis my rival's! Rot with his finger; how it fires my blood, and the red flame kindles about my face, and will betray my heart! [*Aside.*] Come, 'tis a trifle.

Well. I care not for the value.

Cor. Has it a worth besides its own intrinsic one?

Well. Nay, you're of late so peevish and so jealous, that you grow troublesome.

Cor. Jealous! by this dear mouth not I. [*kisses him.*] Come, give me the ring; by all that's kind you shall: By all our loves, and by all those soft embraces when in my arms you swore eternal love, eternal faith, I do conjure ye give it me: I never us'd to beg such toys in vain.

Well. Thou art uncivilly importunate. Go, fool, thou shalt not ha't; I care not for thee nor thy jealousy.

Cor. He speaks his soul in that, which from his mouth destroys all my dissembling. [*Aside.*] I know that ring, thou falser than the devil; I know it is Marinda's, your
new

new mistress : Take her, but take her far from me, be sure ; keep her as thou wouldst secrets that would damn thee ; for if she take but air, she is no more ; it will be all infected with my sighs and curses, and 'twill be catching, sir : look to't, it will.

Well. Thou'rt grown a hectoring whore !

Cor. Leave me, or such another word from thee will put thee into danger. Dar'st thou upbraid the faults thou hast created ? Furies possess me, that I may encounter the like fate or killing blasts ! Oh I cou'd rave to think I want that power that might destroy thee !

Well. Do not turn witch before thy time, Corina.

Cor. I wou'd I were, that I might be an age in damning thee : But words are air that blow above thy head, and cannot wound nor blast. [Sighing.]

Well. Nay, if you rave, I'll leave ye ; fare ye well. You will not go. [She catches him.]

Cor. And is it true, hast thou abandon'd me ? Can'st thou forget our numerous blisses past, the hours we've wasted out in tales of love, and curst all interruption but of kisses, which 'twixt thy charming words I ever gave thee ; when the whole live-long day we thought too short, yet blest the coming night ? Hast thou forgot ? false are thy vows, all perjur'd, and thy faith broken as my poor lost forsaken heart ; and wou'dst thou wish me live to see this change ? Cou'dst thou believe, if thou hadst hid it from the talking world, my heart cou'd not have found it out by sympathy ? Ah foolish, unconsidering, faithless man !

Well. This is as troublesome as rage to me.

[Breaks from her.]

Cor. Some comfort that thou dost confess thou'rt base ; and this last blaze of my departing love has but a minute's light, and now 'tis gone.

Well. It went in fume, and leaves a scent behind it which does offend my sense : Farewel. [Goes out.]

Cor. Farewel. And dost thou think I'll part with thee thus tamely ? Faithless, unthinking fool ; by heaven,

ven, no other woman shall possess thee ; the perjur'd heart you gave, thus I demand.

[Takes a pistol out of her pocket, fires it at his breast ; it only flashes in the pan : Friendly runs to her ; she throws it away.]

Oh damn this treacherous instrument, false as the heart 'twas aim'd at : But since, like coward states, I wanted courage to attack the foe, I'll turn my fury into civil broils, and hurl all to confusion here within.

Offers to stab herself ; Friendly runs to her, prevents her, and she seems fainted a little while in his arms.

Friend. Pray leave her, sir, your presence but inflames her.

Well. I will : look to her, pr'ythee.

Cor. I was too rash, and mist from too much violence and rage—I might have more securely done the business.

[Aside.] Pray leave me, sir.

Well. I cannot go, a fire in my blood confines me here : 'Tis not a virtuous flame !

No, raging lust my wilful fate does move ;

The Gods themselves cannot be wise and love.

Cor. This man, whom I abhor because his friend, through all my rage I see has a passion for me ; raise it, ye powers, till it become so high to be employ'd to any use I'll put it to, a fatal instrument of my revenge.

[Aside.]

Friend. Loveliest of all your injur'd sex—

Cor. You're charitable to the forsaken, sir, but 'tis, alas, all thrown away on me ; for I can never more believe there can be honesty in man, since Wellman is all vice.

Friend. What devil, envious of his glorious choice, contriv'd to make him faithless to such beauty ? had I that blessing, which I dare not name, hardly dare wish, 'tis so above my merit, I should despise, as useless and unnecessary, all the vast joys besides heaven has in store, and at thy feet lay all my fortunes down, and set up my eternal rest with thee.

Cor. Just so he spoke, and I fond fool believ'd, and

tir'd

tir'd h m out with love ; but you're all false, inconstant, faithless tyrants, and betrayers even in that very minute that you gain us ; we forfeit all our hopes in you for ever. I can believe no more.

Friend. Silence and modesty were wont to be my two accustom'd virtues ; but my love grows high and rages in me like a storm : would you believe my vows ; but you have been deceiv'd that way already : therefore, thou dear, thou lovely, injur'd fair one, credit my plain sincerity. I love, and to be short, would have thee pay my flame ; I will be grateful in what way you please. Take me to your embraces, to your bed. I am not us'd to ask such questions, madam, and want terms fit to dress 'em in.

Cor. And do you take me then for such a creature, that have no sense but appetite, the brutal part of love ? forbear to name it to me, you offend me.

Friend. Forgive me ; I would have you love me too : and if I have too hastily run o'er what ought to have been said of my vast passion, and came too rudely on the wish'd-for part, 'tis the effects of youthful ignorance, of hot desire, and eager to be happy.

Cor. How shall I feign to yield ? [*Aside.*] There's such a seeming honest plainness, sir, in what you say, in spite of all my grief, I listen to your language. Cou'd you be true, cou'd you convince me thoroughly that you lov'd—

Friend. kneeling. What art will do't ? what vows, what protestations, what proofs, what gifts, besides a faithful heart ?

Cor. Shall I, or can I trust again ? oh, fool, how natural 'tis for women to believe ! but when you've gain'd the utmost that you ask, will you not then grow cold ?

Friend. As soon the sun shall lose its native heat, denying warmth to flowers.

Cor. I must have more than this : can you believe this heart, that has been us'd so ill already, can trust on feeble vows ? can you be bravely kind, re-
solve

solve a deed would shake a soul that is not fix'd in love ?

Friend. Is it a deed that I may do with honour ?

Cor. I did not study that ; but if there be any thing that stands in competition with your love, it is not worth my owning.

Friend. Be it what it will, 'tis for so rich a prize, without demanding what, I'll vow it done.

Cor. I hate this Wellman : you may guess the rest. Good day to you.

Friend. Leaving me ! by heaven we must not part : love and desire are madly raving in me ; my impatient heat admits of no resistance : I cannot live, without you grant me instantly that which I dare not ask.

[*Follows on his knees.*]

Cor. As long as Wellman lives, I've made a vow never to love again ; yet am I understood ?

Friend. Will you be mine when Wellman is no more ?

Cor. By all my hopes, by my last best of wishes.

Friend. Be mine, and only mine, for ever mine ?

Cor. Inviolably yours.

Friend. Then hear me, on my knees I make this vow : Wellman shall die before to-morrow's light. Now may I hope my bliss ?

Cor. Yes, when the deed is done. And for a token that you have dispatch'd him, bring me that diamond that he wears, and which he did refuse me — Do you pause ?

Friend. Only the manner, sweet—

Cor. Oh, you may pick a sudden quarrel with him, word it to blows, and then take all advantages.

Friend. And will my vows to kill him merit nothing ?

Cor. No, I have vow'd, and if you love you'll yield to't.

Friend. Enough—Farewell.

[*She goes out.*]

Delays in love's the lover's only hell.

[*Going out hastily, stops.*]

Hah ! whither would my hasty steps misguide me ? was I not rushing on to kill a friend ? to kill a friend, oh 'tis

'tis to kill myself ! Passion, how hellish art thou ! oh, how vile, to kill a friend to gain a sinful woman for appetite, for sensual end, and momentary pleasure !

And vices like to swelling rivers flow,

The further that they run they bigger grow.

Heav'n ! how near was I to being undone ! I'll fly, lest the temptation overtake me. [Exit.

SCENE changes to Dashit's house.

Enter Mrs. Dashit with a bag of money, Mr. Dashit following.

Mr. Dash. Well, is the money right ?

Mrs. Dash. Just fifty pounds, honey, in good hard half-crowns.

Mr. Dash. Well, mr. Trickwell, 'tis your confounded worship put me to this charge ; but an I catch thee, an I do not charge thee with as many irons, may't thou cozen me again, knave, may't thou cozen me again. Well, wife, is the barber come ? I'll be trim'd, and then to my neighbour Gliften's, the goldsmith, to new furnish myself with plate.

Mrs. Dash. Truly, husband, surely heaven is not pleas'd with our vocation ; we wink at the sins of our customers, our wines are merely protestant, and I now speak it with grief of heart, we fry fish with salt butter, to the burden of my conscience, calling our wines by forty heathenish names to disguise truth.

Mr. Dash. Hold your prating ; a pox of your conscience, go mind your business in the bar, score double, and mend the matter with a vengeance.

[Exit Mrs. Dash. lays the money on the table.]

Enter Trickwell dress'd like a barber.

How now, friend, what are you ?

Trick. A barber, sir, the widow Scowre's man, an't like your worship ; my name's Timothy Hazard, sir.

Mr. Dash.

Mr. Dash. Very well, very well; and how does my godson, Timothy?

[Dashit sits down in a chair, he puts the things about him.]

Trick. Very well, an't like your worship; he's gone to trim parson Cuffett.

Mr. Dash. And how long have you been a barber, Timothy?

Trick. A year, an't like your worship, come Christmas.

Mr. Dash. What, what, and a good workman, Timothy? and may I trust myself in thy hands, Timothy?

Trick. Oh doubt me not, sir, I'll shave your worship as cleverly, as your worship shall confess, by that time I've done——Hah, 'tis cash!

[Feels for the money-bag.]

[Whilst he is lathering him they talk.]

Mr. Dash. Well, Timothy, and what's the news, Timothy? you barbers are notable news-mongers, good commonwealth's-men: You—

Trick. Marry, sir, I know none but of the speaking child and the monster.

Mr. Dash. How, the monsters! what monsters, good Timothy?

Trick. Has not your worship heard of the monster, the Gravesend monster?

Mr. Dash. By my troth not I.

Trick. Why, sir, there came ashore last night four and twenty huge, horrible, devouring—

Mr. Dash. Bless us! what?

Trick. Whales, sir; which no sooner came ashore, but they turn'd into fearful elephants that roar'd, then into cockatrices that crow'd and frighted all the judges out of Westminster-hall.

Dash. Good lord!

Trick. And in a moment these cockatrices were turn'd into so many huge giants in scarlet, with triple crowns on their heads, and forked tongues, that hiss so loud, the noise is heard to the Royal-exchange; which has put the

the citizens into such a consternation, that 'tis thought the world's at an end.

Dash. Good lord ! and what may this portend, Timothy ?

Trick. Portend, fir, popery, fir, popery ; and these monsters are call'd the four and twenty whores of Babylon.

Dash. Oh monstrous ! four and twenty whores ! the nation will be over-run with popery indeed, Timothy : bless us, what monstrous things are these popish monsters ! Well, in grace of god, my wife and I will see these four and twenty whores. Nay, nay, god bless good little England ; this must portend right-down popery, that's certain.—Well, hast thou no merry news, Timothy ?

Trick. Faith, fir, they say that there's five and twenty couple of bears are to dance a dance in Paris-garden before the king ; and four and twenty couple of French apes play to them upon the flute-doux.

Dash. Oh pox, Timothy, this must be a lye, Timothy ; an this be not a lye I am an ass, i'faith : four and twenty bears dance to flute-douxes ! Ha, ha, ha.

Trick. 'Tis credibly reported, fir ——— Shut your eyes close, fir ; closer, yet, fir, this ball will make 'em smart.

Dash. Ay, ay, Timothy, I do wink.

Trick. Hold, fir, your head will take cold—[*Puts on a fool's cap.*] I'll put on your good worship's night-cap. So, now I'll shave you, fir.—This must along with me, this beaver too ; and now adieu, worshipful mr. Dashit.

[*Leaves him in the fuds, the bason in's hand, and runs away with the money.* *Exit.*

Dash. Ha, ha, ha, four and twenty couple of English bears dance to the musick of French apes ! Ha, ha, ha ; in faith, good Timothy, thou makest my worship smile — But heark ye, Timothy, dost know one Trick-well ? a villainous rogue, Timothy, cheated me last night of fifty pounds in plate ; but I'll plate him, with a pox, an I catch him. Come, haste, good Timothy.

Art thou free, Timothy ? I am one of the common-council, Timothy, and may do thee good, shortly. Why, Timothy ! Timothy ! dost leave me in the fuds ? Why, Timothy ! I shall be blind with winking.——
[Wipes his eyes.] Timothy ! hah you——Wife, my money, wife !

Enter Mrs. Dashit.

Mrs. Dash. What's the noise here ? you are always bawling.

Mr. Dash. 'Owens, ye whore, where's Timothy ?

Mrs. Dash. What Timothy ?

Mr. Dash. Why, the barber, jade, the barber.

Mrs. Dash. The barber ! I saw him go a quarter of an hour since. Why, are ye not trim'd ?

Mr. Dash. Trim'd ! a pox trim ye ; where's the money, the money, ye jade ? I am trim'd with a vengeance !

Mrs. Dash. What's the money gone ! the whole fifty pounds in the bag ?

Mr. Dash. I have wink'd fair, in the devil's name.

Enter Jack, kneeling.

Jack. Pray, godfather, give me your blessing.

Mr. Dash. A pox of blessing, I am cursing, rogue : where's Timothy, thy mother's man Timothy ?

Jack. My mother has no such, forsooth.

Mr. Dash. My money ! my fifty pounds !—A plague of all Timothies ; who was't trim'd me ?

Jack. I know not, godfather ; only one met me and borrowed my furniture, for a jest, he said.

Mrs. Dash. What kind of fellow was't ? oh—

Jack. A little, slender, nimble, well-spoken fellow, sir.

Mr. Dash. Oh, 'tis Trickwell, that rogue Trickwell ! black hair and eye-brows, and grey eyes ?

Jack. Yes, godfather.

Mr.

Mr. Dash. Ay, ay, 'tis he. Raise the street upon him; I'll hang him if there be law for money. Oh, I shall taint! wife, wife, fetch me the rosa solus.

Mrs. Dash. Good husband, take comfort in the lord, I'll play the devil but I'll recover it; have a good heart, 'tis but a week's false scoring in the parliament-time. [*Fetches the bottle, he drinks.*]

Mr. Dash. So, some comfort:—Wife, whe wife, I say, is there any musick in the house?

Mrs. Dash. Yes, sweetheart, mr. Squeek's Noise.

Mr. Dash. Bid 'em play then: And John come kiss me now, now, and John come kiss me now. [*Sings.*] Bid 'em play; laugh thou and be merry, for I'll go dance, cast up my accounts, and hang myself presently. I will not curse, but a pox on Trickwell, he has shav'd me, he has trim'd me! I will go hang myself; but first let's have a dance.

[*Ex. dancing, with the bottle in's hand; and sings, John come kiss me, &c.*]



A C T III.

SCENE I.

Enter Marinda, Diana, and Ample.

Marinda.

COME, pr'ythee, Ample, sing the song Wellman made upon the kiss I gave him.

Dian. No, pr'ythee don't, my stomach turns against kissing extreamly.

Mar. Why, Diana?

Dian. By the faith I have in this beauty, 'tis the most unsavory ceremony, the most saucy custom to ladies;

ladies; every fellow now-a-days with greasy sweaty faces, stinking breath, and nasty teeth, must take a body over the lips with such familiarity; nay, they think 'tis grateful to us too. Lord, there was an old judge laid me over the face last night, and did so squeeze his grizly bristles through my lips, I'd as live a kiss'd a row of pins with the points to me; and yet I was forc'd to take it, take it with a curt'sy too: for my part I'd as live they should belch in my face.

Mar. Fie what a comparison's there!

Dian. Suitable to the beastly compliment; and yet I love kissing too, if I may chuse my man and place.

Mar. Fie, if any should hear you?

Dian. Let a thousand, I'd not be ashamed; 'tis not those that talk roguishly, that are to be suspected: you shall have a hypocritical holy sister mince that publickly, that she'll receive with open arms privately: for my own part, I consider nature without apparel, without disguising; I give thoughts, words, and truth, a modest boldness; I love no prohibited things, and I would have nothing prohibited but by virtue.

Mar. But we must consider the world, who thinks severe modesty a woman's virtue.

Dian. Fie, fie, virtue is free, handsome, cheerful mirth; I hate a severe, froward, ignorant, ill-bred behaviour in a woman; 'tis uncivil, hang't, I'll have no more on't. Ample, what think you?

Amp. Faith, madam, I can only stand up for kissing; I never ventur'd farther, tho' I would fain.

Dian. Thou art not of my mind; for I'll ne'er marry.

Amp. Marry god forbid! what will you do then?

Dian. E'en strive against the flesh: marry! no, faith, husbands are like lots in a book, one may prick a hundred times, and find all blanks. A husband! a hang-man: a careless domineering insolent thing, that grows like coral, whilst under water, soft and tender; but married, and above the waves, hard, stubborn, not to be bow'd nor manag'd: whilst your humble servant, oh
how

how assiduous, troublesomely officious and busy ! but wed, the worst-bred tyrant and sloven in nature. No, no, I'll live my own woman, I——and let the worst come to the worst, I had rather be call'd wanton than a fool.

Mar. Oh, but a virtuous marriage—

Dian. Virtuous marriage ? there's no more affinity between virtue and marriage, than a man and his horse : wedlock may manage virtue in the right way, but 'tis oftner loose and unbridled. I hate restraint upon my virtue, or to owe it to the honour of a husband ; yet I like thy match well enough, a handsom man, good humour, witty, and wild ; but my sir John is such a tool, fit to make nothing but a cuckold of. See if they be not here.

Enter Sir John Empty and Wellman.

Well. My sweet Marinda !

Sir John. Good-morrow, my little footerkin ; how is't, my pretty life ?—Nay, I call all my mistresses so.

Dian. Indeed ! How many mistresses have you had ?

Sir John. Some nine, or thereabouts.

Dian. Then you have had nine lives, like a cat.

Sir John. Mew—You wou'd be kiss'd for that ?

Dian. Yes, if I lik'd the mouth that offer'd it.

Sir John. By my troth, that must not be mine ; I do not love to endanger my back with stooping so low : if you would wear chipeeners, much might be done.—Nay, let me alone to find a Rowland for you Oliver.

Dian. Your pestilent wit will never make me ashamed of my shortness : the faults I can mend myself, I blush at ; but those which nature made, let her bear the shame for me, I have nothing to do with it ; but you never forget to be witty on my beauty, sir knight, I shall be even with you.

Sir John. Nor remember it, by my troth, but as I do religion, for controversy sake only, no hurt.

Dian. But, brother, for I'll now call you so, since my father this night resolves to contract you—Shall we not have fiddles, and dance? Sir John I'm sure will make one, and my city lover the alderman's son, mr. Shatter, he's a most spruce dancer, of the first bench in the school, I'll promise ye.

Sir John. Fore-gad, and well remember'd, he borrow'd a diamond ring of me last night, to make a visit in to a lady; and was't you?—The devil take me, an I had thought that, he should ne'er a had it. Adsbud he's here!

Enter Mr. Shatter.

Shat. Good-day to my fair mistress.

Dian. Good morrow, sweet mr. Shatter.

Sir Job. Sweet mr. Shatter! pox on him, is he a rival now?

Dian. You're fine to day, rich in gems, mr. Shatter.

Shat. A toy, madam, I bought to please my finger.

Dian. I am more precious to you than your finger; why not to oblige me? come, I'm no profess'd beggar, you know.

Shat. Faith and troth, madam, as I hope to be sav'd—Oh lord, as the saying is—I protest upon my honour—

Dian. Do not pawn it for such a trifle.

Shat. As I'm a gentleman, as god shall sa' me, I'll give a—

Dian. Is this yours to give?

Shat. Oh lord, madam, that's such a thing now, why shou'd your ladyship—you're the strangest joker, I protest—

Dian. Hum, now I remember, I think I have seen this on a person's hand, an humble servant of mine, one fir John Empty.

Shat. Pox of her memory! [*Aside.*] A such another, madam.—Whe, what a devil's he to her now?

Dian.

Dian. Nay, I'm sure this is it.

Shat. Troth, 'tis, madam: the poor fellow wanted a little money to treat some women last night, and so he pawn'd it to me. 'Tis a pawn, good faith, or else you shou'd have it.

Sir John. Heark ye, thou base lying son of a cheating cit, how dares thy impudence hope to prosper? Were it not for the respect I bear this noble company, I wou'd so bang thee—
[Pulls him aside.]

Dian. How now, what's the matter here?

Shat. Nothing, madam, nothing. He was a little uncivil with me last night; for which, because I shou'd not call him to an account, he desir'd to make me any satisfaction. The coward trembles at my presence; but I have him on the hip, I'll take the forfeit of his ring.

Sir John. Heark ye, fir, what's that you whisper to her?
[Pulls him aside.]

Shat. Nothing, fir, but to satisfy her that the ring was yours, not pawn'd to me, but lent to grace my finger; and so I told her I begg'd your pardon for being a little too familiar with your reputation.

Dian. Yes, indeed, he did; and said you wou'd make him any satisfaction for a rudeness you did him last night, but he wou'd take the forfeit of the ring for't.

Sir John. How now, ye base scoundrel!

[Takes him roughly.]

Shat. Hold, hold, my mistress does but rally, faith.

Dian. Thy mistress! I disown thee; thou'rt a child, I'll give thee to my woman. Come, sister, let's make us ready for the ball anon. Come, you shall be friends.

Sir John. He shall renounce you then, and restore my ring; ad'sbud he shall.

Shat. With all my heart, to do you service, fir.

[Gives him the ring.]

Sir John. And here I'll make an offer of it.

Dian. Well, I'll take it, fir, to make me thine to-night. Farewell, brother, till anon.

[Exeunt Mar. Dian. Sir John, & Amp.]

Well. To be thus huff'd by a coward, a beaten coward! what madness has possess'd thee?

Sbat. Ay, but how the devil did I know he was a coward? could you not have whisper'd me that?

Well. Well, sir, I'll try to make your peace with Diana. Leave me, I've business now. [*Exit Sbat, enter Friend*] How now, my friend! what news from love? is the lady of sin kind? pr'ythee say how; in faith I'll not be angry.

Friend. Oh, Wellman! no age did e'er produce so damn'd a creature, so fair, and yet so false: had I been vicious, what a desperate wretched thing I'd been!

Well. Pr'ythee what's the matter?

Friend. Heav'n! I have been tempted to thy death.

Well. What, is the fury mad?

Friend. Most damnable.

Well. Hearing I'm to be marry'd?

Friend. She rav'd at first, like winds let loose to ruin; But fix'd on this resolve, she calm'd again, And listen'd to my love, my eager love; which when it urg'd her to create me happy, she press'd me to this murder, as the way, the only means to gain her heart for ever. Mad with my flame, I cou'd deny her nothing, and then my lawless lust, not I, protested, confirm'd it with a thousand oaths, to kill ye, and bring this ring to witness you were dead; and then her lovely body was my hire.

Well. Horrid! nothing's defam'd but by its proper self: physicians abuse remedies, lawyers spoil law, and woman only is a shame to woman. You've vow'd to kill me?

Friend. Most solemnly; for, friend, I must enjoy her. Oh, that a man of sense should fancy pleasure in one whose soul's so black and infamous! but 'tis my fate, and I must bow before it.

Well. Thou shalt; I will contrive the means to satisfy thee. Come, I give a ball to-night to my Marinda; thou shalt be there: and by the way, I'll tell thee what we will do to make a seeming quarrel, that all the world,

as well as this Corina, may think I'm kill'd indeed, whilst I, lodg'd in some place obscure, may give thee time to cool this feverish blood. Shew her this ring, protest me surely dead ; and when thou'rt satiated, we'll laugh at folly. Come, let us go. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to the street, a shop-door.

Enter Mr. Gliften and Dasht, with a great silver bason or punch-bowl. Enter Trickwell in the habit of a Pedlar, with a box with trinkets before him; and Jervice, the goldsmith's man.

Mr. Dasht. Well, neighbour Gliften, I am beholden to you for this credit till next week, and I am pleas'd in my choice of this piece of plate ; a punch-bowl is a most fashionable thing, now French wines are prohibited : I know 'twill please my wife. Well, I am forty pounds indebted to you for't, honest mr. Gliften.

Glifst. Your word's sufficient, sir, an 'twere for a thousand pounds.

Dasht. A pox of the rogue that robb'd me ! Well, I shall catch him ; and if I do, he shall half rot in fetters in the dungeon till he despair ; then I'll hire a parson on purpose, that shall persuade him he is damn'd ; then after, see him, with my own eyes, hang'd without singing any psalm—Lord, lord, that he should have but one neck !

Glifst. Oh, neighbour, you must use a conscience in all things ; but do your will. You'll command me no farther ?

Dasht. No ; only lend me your servant to carry this bowl home to my Peg ; I am to step into Leaden-Hall.

Glifst. Willingly, sir—Here, Jervice, carry home this plate.

Dasht. To my wife's own hands deliver it, good Jervice.

Jer. I'll warrant you, sir.

Dash. To her own hand, honest Jervice.

Jer. I have deliver'd better things than this to a woman's own hand, sir, before now.

[*Ex. Jer. with the bowl, and Glist. in.*]

Trick. Monsieur, please you to buy a very fine delicate ball, a sweet ball, a camphere-ball.

Dash. Pr'ythee away.

Trick. One a ball to shave, one a ball to scower.

Dash. Name 'em not to me, talk not of shaving ; a pox of the rogue, I have been shav'd, I have.

[*Exit Dashit.*]

Trick. I'll shave ye smoother yet : that bowl, that delicious bowl, I must be drunk out of ; I have a fancy for't, it is too good for cheating vintners : I say it must be mine ; therefore, my worshipful Dashit, look to't : what tho' there be rounds in a ladder, and knots in a halter ?—Hang the devil, I'll do't ; I must draw a lot for the great punch-bowl.

[*Goes out.*]

SCENE changes to Mr. Dashit's house.

Enter Mrs. Dashit, and Jervice with the bowl.

Mrs. Dash. Nay, Jervice, stay and drink, good Jervice ; and how does mrs. Glisten ? I knew her well, she was a very good, patient creature, i'faith ; she has born, and born, and bore again, good woman, as well as I, with a bad husband ; yet I can find no fault in mr. Glisten : here's to him, Jervice, he knew me before I was married ; an honest man he is [*drinks*] and a thrifty, I'll warrant him ; and his wife's a proper woman as any in Cheapside.

Jer. Yes, indeed forsooth, so she is.

Mrs. Dash. She paints now, and yet she keeps her husband's customers still. In troth, Jervice, a handsome wife in a fine carv'd seat, is the best ware in a man's shop.

Jer.

Jerv. Yes, indeed forsooth, so 'tis.

Mrs. Dash. But well, Jervice, remember me to your master and mistress, and tell 'em I acknowledge the receipt of this, acknowledge the receipt—This 'tis to have good education, and to be brought up in a tavern ; and though my husband be a citizen, all London knows I keep as good company as any she within the walls. Good-day, honest Jervice. [Exit Jerv.]

Enter Trickwell dress'd like a prentice, with a jole of salmon.

Trick. Fair hour to you, mistress.

Mrs. Dash. A pretty compliment ! I'll write it down : A beautiful thought to you, sir.

Trick. Your husband and my master, mr. Glisten, has sent you a jole of fresh salmon, and they intend to come both to dinner presently to season your new bowl, forsooth, which your husband intreats you would send back by me, that his arms may be engraven on it, which he forgot before.

Mrs. Dash. Are you sent by no token ? nay, I have a wit.

Trick. Yes forsooth, by the same token he was dry shav'd this morning.

Mrs. Dash. A sad token, but true : here, pray commend me to your master and mistress, and tell 'em I expect 'em impatiently.

[Gives him the bowl, and takes the salmon.]

[Exit Trick.]

Impatient was well again ! Sam, why Sam, I say !

Sam. Anon, anon, forsooth.

Mrs. Dash. Come quickly, spread the table, lay napkins, and (do ye hear ?) perfume the room a-little ; it does so smell of this profane tobacco ! I could never endure this ungodly tobacco, since our doctor told me 'twas a bane to propagation—So, spread handsomly : lord, these boys do things so arsy-verfy ! you shew your breeding. Well, I am a gentlewoman by my sister's side, I can tell you : so—methodically—Hum ! I wonder

der where I got that word—Oh, 'twas sir John Empty bid me kiss him methodically ; 'tis a sweet man !

Enter Mr. Dashit.

Mr. Dash. Well, Tony Dashit, be not discourag'd, be not disheartned, thou wilt recover all.

Mrs. Dash. Oh are you come, husband ? where are they ?

Dash. How now ! how now ! how now ! what, a feast towards——and in my private parlour—Who treats, who treats, Peg ?

Mrs. Dash. Pr'ythee leave fooling ; are they come ?

Dash. Come ! who come ?

Mrs. Dash. Lord, how strange you make it !

Dash. Strange ! what's strange ? is the woman mad ?

Mrs. Dash. Ay, strange : you know none that sent me a jole of salmon, you—and said they wou'd come dine with me ?

Dash. Hah, fresh salmon ! peace, not I ; peace, the messenger has mistaken the house : let's eat it up quickly, before it be enquir'd for. Come, come, vinegar quickly, Sam—Some good luck yet, i'faith ; I never tasted salmon that relish'd better in my life. Well, 'tis a rare thing to feed at other men's cost.

Mrs. Dash. Other men's cost ! pr'ythee did not you send this salmon ?

Dash. No ; I say, no.

Mrs. Dash. By mr. Gliften's man ?

Dash. I say no.

Mrs. Dash. Who sent word that he and his wife wou'd come to dinner with me ?

Dash. No, no. [*He eats like mad all this while.*]

Mrs. Dash. And hanfel my new bowl—

[*He lays down his knife and starts.*]

Dash. Hah, bowl !

Mrs. Dash. And withal, commanded me to send the bowl back.

Dash.

Dasb. Hah, back !

Mrs. Dasb. That your arms might be put on't—

Dasb. Oh !

Mrs. Dasb. By the same token that you were dry shaven this morning.—

Dasb. Oh !

Mrs. Dasb. And thereupon I sent back the bowl : nay, and I bear not a brain—

Dasb. And is the bowl gone ? is it delivered ? departed ? defunct ? hah !

Mrs. Dasb. Delivered ? yes sure, 'tis delivered.

Dasb. I will never more say my prayers ;—and is the bowl gone ?

Mrs. Dasb. Gone ! God is my witness I deliver'd it with no more design to be cozen'd on't, than the child unborn.

Dasb. Look to my house, I am haunted with evil spirits : hear me, thou plague to man, thou wife thou, if I have not my bowl again, I will go to the devil ; I'll to a conjurer : look to my house, I'll raise all the wise men in London. [Exit in rage.]

Mrs. Dasb. Bless me, what fearful words are these ! I trust in god he is but drunk sure.

Enter Trickwell, as before.

Trick. I must have my salmon, I cannot afford the old rogue so good a bit ; I must have it to season my punch. Now for a master-piece---Fair mistress—

Mrs. Dasb. Oh, have I caught ye ! Sam, shut up the doors, Sam.

Trick. Peace, good mistress, I'll tell you all :—A jest, a mere jest ; your husband did it only to fright you : the bowl's at my master's, and thither your husband's gone, and has sent me in all haste, lest you should be over-frighted, to invite you to come to dinner to him.

Mrs. Dasb. Praise heaven 'tis no worse !

Trick. And bade me desire you to send the salmon before, and yourself to follow : my mistress will be very glad to see you.

Mrs. Dash. I pray take it——Well, I was never so out of my wits in my life :—pray thank your mistress. [*Exit Trick. with the salmon.*] How my heart beats still, beshrew him ! Sam, my hood, Sam, and gloves, and scarf, quickly.

Enter Dashit.

Dash. How now, whither are you jaunting, hah?

Mrs. Dash. Come, play the fool no longer, will you go ?

Dash. Whither, in the name of madness, whither ?

Mr. Dash. Whither ? why, to mr. Gliften's, to eat the salmon. How strange you make it !

Dash. Your meaning, jade, your meaning.

Mr. Dash. Lord bless me, did not you send for me and for the salmon, by the self same fellow that came for the bowl ?

Dash. 'Tis well, 'tis wondrous well ! and are you in your right wits, jade, are you ?

Mrs. Dash. An you make an ass of me, I'll make an ox of you, I tell ye that.

Dash. Nay, jade, be patient ; for look ye, I may be mad or drunk, or so ; tho' you can bear more than I, I do well : I will not curse ; but heaven knows my mind. Come, let's go hear some musick. I will never pray again, that's certain : Let's go hear some doleful musick. Nay, if heaven forget to prosper knaves, the city's like to thrive : I'll go hang myself out of the way.



A C T IV.

SCENE I.

Enter Sir Lyonel, Mr. Wellman, Friendly, Sir John Empty, Mr. Shatter, Marinda, Diana, Petronella, and other women and men ; with musick.

Sir Lyonel.

MORE lights there, boy, more wine and lights—
Come, come, son Wellman, for I must so call you now ; in troth you are not merry, fir, not heartily merry : come, we'll have t'other dance, efact we will, mr. Wellman. Diana, whe girl, I say ! adfme, you're all out of sorts ; I thought thy tongue and heels cou'd never have been idle :—Come, come, hands, hands, for shame !

Sir John. Come, mrs. Diana, I'm your man at this sport ; I never stand out at these busineffes : your hand, fair mistrefs. *[Snatches her hand.]*

Friend. You lye, fir.

Sir John. Do I, fir ? I vow to god, I ask your pardon, fir ; I durst to have sworn I'd been in the right.

Dian. What, quarrelling about the spoil before the victory !

Sir John. Nay, madam, as for that matter, I'm a man of reason, and Frank Friendly's an honest fellow, and my friend.

Friend. You lye again, fir.

Sir John. Well, well, fir, you are dispos'd to be merry, or so, but there be more ladies——Whe, what the devil ails he, tro ?

Shat. Pox on't, how rarely he huffs now ! Well, it's a most admirable thing, this same courage, if a man had but the knack on't !

Sir Ly. Come, zouks, you're tardy, villainous : young men and maids, to't, to't, I say ; and do not idle time. Come, minstrels, play away, i'faith my dancing-days are not done yet.

[Musick plays, they dance, at the end of which Wellman speaks.]

Well. Friendly, you are out.

Friend. Death, you lye.

[Strikes him, he draws, they pass, the company puts in, all but Shat. and Sir John, who run in corners.]

Sir Ly. The quarrel, gentlemen, the quarrel ! i'faith, here's fine doings !

Friend. Oh, sir, you have the advantage of the place.

Well. I do believe I have ; and you're not safe here : I'll meet you, sir, anon. *[Whispers.]*

Friend. Do so. Farewell.

Mar. For heaven's sake, sir, come back——what wou'd you do ? if there be aught that you take ill from Wellman, declare it here, and let us end the quarrel : I know 'tis some mistake ; I know he loves you : let not a trifle set such friends at odds. Speak to him, sister.

Dian. Why, how now, sir, is this the proof you give me of your love ? oh, you have shew'd yourself a gallant spark ! I thought it jealousy, and took it kindly your rudeness to our knight here ; but to a friend, at least the man you call so, gives me some cause to fear you're angry at his contract with my sister. Be friends, or I'll believe so.

Friend. Do so, I care not.

Dian. Hah ! do you not love me ? do not make me serious, I shall be out of humour if you do ; and heav'n knows what a strange thing I may prove then ; I never try'd it yet.

Friend. I care not ; pray unhand me.

Dian. I will, in spite of all that would detain thee. I never found myself thus much concern'd.

Sir Ly.

Sir Ly. What sudden flaw is this?

Will. By heaven, I know not, sir, unless some hidden flame for thee—

Mar. It cannot be, I never saw a glance, a look, or smile, could be suspected, love: 'tis some old grudge. Dear, do not follow him, my heart presages something that is fatal. [*sweeps.*] Good sir, persuade him.

[*To Sir Lyonel.*]

Sir Ly. Away, ye fool, persuade him not to fight! away, a coward! hang't, he were not worth thy love then.

Well. Honour, my dear, obliges me to go. Wou'dst have the man that has thy heart in keeping, be pointed out for cowardice? Away, thou needst not fear, we shall at most only exchange a wound. Thy sacred image guards my heart entire, and keeps it safe from danger. Go to the banquet, entertain the ladies, and be merry.

Sir Ly. By cocks bones shall she, and be very merry, to think she's like to have so brisk a spark to her bed-fellow. Go thy ways, William, and god's blessing go with thee, boy: if thou wants a second, I can push yet, I'm not so old, i'faith.

Well. I humbly thank ye, sir---we shall think better on't perhaps before we fight.

Dian. Or shall sir John go? he's a man of mettle, I assure you, brother.

Sir John. What the devil do you mean? I have a mind to take this opportunity to be with thee, thou little wanton—

Friend. Fear not, sir, I'll excuse ye.

[*Goes out, bowing to Mar.*]

Sir John. You little, amiable, mischievous ape you, what a scurvy, malicious jest, did you break upon me, to make the proverb good, You had rather lose your friend than your jest.

Dian. A jest? it was a parlous true one then: I said you were all mettle; a brazen face, a leaden brain, and a copper nose and beard

Sir John.

Sir John. Wit, lightning, and quick-silver, thou little more than dwarf, and something less than woman.

Dian. A wasp, a wasp ! your wit stings, sir.

Sir John. Thou'rt plaguy sharp ; pray god thou be'st not too far gone in love ; if thou shou'dst, I must be forc'd in honour to marry thee, tho' in troth, 'twould be hardly brought about.

Dian. No matter, sir ; things got by struggling bring the greater pleasure, when dull consent but palls the appetite. Then, thou'rt a fool too, the most admirable necessary for a husband in the whole creation, and the best block to carve a cuckold in.

Sir John. Whe, what a tart monkey's this ! By my troth, if thou had'st not so much wit, I could find in my heart to take thee for better for worse ; for I find thou cou'dst bear with all my faults.

Dian. Bear with thee ! I wonder how thy mother bore thee nine whole months about her, when I'll be sworn I can scarce endure thee in my sight an hour.

Sir John. Alas for you, sweet soul, good lack ! A pox of your wit : by the lord Harry, you are the proudest scoffing, scurvy, idle, fantastical whimsical—Adsnigs, because you have read St. George for England, Amades de Gall, and the Legend of Lies, you are licens'd, fortho, to abuse all the world : Egad, Sir Lyonel, your father shall know't.

[*Offers to go out.*]

Dian. He must not tho'—Nay, do not go in rancour, good, dear knight ; for I must confess a secret to you ; which if you knew my heart, you wou'd believe there were nothing so cruel there as you imagine. I speak very kind things of you between my maid and I a-nights as I am going to bed, and next my prayers too, heaven forgive me ! I poke things of you that I would not wish you shou'd know.

Sir John. Nay, look ye, for my part, if I had not most religiously vow'd my heart yours, been drunk twice a day to your health, swallow'd fire, and inches of your cuff-strings, eat candles, pledg'd your health in chamber-lie, run pins into my arms, and done all manner of gal-

lant

lant and heroick actions, I'm the very't son of a whore breathing; and yet to tell me, after all this, I have a brazen face, a leaden brain, and a copper nose, [*weeps.*] 'tis most intolerable, insupportable, and prodigious, I'll be sworn.

Dian. And d'ye love me so indeed?

Sir John. Love you! 'stod, whoever says I do not, and honour you too, egad; nay, and if you wou'd, wou'd marry you, is a son of a whore, and a scoundrel, by the lord.

Dian. And let me tell you in return, that—Heaven forgive me! and my sister knows I have took drink and slept upon't, that if ever I marry, it shall be you; and I will marry, and yet I hope I do not say it shall be you neither. Come, let's to the banquet.

Sir John. Oh, dear creature, I do not say you do: lord, how was I mistaken in thy heart! But will you hereafter cast a kind look at me, to put me in countenance before company? that I would be at now.

Dian. Much may be done. Come, let's to the banquet.

Sir John. And will you, my pretty little darling of mine eyes, marry me? As I hope to breathe, my purse, body, soul, and all shall be thine.

Dian. Most affectionately spoken! Well, get my father's consent, and as for mine—the devil take me if ever thou gets it. [*Aside.*]

Sir John. A kiss, and 'tis a match—

Thus Hymen shou'd begin;

A falling out, sometimes proves falling in. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Wellman and Friendly, as in the street.

Well. Well, my dear friend, tell me with open heart, hath not my reasoning reclaim'd thy folly, preserv'd thy falling virtue, and secur'd it?

Friendly. There is no virtue in blood, no reasoning in desire: but shall I not in this fond act of love, do that which will to thee render my name abhorr'd, and make thee hate me?

Well.

Well. By heaven, no.

Friend. And shall I then ? may I enjoy Corina ?

Well. Thou shalt, by all our friendships. Here, take this ring, shew it to that fair devil, it will confirm me dead ; which rumour, with my absence, will make good—Possess thy love, grow weary in her arms, then be thy self again.

Friend. But if report grows strong, and I am seiz'd, where shall I find thee ?

Well. At Glitten's my goldsmith in Cheapside, to whom I'll tell our business and design.

Friend. Thither I'll come, and tell thee how I thrive : Till when, farewell. [Goes out.]

Well. When woman's in the heart, the soul's all hell. Now repentance, the after-clap of fools, light on thee ; I have an art left that may reclaim thee yet. I'll make thee fall into the vilest dangers, even worse than woman's lust. No goldsmith will I see, or tell my story to, but in some fit disguise I'll hide myself impossible to be discover'd, and leave thee to two friends, a whore and law, that will be plague sufficient for one man. But is this friendship in me ? [pauſis]
No matter :

No man is purely virtuous, no virtue purely kind ;
'The end being good, the way is well design'd.

[Goes out.]

SCENE changes to Corina's house.

Enter Corina in anger, followed by Trickwell with plate, and Mrs. Dunwell.

Cor. Oh, impudence, am I then fallen so low to be solicited by pimps and panders ! Hell take the trade, if this be the effects on't.

Trick. Madam, whatever you may think of me, my present has the shew of quality. Here's plate, a present that a lord might make ye ; and I was once a gentleman,

gentleman, tho' I am fallen so low by faithless vice ; yet tho' undone, poor, and depriv'd of all, I have a heart and will that still remains, and fain wou'd venture on when beauty calls : And if I have a stock, which heaven and my own industry has lent, I must employ it still to that dear use. Take first this little tribute of my conquer'd heart ; I may in time increase it ; were it crowns, here they should all be offer'd.

Cor. And thus I'd spurn away. Ease servile villain, who livest by noise and riot, spunging upon the drops that fall from gentlemen, can'st thou believe that after Wellman's love, I could receive a rascal to my arms ?

Trick. If I were there, you'd find but little difference ; and possibly the next you entertain may fail to pay this price I offer you. This rascal, and that beauteous haughty thing, bating the sex, differ but very little. I live by brawls, by rapine, and by spoils, in fears, vexations, dangers, so do you ; I eat when I can get a fool to treat me, and you can do no more : pox of your pride, methinks we two might understand each other ; you've no gallant to take your quarrels up ; you reign'd when time was, and I'll do so now, for you have known my love, shall find my power, tho' yet I ne'er durst tell you so.

Cor. Nor shall not yet ; for tho' that lover's gone, who but to look on would have made thee tremble, I've beauty still that may command another, beauty whose very glance should make thee bow : Gods ! and has it lost its awe ?

Trick. It has, and I'm resolv'd upon a conquest.

Cor. Death, sirrah, stand off, and view my fatal hand ; it carries death to the bold ravisher, that dares to approach unreverently. A whore ! what tho' to her that bears it 'tis a shame, an infamy that cannot be supported ; to all the world besides it bears a mighty sound, petition'd, su'd to, worshipp'd as a God, presented, flatter'd, follow'd, sacrific'd to. Monarch of monarchs, tyrant of the world, what does that charming word not signify ? And darest thou raise thy hated eyes
so

so high to gaze on such a constellation? No, be gone, with all thy base-got worthless trifles, quickly pack up, and hence, or I will kill thee. [*Goes out.*]

Dun. So, sir, you had better have look'd no higher than mrs. Mary Dunwell, who can down with you when money's low; but when once a little in pocket, you are for high feeding, forsooth. Go, get you gone, I may chance to take pity on you when her passion's over, and do you some service.

Trick. No, by heaven, I'll try my chance this very minute, throw my last cast, for the great stake is set, and will enjoy her now. [*Goes in and knocks.*]

Dun. Hah! here's somebody, I hope, will interrupt you. [*Opens the door.*]

Enter Wellman disguised.

What would you, sir? would you have aught with me? A proper handsome fellow, but ill drest. [*Aside.*]

Well. Madam, I am a gentleman grown poor, decay'd by fortune, and would gladly serve: I can obey, could you direct me where.

Dun. This fellow would serve my turn most admirably! but if I could—you would grow proud with feeding well, and clean linen.

Well. I am not bred so ill, but I can tell how to be grateful to you.

Dun. In troth he apprehends most discreetly—but you're too big to wear a livery.

Well. Not at all; 'tis the fashion now for ladies to keep tall men in liveries; your page is out of fashion, and your stripping footman.

Cor. [*within.*] Help! help! undone! O help!

Well. Hah, what noise is that! [*Draws and runs in.*]

Dun. Heavens! the rogue sure was ravishing her.

Enter

Enter Wellman dragging in Trickwell, Corina follows disordered.

Well. Damn'd faucy villain, what was thy pretence ?

Trick. What's that to thee, bold interrupting slave, sent by the devil to hinder my delight ?

Well. Dog— *[Going to kill him.]*

Cor. Hold ! do not kill the rascal ; 'tis enough you've sav'd me from his mischiefs : pray let him go.

Well. 'Tis pity, but I will obey. Take that, that, and that, ye mungrel cur ; dogs should be used so. *[Kicks him out.]* Death ! what a very wretched thing's a whore, that every rascal dares approach with love ! *[Aside.]*

Cor. Who are ye, pray, to whom I'm so oblig'd ?

Well. One that would gladly serve in any quality.

Cor. I'll do thee good ; take that. *[Gives him money.]* I will prefer thee to some man of quality : mean time make this your home.

Well. I wonder whether Friendly has been here !

[Aside.]

Dun. Madam, one knocks ; shall any have admittance ?

Cor. Only false Wellman's friend. You may retire, and wait my farther pleasure. *Exit Dunwell.*

Well. I'll over-hear ye too. *[Exit Wellman.]*

Enter Dunwell and Friendly.

Friend. Now, my dear mistress, fowl of my desires, I come with all the spoils of conquering love, to lay 'em at thy feet. My stop is dead, the stop of all my ravishing happiness ; and here's the witness of my victory.

[Kneeling presents her the ring.]

Cor. Dead ! Wellman dead ! Oh thou inhuman friend, that borest that title only to betray him. Dead ! and by thee ! Heaven, can you let him live ! Support me, or I fall to earth with this sad killing news.

[Seems to faint.]

Friend.

Friend. Heavens, madam, what d'ye mean ? or shall I vow to you he not is dead ?

Cor. Hah ! not dead !

Friend. What would you have me do ? When I confirm him dead, you grow intraged ; and when I say he lives, you kill with frowns.

Cor. Traytor, and hast thou then deceiv'd my hopes ? and is not Wellman dead ? Hell, what is man ! how didst thou swear, how didst thou prostrate lie, and beg'd to give me any proof of thy false passion ? I asked thee this ; and is it thus you give it ? Oh for a quick revenging power to kill thee !

Friend. Calm that dear angry face, and tell my love which way it best shall please.

Cor. Is't in thy choice, perjur'd, forsworn, and false, to tell me either ? Damn thy double tongue, and all this beauty that misled thy truth, if thou hadst ever any in thy soul.

Friend. Then since it is my destiny to offend which way soe'er I take, I'll follow truth, and tell you, madam, all your strict commands I did obey, and Wellman is no more.

Cor. No more ! what hadst thou to do with my commands ? Oh thou hast kill'd all that my soul could love ! Tho' I commanded, yet he was thy friend, and that in generosity should have sav'd him. Go from my eyes, far from my thoughts remain.

Friend. Is this then the reward of all my love ? What have I done, but been obedient ? Had I priz'd my friendship above that love, would you have took it well ? Yes, I will be gone, and to the judging world

Prove who's the greater criminal, you or I :

I kill'd a friend, you make a lover die.

Cor. I must not let him go, till I'm reveng'd.—Stay, I relent ; oh stay, and give my heart a little time to take leave of its old acquaintance, ere it go to make a new and unknown choice again. Alas, I lov'd this Wellman, lov'd him dearly, more than my life.

[Weeps.
Friend.

Friend. Why did you bid me kill him then ?

Cor. Why, in my own defence ; he gave the first, I fear the mortal wound.

Friend. Then think it just, and think of him no more, but of the dear reward you are to give for all my service. Come, will you not ?

Cor. I will ; but you'll receive it decently, and not with hands distain'd i'th'blood of him that lately was so dear to me ?

Friend. Still on that subject ? do not put me off ; I've left the business of my life undone, and had not power to go about my pardon, so hasty for the dear reward I was ; and is it thus you treat me ?

Cor. You'll find me all you wish, give me an hour's time to compose myself ; and all this upon my brow is but a modest decency ; one hour of joy will chase it all away.

Friend. Do not you dally with me ?

Cor. No, by heaven, when you return I'll give ye your reward, and what you most deserve—a halter 'tis, [*Aside.*] false and perfidious wretch.

Friend. Here, keep this ring, and think each minute's absence is a long year in love. Farewel. [*Exit.*]

Cor. Farewel, vain credulous treacherous fool, farewell.—Mischief inspire me now with all your arts ; methinks the sight of this instructs my soul in a most noble piece of villainy : I will to fair Marinda with this ring, and frame a story of so cunning mischief, shall stab her through the ear into the heart. By heaven, 'tis greatly brave, and I'll begin it : then when this false believer does return, I'll be prepared for him — What, ho ! who waits ?

Enter Dunwell and Wellman.

Well. Now what a devil is this woman grown !

[*Aside.*]

Cor. My hoods and fan, and call a coach immediately.

ately. [*Exit Dunwell.*] And you, sir, I must beg to wait on me.

Well. Wherever you command—This was happy !
[*Exeunt all.*]

SCENE changes to sir Lyonel's house.

Enter sir Lyonel, Marinda, Diana and maid, and sir John.

Mar. Nay, good sir, be not angry that I sent; I was afraid some harm would come of it, and so I fear there is.

Sir Ly. And did no one hear of him?

Mar. None; pray heaven he be well; my heart mis-gives me.

Sir Ly. Well, if he be lost, there's a brave fellow gone, and in a time the king had need of soldiers; there's idle husbands enough for you, baggages.

Dian. I have a little kind of a scurvy pain too, which I do not use to feel about my heart, for Friendly—but none shall see it in my troubled looks: not that I care who knew the loving secret, but I'll not be laugh'd at.

Sir Ly. Leave your whimpering, do; Would thou hadst a heart like thy sister here. When wou'd she cry for a man thus?

Dian. Faith, sir, when I have as much need of a man as she; that is, when I want one, I cannot dis-semble.

Sir John. Look ye, sir, she has need enough, and thanks to fortune she's provided for, with your good liking, noble sir Lyonel.

Sir Ly. Come, sir, let's have one marriage well over, before we think of another. Wou'd we cou'd hear of these sparks too; 'tis almost midnight: they might have staid till day-light, and have kill'd one another like christians decently, not by dark, as cats and dogs worry each other. I know not what to think on't.

Enter

Enter a boy.

Boy. Here's a lady in a coach below desires to speak with you.

Sir Ly. A lady at this hour! she shall be welcome; old as I am, I'll not deny a lady. [*Exit boy.*]

Enter Corina and Wellman disguis'd.

Sir Ly. I hope your business is with me, fair lady.

Dian. 'Twould be but ill dispatch'd then.

Cor. I know not, sir; first let me crave your name, or are you father to the fair Marinda?

Sir Ly. I am, fair mistress, for want of a better. By the mass she's very handsome! [*aside*] This is the maid you name.

Cor. My time's but short, and what I have to say I must dispatch. Madam, you had a lover once, young Wellman.

Mar. Had! (good heavens) I hope and have.

Cor. No, Friendly has basely kill'd him.

Mar. Oh wretched lost Marinda! [*Swoons.*]

Sir Ly. Look to my daughter.

Cor. Madam, look up; this great concern he merits not: 'twas pity brought me here to undeceive ye; his vows and soul were mine, intirely mine.

Mar. Why didst thou call me back to life again, or say in pity, that you undeceiv'd me? If you knew Wellman false, why did you stay me? You should have let me dy'd, 't had been more charitable; but if, as you affirm, he lov'd you best, which I believe from that fair form of yours, whilst I remain I needs must love you too.

Dian. This must be malice, sure!

Cor. Madam, do ye know this ring? he gave it me, and told me such things of your tiresome passion, as gave us cause of laughter all the evening.

Mar.

Mar. I cannot blame him that he lov'd me not, when so much beauty as appears in you gave him permission to adore it: but, methinks, 'twas ungentile to make a sport of me; he shou'd have pitied follies he created: he lov'd me first; alas, I fought him not [*wecps.*] Help me, Diana, for I feeble grow. To-morrow shou'd have been my wedding-day, now I invite you to my funeral; bring flowers and strow the way to my cold grave, and lay me down in peace.

Sir Ly. Lead her in, and be careful of her; but, Madam— [*Talks aside.*]

Well. I cannot hold, I must reveal myself; [*going stops*] Yet stay, heavens, shall I suffer her to die! so good, so gentle, and so sweet a mistress? Were there but three such women in the world, two might be sav'd. —Yes, I'll have patience yet to see the utmost that this devil aims at.

Sir Ly. Confest it, said ye, Madam? and to you? on what acquaintance, pray?

Cor. He was in love with me; and seeing no hope of gaining me whilst Wellman was alive, he pick'd a quarrel with him, and dispatch'd him, and vaunted of the villainy to me. Please you to go where I'll direct you, sir, he shall confess the murder.

Sir Ly. Madam, I'll go; and you, sir John, must bear me company.

Sir John. With all my heart, sir.

Sir Ly. Madam, your hand. Roger, go you to mr. constable, bid him be ready, if I have occasion, and careful who passes the streets to night. [*Exeunt all.*]

SCENE the street.

Enter Dabbit and Sam.

Dab. Say'st thou, Sam, at one mrs. Dunwell's house? whe, she's a bawd.

Sam.

Sam. Yes, sir, or my intelligence is false. There lives a lady, sir, with whom he's desperately in love; and having no purchase-money, 'tis thought, hires the bawd at the price of's own body, to get the young lady, sir: they call her Corina.

Dasb. Lord, lord, what will this wicked world come to! And there thou sayest I may be sure to find this villainous Trickwell.

Sam. He never lies from thence all day, sir, as I am inform'd; 'tis now about his hour of departure, and this way he must come.

Dasb. Get ye home, Sam; I'll e'en take mr. constable and a watchman or two, and fall to searching. Get ye home, Sam, thou shalt have a new suit for this, honest Sam.

[*Exit Sam.*

Well, if I catch the rogue, he shall be hang'd in lousy linen: I'll hire a priest to make a papist of him before execution; and when he's dead, I'll piss on's grave.—

Enter Trickwell in a cloak.

But stay, who comes here? this may be he.

Trick. Damn-this Corina, this proud scornful beauty, whom I must humble and enjoy. I know I am a rogue not worthy of her love, a rascal that have no one good thing about me, but that I love: and this damn'd bawd, to keep me to herself, disgraces me to Corina.

Dasb. Ay, ay, this must be he.—Ware shaving, sir: What ho, the watch! the watch!

[*Takes hold of Trickwell's cloak.*

Enter the watch after, met by Trickwell.

Const. Who goes there? come before the constable.

Trick. Death, you are a pretty fellow of a constable, to represent the king's person indeed! here's a watch for the devil! honest men are robb'd under your noses. A rascal in the habit of a vintner set upon me, cry'd stand and deliver, in the king's highway; he wou'd have had my purse, but that my heels sav'd it: Yet he got my cloak of rich camlet, I'll be sworn, new and fair this

morning. If you light on him, seize him, and keep him in the stocks till the cloak will hang him.

Const. Doubt not our diligence, master, these dangerous times.

1 Watch. Something to drink, master, we that take pains for the good of the nation.

Trick. Honest men, watch and sleep not. Good night.

[*Goes out.*]

1 Watch. Well, master, we must watch better indeed. Is't not strange that knaves, rogues, and thieves shou'd be abroad, and yet we of the watch, scriveners, exchange-men, and taylors, never stir a foot!

Enter Dashi running with the cloak.

Const. Who goes there?

Dash. An honest man and a citizen.

1 Watch. The knave's drunk, and speaks riddles.

Const. Come before the constable; what art thou?

Dash. A vintner.

Const. Bring him near: Hah, what's here, the cloak?

1 Watch. Oh, mr. vintner! is't you? Hold, a rich camlet-cloak; 'tis the same.

Const. Oh thou varlet, does not thou know the wicked cannot 'scape the eyes of the constable?

Dash. What means all this? As I'm an honest man and a citizen, I took the cloak—

Const. As you're a knave, you took the cloak; we are your witnesses for that.

Dash. But, neighbours, hear me, hear who I am.

1 Watch. A thief you are, we know.

Dash. My name is Dashi.

Const. I, I, we'll dash ye: in with him to the stocks there, and lock him fast till morning, that justice Lack-brain may examine him.

Dash. Whe, but harkye—

Const. Away with him.

Dash. Mr. Constable—

Const. In, I say.

[*Locks him in the stocks.*]

Dash. Am I not stark mad yet, not quite an ass!

1 Watch,

1 *Watch.* You may be in good time, in grace a God, fir. Well, what wou'd this city do, if it were not for such necessary tyrants as ourselves to ride the free-born jades, and humble 'em?

2 *Watch.* Pr'ythee hold thy prating, mind our duties, and let's go sleep in the fear of the Lord.

[*Exit all but Dab.* in the stocks.

Enter Trickwell.

Dab. Who's there? So ho! so ho! [*to him Trickwell like a bell-man.*] I shall be mad, lose my wits, and then be hang'd. Who goes there, I say? thou may'st approach without fear, I'm fast by the heels.

Trick. 'Tis Dabhit!

Maids in your night-trails, [*Rings his bell.*
Look to your light tails,
Keep close your locks,
And down your smocks;
Keep a broad eye,
And a close thigh.

Good morrow, my masters all, good morrow.

Dab. A pox of eyes and thighs! Whe, bell-man!

Trickwell comes to him, holds his lanthorn.

Trick. [*Through the nose.*] Good lack, good lack, Mr. Dabhit! whe, what does your worship in the stocks? pray come out, fir.

Dab. Out, fir! whe, I tell thee I am lockt.

Trick. Lockt! Oh men, oh manners! Oh times, oh night! that canst not discern gravity and wisdom, in one, of the common-council too! Whe, what's your worship in for?

Dab. For? a plague on't, suspicion of felony.

Trick. Nay, an't be such a trifle, lord, I cou'd weep to see your good worship in this taking: Your worship has been a good friend to me; and tho' you have forgot me, I have found your worship's doors open, and I have knock'd, and God knows what I have sav'd; and do I live to see your worship stockt?

Dab. Hah! alas honest man, thou know'st me then: Pr'ythee call the watch, and let the constable know who I am, pry'thee do; and here, I have some money about me.

Trick. 'Tis more than I deserve, sir ; let me alone for your delivery.

Dash. Do so, honest bell-man, and then let me alone with that knave Trickwell.

Trick. Maids in your night-rails, &c.

[Crying and ringing.]

Going out, enter Constable and Watch.

Mr. Constable, who's in the stocks ?

Const. One Dashit, for a robbery. Dashit he calls himself : dost know him ?

Trick. Know him !—Well, Mr. Constable, what good have you done the city ! Know him ! a most notorious thief ; his house has been suspected for a bawdy-house many a year ; a harbourer of cut-purses and night-walkers ; he has been a long time in the black-book, and is he taken now ?

1 Watch. How ? By'r lady, my neighbour, we'll not trust the stocks with him ; we'll to Newgate with him to night.

Const. Well mov'd, Simon. Come, sir, come sir, out with him.

Dash. Does your rascalship know me now ? I thought you would know me in the end.

Const. Yes, the end of your worship we know.

Dash. Aye, here's an honest fellow can inform ye.

Const. Yes, we thank him, he has inform'd us you are a pimp and a thief. Bind him fast, and to Newgate with him.

Dash. To Newgate ! why bell-man, rogue, rascal--To Newgate, amongst the profane jesuits too ? oh, oh !

[Exit the Watch with Dashit.]

Trick So, thou art like to thrive in thy knavery : Roguery prospers with thee. To-morrow is the sessions at the Old-bailey ; I'll make him shrink with fear ere I have done. Cou'd I but be reveng'd on this Corina, I shou'd be prosperous indeed ;

Some little devil help me at a pinch at need.

[Exit.]
ACT

A C T V.

S C E N E the first. Corina's house.

Table and lights.

Enter fir Lionel, fir John, Corina, and Wellman, disguis'd.

Corina.

THIS is my lodging, gentlemen; where, if you'll please to wait a little, you shall both see and hear the truth of what I've told you.

Sir Ly. But, madam, did he tell you he had kill'd his friend? Tell you himself? 'tis strange!

Cor. Sir, if you find I wrong him, let me die. He came all breathless, panting to my chamber, his sword all bloody, pray'd me to conceal him, for he had murder'd Wellman.

Sir John. Under favour, madam, what quarrel had they? said he, 'tis a most rare creature, I'm half in love already.

Cor. I innocently was the unhappy cause; they lov'd me, both were rivals in my favour, nor knew I which my heart inclin'd to most; Wellman had wit, youth, gayety, and good humour, lovely, well made, fit to engage a heart; and Friendly too was handsome, very discreet, very amorous, soft in his language, modest in his actions; and tho' their charms were different, yet 'twas hard to say who was the greater conqueror; so I by favouring both, made either jealous.

Sir John. S'bud, wou'd I had shar'd of that without the danger. *[aside.]*

Sir Ly. But Wellman was to have married my daughter Marinda; to-morrow was the day.

Cor. To please his father, sir, he made you think so: he has oft with sighs to me confess'd he could not love Marinda—I hope she will believe, and die in rage, and then I shou'd lie contented in my grave. [*aside.*]

Sir Ly. I pity thee, in troth now; but he was such a villain; that but for his father's sake, I'd let him die un-reveng'd—but sir Jeffery Wellman's my friend, and therefore I'll be dispos'd by you.

Enter Dunwell.

Dun. Madam, here's the villainous man come—as gay as a young bridegroom.

Cor. Pray, sir, retire with these gentlemen into my closet, and you shall hear he will confess the murder, and having witness, you may apprehend him, and do you the while prepare the Watch, and let 'em wait below.

Well. With what a fury is a whore inrag'd! [*Puts sir Lyonel and sir John into the closet, and Wellman and Dunwell go out.*]

Cor. So, now my revenge grows high: cou'd I but hang this Friendly, which I wou'd, because 'twas Wellman's friend, and make Marinda mad,

Oh! with what joy I'd follow—for 'tis I
Must end the last act of the tragedy.

Enter to her Friendly fine.

Friend. Now, my Corina, now my heavenly fair,
I come to take that joy which from thy eyes
I find thou wilt allow my panting heart—
And here, upon my knees, receive my vow.
If ever I prove false to so much beauty,
May I be ever scorn'd by men and heaven!
Oh! the excessive joy that fills my soul
With thoughts of my approaching happiness.
Come, lets draw nearer to our blifs, thy chamber—

Cor. But stay—

[*Draws him near the closet.*]

Friend. Oh! do not kill me with that fatal stay.

Cor.

Cor. You have not told me yet how you kill'd Wellman.

Fri. Oh ! name him not; some fit of love or rage will seize thy soul at naming him, and ruin me. My dear Corina, mistress of my life, name him no more.

Cor. Now, on thy life, by all I hold most dear, now Wellman is no more, the repetition will be wondrous grateful. Pr'ythee, how fell the perjur'd, faithless man ? tell me it o'er again, and I'll resign myself forever to thy arms.

Fri. Tell thee and take thee ! were each word blasphemy, wou'd every syllable betray my life, I'd haste to utter it for that reward : though I can tell no more than what I've done already——That we met at a ball, prepar'd for the contracting of Wellman to Marinda ; where I being out in a dance, or I at least pretending so, I struck him; we drew, but being parted there, I challeng'd him out, and it being late, we fought i'th' street, where I had th' advantage of him, and kill'd him.

Cor. What did you with the body ?

Fri. Dragg'd it into Fleet Ditch, with the next tide to float where fortune pleas'd, and flew, my dear Corina——

Cor. You shall die for't, fond, easy fool.

Enter Sir Lyonel, Sir John, and lay hold of him : Wellman from below with officers.

Sir Ly. Seize the murderer ; oh wicked villain, base and treacherous !

Fri. Base and perfidious woman ! Hold off your hands, and let me ask this devil why she does thus ?

Cor. Ah fool, that cou'dst believe my love so slight to let thee live, that murder'd him I liv'd for.

Fri. Well, ye gods, you have reclaim'd my wildness, and brought me back to man—and now I see the strong deformity of sinful passion.

Sir Ly. Come, come, sir, we came not here to talk ; 'tis morning already, carry him directly to the Old-

Bailey, the sessions is now, and let him be hang'd out of the way.

Fri. You've reason, fir, and I deserve this usage ; but yet unhand me—thus I'd been serv'd had I indeed kill'd Wellman ! but, fir, he lives, lives at his goldsmith's, one Glisten, in Cheapside.

Cor. Heavens, lives ! lives to be married ! Oh—

Sir Ly. We are not to believe that, fir ; to prison with him till he can prove this true.

Fri. No rudeness, fir, I'll go unguarded——Death ! what a vile, poor, degenerate thing a mercenary woman is !

Sir John. How, a mercenary woman ! where the devil have I liv'd, and how pass'd my time, I knew her not before ?—This is her man—I must get acquainted with him—Friend, a word I pray.

Sir Ly. How, fir, this woman set you on ! nay then, mr. Constable, pray lay hold of her, and see her forthcoming.

Cor. With joy, since Wellman lives, and lives to be perjur'd, no matter what becomes of poor lost me.

[Weeping.]

Fri. No, fir, let me instruct you, take my word, I am a gentleman, and known to you, she shall be forthcoming if there be an occasion ; though she be false, she is a woman still, a beauteous, lovely woman—Come, fir, I'll follow you.

[Dunwell leads in Cor.]

Well. I've yet a little pity on my heart, and that forsaken beauty I have ruin'd.

[And looking on.]

Sir John. But, fir, you do not mind me.

Well. Said you, fir ?

Sir John. I ask'd you, fir, who this lady was, to whom I perceive you belong ; whether a man may be welcome for his money ?—you conceive me ?

Well. Sir !

[Angrily.]

Sir John. Nay, fir, I ask your pardon, fir ; no offence I hope ; I'm a knight by birth, fir, and have, fir, some sixteen hundred a year, fir, no contemptible fortune for a gallant.

Well.

Well. A gallant, fir?

Sir John. Whe yes, fir, a gallant, fir; whe, what a devil, I speak no treason, I hope in the lord.

Well. But, fir, you do as bad; this lady is of quality, and has a fortune too, or if she had not, she has beauty sufficient to intitle her to be a wife.

Sir John. Say you so, friend? I must confess I am very much taken with her beauty, but that I have a sort of an engagement upon my person to mrs. Diana now, but I like this better by much, fir; and if she can but clear herself of the business of this murder, and has but any reasonable fortune—and I get myself off this Diana—

Well. Who is she, fir?

Sir John. Sir Lionel Worthy's daughter, fir, a little learing titt as any's in England.

Well. Sir, to serve you, cou'd you help me to the speech of her, I wou'd do much, and have some artful cunning.

Sir John. Help thee! whe I'll carry thee immediately man—but do't so, as she may be very willing to part with me—or else, poor thing, 'twill grieve me to disappoint her.

Well. I'll warrant you for doing that; and clearing this lady, and securing you a portion.

Sir John. Egad, and I'm a man made then—come along, thou shalt have a handsome reward for thy pains too. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE Sir Lionel's House.

Two chairs and a table.

Enter Marinda, Diana, and a Maid.

Mar. But, sister, is't a sin to hang one's self?
Is it a crime to die when life's a torment?
Methinks heaven shou'd forgive it.

Dian. Pr'ythee leave these disputes, ye make me sad,
A humour that I hate; and yet for Friendly,
I've try'd to weep and sigh, and have attain'd to't
With very much ado.

Mar. Oh thou art happy! wou'd I were unconcern'd,
An even brutal temper that no miseries
Could touch, nor mirth could elevate.

Dian. Call you that brutal? give me that solid one;
I hate your thin and unsubstantial soul,
That every jest, or small assault of grief
Breaks through, and makes ridiculous mirth and rage,
For every petty accident: give me a soul,
A humour that's in grain, not one that
Fades like colours in the sun, and changes like
Your cheeks, now pale, now red, and tells the world
The secrets of your heart—and yet I must confess I'm
Griev'd for Friendly; for you know I lov'd him,
Yet not so much to whine or die for him.

Mar. 'Tis true, when I consider he was false, methinks
I should not die.

Dian. Nay, as for that, I think you are mistaken; I
believe him true enough, and that it was some incens'd
mistress, some of his family of love, that envied your
happiness only, and came to put you in despair: and I
believe Wellman is not dead, nor can I think Friendly
could be so base, upon my account, to kill him; he's
virtuous, has some religion in him, and much honesty.
Pr'ythee be pacify'd; come sit, you have not slept to-
night, sit and let's sing to you, and I dare hold you my
diamond pendants to fifty guineas Wellman is alive.
Come, Ample, sing a song.

Enter Wellman and Sir John at the door.

Sir John. Look ye, sir, I have brought you in, now
lay your lies as close together as you please; do you my
business, and no matter how: I must go to the sessions-
house this morning, to give my evidence against Friendly.

[Exit Sir John.

[Ample

[*Ample sings a song.*]

Mar. Away, I'll hear no more ! I cannot sleep ! Alas, there is no musick like my sighs and groans ; leave me, and let me go—to rest, and Wellman—

Dian. Ample, she swoons, help, help—

Well. By your leave, sweet creatures.

Dian. Uncivil, sir, what are you ?

Well. One that brings comfort : hah, the lady dying ! stand off, I have a cordial in my voice—oh, she's gone, curs'd be my trial ! See, 'tis Wellman calls.

Dian. Wellman ! ha, ha, ha ; sister, look up, he's here.

Well. She stirs, give her more air.

Mar. How have I slipp'd off life ! where am I ? hah, in heaven sure, and this is Wellman kneeling ! Art thou an angel there ?

Well. I would not wish it yet ; no, we have an age to come in love e'er we arrive to that.

Mar. You live then ! [*Softly.*] I shall die with joy else.

Well. Call back the blood into thy paled cheeks, thou miracle of women ! I made this trial only to secure my faith, and I believe you love, and I am happy ; by all that's good, I never was unjust ; that woman, that beautiful sinner whom you saw, I've been to blame with, but you must forgive the errors of my youth.

Mar. I do, and her ; and must love whom you've lov'd.

Well. I thank thy goodness, but it shall not need ; hereafter I'll tell thee all my life, but now my time is short, and I must yet remain in this disguise till Friendly's trial's past ; for he shall suffer to the last degree, for leaving thee, Diana, for another.

Dian. And has he been so wicked ?

Well. Yes, but is now reclaim'd, but 'twas but in obedience to your commands ; you'd have him try to lose his maidenhead, and he, forsooth, fell desperately in love ; but I'll return the penitent into your arms again.

Dian. Faith, brother, I do love the fugitive, that's flat: and if my father please, will marry him; but he's for fir John Empty.

Well. But fir John Empty is not for you, his heart's engag'd to this Corina, my quondam mistress; she strikes all dead that look on her, and I'm to get your consent he may leave you.

Dian. Alas, pray tell him tho' 'twill break my very heart; yet what must be, must be, marriages are made in heaven, and so forth.

[Enter Sir John, running.]

Well. Let me alone—but see where he comes breathless.

Sir John. News, news, news, news!

Dian. Mackarel, mackarel, mackarel, fresh come ashore.

Sir John. Whe, how now, mrs. Marinda? whe, you look blyth and brisk upon't.

Dian. Whe, ay, is not that better than low'ring, and pouting, and puling, which is troublesome to the living and vain to the dead? for my own part, let my husband laugh at me when I'm dead, so he smile upon me whilst I live: I love a chearful countenance in all conditions.

Sir John. Ay, but see a woman whine, and yet the devil a tear falls; mourn, and yet keeps her cheeks full.

Dian. Ay, there's the devil.

Sir John. And yet I was heartily afraid, i'faith, that I should a seen a garland on that beauty's hearse; but time, truth, experience, and variety, have great power over woman-kind.

Dian. Well, fir, but to the business, the news you were so big with.

Sir John. Why, 'tis this: the publick sessions, this day holden at the Old-Bailey, has condemn'd poor Frank Friendly.

Well. Hah! whe, fir, he offered to produce mr. Wellman at one mr. Gliften's a goldsmith's.

Sir John.

Sir John. That's all one, when it came to the test Glister deny'd he ever saw or heard of him, and his own confession hangs him without more witness, and with him Dasher the vintner is condemn'd for robbery, and several others.

Well. How! Dasher for robbery? and was it prov'd against him?

Sir John. Only shrewd suspicions; 'tis thought he'll have a pardon: a cloak was stolen, that cloak he had. The justice was in drink that committed him, the judges severe and in haste, the jury hungry, and so the knave was cast; but hang him, he has cheated me with many an unmerciful bill: but lord, to hear his moan, his wishes, his curses, his prayers, and his ill-tim'd zeal, by my troth, they would have made a comedy. But, sir, the lady, the poor lady you serve, and who betray'd Friendly, is sent to Newgate—Well, I'll take my oath 'tis a lovely gentlewoman, 'tis a thousand pities; they say she must be try'd the next sessions.

[*Wellman jogs Diana, and whispers.*

Dian. Let me alone for a neat and seasonable lie—

[*Aside.*

—How, sir, a lady! pray who mean ye?

Well. She that was here, madam, and gave an account how Wellman was kill'd.

Dian. Heav'ns, his sister! mean you Wellman's sister, sir?

[*To Sir John.*

Sir John. How, Wellman's sister!

[*Aside.*

Well. Wellman's sister, madam.

Dian. Can you do less for an abandon'd mistress than tell a handsome lye to get her a good husband? Say 'tis so, or I'll make mischief.

[*Aside.*

Well. The gentleman knows 'tis so: I told him she was of quality.

Dian. A very virtuous maid; heavens, that I had but a brother that wou'd marry her, and take her part in defiance of the world! Nay, sister, we must in honour visit her: poor innocence!

Sir John.

Sir John. Hah, Wellman's sister? Whe, look ye madam, tho' you have not a brother, I wou'd have you to know you have a lover, that will do as much to serve you as any lover in Christendom; and as for marrying her, for your sake, madam, and to do the lady good, I'd venture as far as Hercules, d' ye see, or Alexander the Great, that I wou'd.

Dian. Most heroically spoken! the contents do almost break my heart; yet, sir, to let you see I scorn to be outdone in bravery, I'll—give you leave—to marry her; and I think that's a bold word.

Sir John. Egad and so 'tis.

Mar. Nay, if you are resolv'd, and keep that resolution, 'twill not be hard to bring the lady off, so many friends joining to her party.

Dian. For my part I'll die to serve her.

Sir John. And so will I in blood, now I'm set on't.

Dian. Come then, without delay let's visit her.

Mar. Where, at Newgate sister?

Dian. At Newgate: oh let not that word fright you, because so many have gone to the gallows from thence! martyr'd innocence does often die where thieves and robbers do; a gallows may be sanctify'd, why not a prison? Come, sir John, your hand.

Mar. And, sir, I must beg yours. [To Wellman.

[Exeunt.

SCENE changes to the front of Newgate.

[At the grate two or three prisoners, one a begging; a box hangs out.

[To them Shameck.

[Begg in a low voice, and cries the while.

Pris. Pray remember the poor prisoners, the poor prisoners, pray remember the poor prisoners; ho, ho, ho.

Sham. Dam ye, for a son of a whore, how sneakingly do you beg!—Remember the poor—Ye meeching bitch, is that a voice to dive to the bottom of a usurer's pocket,

Pocket, and fetch out money in despite of his harden'd heart?—Remember the poor? pox of your sniveling; stand by ye dog, and let me come to the grate.

1 *Pris.* Alas, mr. Shamock, methinks we should have little stomach to beg, I hear our reprieves are out of doors, and they talk of a warrant for execution, so that we may be hang'd to-morrow.

Sham. Why, you whining cur, be hang'd to-morrow? whe then we have the more need to beg hard to-day, that we may drink at parting; firrah, beg me heartily, and with a good impudent grace, or I'll beat out your brains with our own fetters.

1 *Pris.* Oh! hold, hold; spare my life, good mr. Shamock.

Sham. So, I see thou bear'st a conscience, and wo't not cheat the gallows of its due.

1 *Pris.* Oh no, sir, I have too much repentance to wish to die so wickedly, as I have liv'd; I would go out of the world like a good christian however. [*Crying.*]

Sham. Was there ever such a chicken-hearted son of a whore? Thou wert ever a lazy rascal; and I remember when we were getting a painful living on the king's highway, wouldst sleep the while, yet wake to share the snack, and to be drunk for joy of the prize: Stand away, and observe me now, with what a laudable voice I'll move compassion.

[*Pulls off his periwig, turns his cravat behind, thrusts out his head, and begs in a canting tone.*]

Christians, pity the poor prisoners of this loathsome and dismal dungeon, and it will be restored unto you in heaven tenfold; drop your bounty into this little box, the only support, relief, and comfort of twenty wretched souls.

[*Enter sir Lyonel.*]

Noble sir, remember the poor prisoners:

[*Enter a Parson. He pulls out a long purse and puts in a two-pence.*]

The lord reward your noble charity, and restore it to you forty and forty fold. [*Pulling up the box*] 'Tis an old

old Oliverian two-pence, a damn'd common-wealth's pair of breeches ; confound the mark, and your good worship's bounty ; was this all the large leathern purse, and your more large conscience could produce ? would I were worthy to have a dive or two at your reverend pockets, I would ease 'em for you with a pox.

Hah ! ladies alighted——

[*Begs again.*

Most beautiful ladies, dispense your noble charity amongst twenty miserable wretches, oppress'd with hunger and cold : merciful and fair——pity the miseries of unfortunate young men ; whose few short hours of life they've left, shall be employ'd in prayers for you our noble benefactors : Oh, remember the poor !

[*They give 'em money.*

Sweet lady, heaven reward your beauty with eternal bloom and numberless adorers.

[*Pulls up the box, they go in.*

Hah, gold ! 'tis gold by Jove.

Nay, now a short life and a merry, we'll have it all in drink, boys, and when the hour comes, die like heroes, sing the psalm merrily, and then — be hang'd till we're sober.

1 *Pris.* Ah, mr. Shamock, 'tis a long nap we shall take e're we wake again !

Sham. No matter, then we shall not be dry next morning.

1 *Pris.* Oh this is sad jesting—Oh, oh, oh !

Sham. Here's a cowardly rogue, now plague on him, he's a shame to the noble function of padding : Sirrah, you shall have no drink, 'tis thrown away upon the rascal.

3 *Pris.* Drink ! rot him, let him lap salt water from his eyes, like a mangy dog as he is.

Sham. Come, come, let's in and drink.

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Mr. Shamock, you must come down to your devotion, here's a parson come ; mr. Ordinary's sick ; come away.

Sham.

Sham. Pox o' your ceremonies, a man cannot be hang'd in peace for your parson, and your paultry praying—but come, hang't since we must obey silly customs, let's down, and then—to drink, my hearts—go, get ye down.

[Sings.

[Exeunt.

SCENE, The inside of the prison.

Enter Friendly in irons, with sir Lyonel ; mr. Dashit in irons, mrs. Dashit weeping by him, Nan and others : Trickwell disguis'd like a parson and exhorting 'em : Cerina and mrs. Dunwel snivelling.

Friend. No, sir, I do not blush, nor are my cheeks grown pale, tho' I'm condemn'd to die a shameful death.

Sir Ly. No kind of death is shameful but the cause.

Friend. Which I well know is none, heaven is my witness, none.

Trick. Ah ! you are happy sir !—happy to quit the world in innocence, for innocence—is a most heavenly thing—for, sir, innocence is all in all ; innocence is—

[Picks both their pockets.

Friend. Very impertinent in your mouth, sir,—you ought to have the manners to believe a dying man has other bus'ness—than to give ear to what you say ; go preach to the rabble, sir, I'm not at leisure.

Trick. Ah !—what is sinful man—speak to him, sir, to think upon his soul, his precious soul ; ah, his too precious soul—

Friend. Perhaps I'm not of your persuasion, sir.

Trick. Hah ! Heaven forbid—I hope you're not a papist, sir.

Friend. f I am, sir, what then ?

Trick. What then ? whe then, sir, guilty or not guilty, you deserve to die, and I'll prove it, and stand to't.

Friend.

Friend. Pr'ythee leave us, we are serious.

Trick. Leave ye ! yes faith, 'tis time ; you are not worth a groat.

Friend. But is there, fir, no hopes of a reprieve ?

Sir Ly. I'll warrant you, fir, I've interest enough for that.

Friend. Upon my honour, fir, Wellman is but mislodg'd, and I've already satisfied you how I came to say what I did of his death to that fair false one—sure some lethargy has seiz'd him, that he appears not, or else he's mad ; it cannot be unkindness, and it would grieve you, fir, to see me die, and after find me innocent.

Sir Ly. By th' mas's, and so it would, fir ; therefore I'll to court about your reprieve immediately ; nor need you doubt my diligence or success ;—but why, thou beauteous hypocrite, didst thou betray him thus ?

[To Corina, who stands sullen by.]

Cor. I will not answer thee : I own my guilt, and am ashamed and angry at my destiny. Were Wellman dead, I could endure the rest, but would not live to see him live another's.

Sir Ly. Well, fir, fare ye well till anon. *[Goes out.]*

Friend. Oh, how I hate what once I so ador'd !
He that's born well, and nobly educated,
Blest with an honest fame, and worthy friend,
And wou'd with desperate over-sight leave all,
And land himself upon this fatal shore,
Let him ne'er kill, or steal, but love a whore.

Enter Wellman, Marinda, sir John, Ample, Shatter, and Diana.

Hah !—what do I see ?

Now everlasting darkness cover me

From that dear injured, killing sight, Diana.

Dian. Nay, do not hide your face, or turn away—
I'm wondrous glad to know where a maid may find ye
when she has need of you ; and tho' these chains are
some-

something easier than those of matrimony, yet, like a malicious woman, I am for proposing a change ; faith, what d'ye think on't? dare ye venture? methinks 'twere no ungrateful leap from the gallows into a fair young lady's arms :—Would you not rather cry, Drive away, carman?

Friend. Oh, do not mock my miseries, Diana !

Dian. By this hand, not I; you may remember, I swore never to marry, till the man I lik'd could give me proofs he was a man ; you bow'd and blush'd, and talk'd of maidenheads, and modestly protested your virginity ; oh, filthy in a man ! a man of sense too ! — but you're improv'd I hear, grown wife of late, and given me proofs you are no blockhead ; and I, to keep my word, am come to challenge you ;—and to put you out of all these hanging apprehensions, know, Wellman's alive.

[Wellman discovers himself, they embrace.]

Sir John. How ! Wellman alive ?

Friend. My dear, unkind, have you dealt well with me ?

Well. I was resolv'd I would be quits with you for getting my mistress from me ; which by the way I beg you would forgive. I have a design to marry her to Empty. *[Aside.]*

Friend. She is a woman, and I scorn to injure her.—And can you, madam, accept this criminal in chains ?

Dian. The sooner for that reason, with my father's leave. I have a good hank upon you when you're insolent, to upbraid ye with the place from whence I had ye.

Mar. He cannot but commend your passion for him.

Friend. I am asham'd to be so much oblig'd.

Mar. Nay, leave the shame to her.

Dian. Shame ! I laugh at it, and would have believ'd it none to have married Friendly under the gallows—therefore take my hand, and bind the bargain.

Friend. Thou art a noble creature, and am I thine for ever.

Well. By heaven, Corina, it was not want of love, my fortune

fortune did depend upon my marriage ; but when I saw the woman destin'd for me, I must confess I felt new flames possess me, without extinguishing the old, and I resolv'd to love her virtuously, and hold an honest friendship still with thee—to raise thee up above the world's contempt, the fickle favours of unconstant man, and love thee as my sister.

Cor. What pow'rful charms dwell in thy tender language ! thou melt'st my rage with every softening look, and lead'st me a tame captive to thy will ;—I am still all thine, dispose me as thou pleasest.

Well. This knight, Corina, then resolve to marry, I'll make thy fortune equal to his quality ; the man is honest, young, and master of himself. He thinks thou art my sister—nor will I ever undeceive him.

Cor. Well—since I must lose you, and am by your commands oblig'd to life, no matter how forlorn and wretched it is—

Dun. By my troth, sir, you have left her like a man of honour.

Well. Sir John, you are my friend, and this my only sister, for whom I know you have a passion ; and since mrs. Diana is dispos'd of, I am resolv'd you shall not be disappointed of a lady. Take her, and trust my friendship for her fortune, 'twill not be inconsiderable.

Sir John. Fortune, sir ! I scorn she should owe her ladiship to any fortune but what my single honour can give—Therefore, madam, 'I am your knight, your champion, your most humble husband and obedient servant, John Empty, bart. But, good brother, let us make haste out of this scandalous place, it puts me so damnably in mind of mortality, it will spoil my wedding-night.

Well. Ay, sir, as soon as Friendly is discharg'd.

[*This while Trickwell is seeming exhorting the prisoners, and picking their pockets, sir John and Wellman looking at Trickwell and the prisoners.*]

Mar. You must give me leave to call you sister too, for I must love and serve all that love Wellman.

Cor. Madam, the generous pattern that you have set me, I shall be proud to follow.

Well. Hah ! sure that wench I know ;—'tis she—Whe how now, Nan, what brought thee hither ?

Nan. 'Fore gad, e'en my kind heart, mr. Wellman, love, villainous love !

Sir John. Hah, love ! Whe what a pox, is that become a hanging matter in our age ?

Nan. If 'twere, your neck's in no great danger.

Sir John. Good lord ! what I warrant you think I was never in love then ? Yes faith have I, and have felt your flames and fires, and inclinations, and wambings, as often as any he that wears a head.

Nan. Then you are the first fool I ever knew inspir'd.

Well. Spare him, Nan, he's my brother : but pr'ythee say how came love to bring thee to this fatal end ?

Nan. Fatal ! 'Tis my glory—and egad my statue and history ought to be added to the gallery of heroic women—Why you have heard ; I suppose, that my husband was condemn'd last sessions, mr. Shamock.

Well. What, the famous padder ? is he thy husband ?

Nan. Yes faith ; he had a reprieve, but now the warrant's sign'd for execution, and he's to be hang'd to-morrow.

Well. Well, what's that to thee ?

Nan. Whe faith we have liv'd lovingly hitherto together, and will e'en die as lovingly ; for I am resolv'd to be hang'd as honestly with him.

Sir John. Honestly hang'd !—how so ?

Nan. Whe, I'll tell you, sir : when the tidings came to me of poor Jack's being apprehended, I soon knew which way the world would go with him ; I ne'er snivel'd and nouted like a feeble woman for the matter, but e'en resolv'd bravely to take a turn at Tyburn with him.

Sir John. Lord have mercy upon us !

Nan.

Nan. In order thereunto, what does I, but hearing of a fellow that had lost a parcel of goods of value, but goes my ways to him, accuses myself for the thief, was sent to Newgate, and to my great joy and satisfaction, was condemn'd with honest Jack efaith. O' my soul, mr. Wellman, I trembled for fear I should have been acquitted, but the honest jury took pity on me, and brought me in guilty. When the devil would any of your wives of quality have show'd this conjugal constancy?

Sir John. Lord deliver me! What a wicked world is this, that people should have the face to confess their villainies? She confesses all now, and some are hang'd and confess nothing.

Well. And wo't thou be so good natur'd to take a turn with him at the gallows?

Nan. With as much joy as e'er I kiss'd him.

Well. Whe, this is the most admirable proof of love I ever heard of.

Sir John. Proof of love! proof of the devil, man, what to be slain at Tyburn for love? whe 'tis most damnable, and as nonsensical as to be hang'd for religion.

Nan. I find by your principles that you'll keep out of harm's way.

Sir John. Nay, o' my conscience, I shall ne'er increase the number of the noble army of martyrs.

Enter Shamock chain'd.

Sham. Nan, where are you? here's the fellow has brought home our coffin.

Nan. Let him bring't in, my dear. You shall see, mr. Wellman, what a device I have found out, never to part with dear Jack: I have bespoke a coffin to hold us both.

Sir John. How! a coffin? Lord have mercy upon's, how great the devil is with this woman? But what care have you taken of your soul all this while?

Nan;

Nan. That's the business of mr. Ordinary; he has so much a year allowed him for managing that affair, and has undertaken mine. Come, bring in the coffin.

Enter fellow with a coffin; they look on't.

Sham. Whe, what a coffin's here? Is this a coffin fit for christians?—D'ye see, and all pitch'd within too, ye dog, we shall stick to't; a pox on ye for a nasty son of a whore.

Sir John. Bless me! sure these reprobates never think of going to heaven. [*To Wellman.*

Nan. Ay, I gave him two broad pieces in hand too, and two more I have in my pocket to give him—

Trick. Which I must be acquainted with. [*Aside.*

Nan. But he shall be damn'd e'er he be so well paid.

Sham. Besides, firrah, you might have had the manners to have lin'd it with a little bays this cold weather, but you have neither conscience nor forecast.

Sir John. Lord! brother Wellman, I believe some priests have been tampering with 'em, they are so wicked.

Well. Ha, ha, ha! a notable observation.

Sham. I'd forgot too, I'll lay my head to a halter, this coffin will not hold us both.

Sir John. Hark ye friend, don't lay with him, for he's o'th' surer side.

Nan. Yes, my dear, as for that I believe we may make shift, 'tis but my laying my arm under thy head, and thou thine over my breast, and we shall lie as snug these cold nights—

Sir John. Whe, the devil's in these people.

Nan. But I have a cursed misfortune befallen me.

Sham. What's that, my dear Betty?

Betty. The whore the laundress, who had all the linen I was to be buried in, like an ungrateful baggage, knowing I was to be hang'd, and she to have no more of my custom, has pawn'd all my lac'd linen too; so
that,

that, dear Jack, I shall come to thy arms, but scurvily equipt to-morrow.

Sham. Let's arrest her--lord, lord, that people shou'd have no conscience nor honesty in 'em : what will this wicked world come to ?

Sir John. Ay ! and to rob the gallows too, unmerciful tyrant.

Trickwell comes up to her.

Trick. Young woman, young woman, this is no time to think of trifles, and gewgaws ; the best dress is that of repentance, let your conscience be clean and neat within, and no matter for lace and tawdrums ; dress up your soul, I say. *[Picks her pocket.]*

Betty. Whe, what a pox have we here ?

Trick. One who has preach'd better doctrine to your ladyship e're now, and one who am appointed to put you in mind of your long home.

Betty. Whe ye fool you, have I been taking such pains to prepare myself for this journey, and need your advice, in the devil's name ? get ye gone, ye canting rascal, here's honest Jack can teach me how to die, worth a legion of your formal gown-men.

Sham. Gad thou'rt a noble lass.

Sir John. In troth and so she is, 'tis pity she shou'd be damn'd.

Trick. goes to Dabbit, Betty to the Joiner.

Betty. Well, sirrah, here's your two pieces more, because I scorn to be worse than my word— *[Feels in her pocket]* hah ! my money's gone—what's the meaning of this ? I had 'em and the two pieces for Jack Catch too in my pocket when I came down.

Sham. Whe what a pox have we thieves amongst ourselves ? this is fine doings i' faith.

Betty. Hang't let it go, they are some poor devils that wanted it : go out and wait till I go up, and I'll pay you.

[Exit Joiner.]

Sir

Sir John. Or let him call again to-morrow in the evening.----

[Trick-well talking this while to Dasht, he making grimaces of wo, and crying and wringing his hands, mrs. Dasht crying by him.]

Mrs. Dasht. Well husband, this is a very comfortable man.

Dasht. He is so. But, good mr. parson, leave my soul a little while to itself. I pray, and let us have a little of your counsel concerning my body. I owe mr. Glitten the goldsmith 40l. and suppose, mr. parson, when I am going to execution, he should set a serjeant on my back----'twas for a bowl--

[Bursts out into loud crying.]

Trick. Ah! trouble not thyself, my christian brother, with transitory matters, but have an eye--- an eye, I say to the main chance--- *[Picking his pocket.]* I'll warrant your shoulders; but as for your neck----Plinius Secundus, or Marcus Tullius Cicero, or some body says, that a three-fold cord is hardly broken.

Dasht. A very learned man this---Well, I am not the first honest man that has been hang'd, and I hope shall not be the last. *[crying still.]*

Trick. True, sir, therefore have a righteous stomach: for you perhaps may sup in heaven to morrow.

Dasht. Alas, sir! I have no stomach to it at all, sir--- please you to take my trencher, I never eat at night.

Mrs. Dasht. Ah, husband, I little thought you should have had need to have thought of heaven so soon: oh! ---had you been hang'd deservedly, 'twou'd ne'er have troubled me: for there's many an innocent man has been hang'd deservedly,---but to be cast away for nothing-- oh,---oh--- *[bawls.]*

Trick. Comfort yourself, good mistress, moderate grief is decent; you'll shortly be a widow, and I'm a bachelor, I'll come and visit ye, and give you christian consolation.

Mrs. Dasht. Ah, sir! you shall be heartily welcome, and pray make haste.--oh--oh-- *[crying still.]*

Dasb. Well, I do here make my confession before all good christian people, and do declare—that if I owe any man any thing, I do heartily forgive him.

Sir John. In truth, religiously spoken. Whe, this is something.

Dasb. But-- but, if any man owes me any thing, let him pay my wife.

Sir John. A good reason too, i' faith.

Dasb. There-- are -- the writings of that rogue's estate who has brought me to this untimely end--dear writings to me, God knows.

Mrs. Dasb. Where had you these ?

Dasb. I took 'em out yesterday, thinking to have carried 'em to my lawyer's, in order to taking the forfeiture of 'em : now thou may'st do't.

Mrs. Dasb. Ay, ay, husband, I'll warrant ye I shall be diligent.

Dasb. And now, good yoke-fellow, take leave of thy honest and true *Dasbit*. [weeping.]

Mrs. Dasb. No, husband, an't please the lord I'll not leave you now,—I'll see you hang'd first— [crys.]

Trick. Hah, my writings ! now for a trick of dexterity to retrieve those, and I'm a man again--- [aside.] But, brother, you must remember your sins too, and iniquities ; you must consider you have been a broacher of profane vessels, you have made us drunk with the juice of the whore of Babylon : for whereas good ale, perry, cyder, and metheglin, were the true ancient British and Trojan drinks ; you have brought in popery, meer popery---French and Spanish wines, to the subversion, staggering, and overthrowing of many a good protestant Christian---oh ! remember the sins of the cellar, be'oved, the midnight sins that have been unfavoury to the tastes of your customers, when you put the change upon 'em : remember your double scorings and long bills, ah remember your long bills

[*This while he picks Mrs. Dasbit's pocket of the writings.*]

Well. This is that rogue Trickwell. [aside.]

Dasb. Ah ! I confess, and forgive. [crys.]

Has

---Has any heard of one Trickwell ?

Trick. Trickwell ! yes, I know him well, a very honest religious man, and an unright dealer with his neighbours, and their wives speak well of him.

Dash. I'll take it upon my death he's the cause of my hanging, but I heartily forgive him ; and if he wou'd but yet come forth and save me, I wou'd set him free from the law, and discharge him for injuring me.

Well. And wou'd you from the bottom of your soul forgive him all his cheats and rogueries ?

Dash. I wou'd, and be bound in a thousand pound bond to save him from the law : ah ! but 'tis impossible.---
[crys.]

Well. Why, look ye, fir,---behold your worshipful friend and humble servant, Thomas Trickwell.

Trick. Hah ! discover'd by Mr. Wellman.

Dash. Trickwell !

Well. Now bawling mr. Dashit.

Dash. Who wou'd have look't for a wolf in sheep's cloathing or a knave in a parson's gown ?

Trick. No railing, Dashit, if you do, I'll swear against you yet.

Dash. Ay do, and damn your soul.

Trick. What, with a little perjury ? the lord have mercy on our age then : No, no, fir, I'll retrieve you from the gallows, but as for your goods and monies it must go towards the use of my two hundred pound a year, which you have kept me from this two years, and of which now, thanks to my dexterity, I stand again posselt.
[Shows the writings.]

Dash. How ! my writings gone ?

Trick. Thank God you're so rid of them, for I had been an eternal rent charge upon you else, if I had not hang'd you : you know you had 'em for a little damn'd balderdash wine---

Dash. Well, I'd better lose my writings than my life.

Well. Hold, Trickwell---yonder woman I have been

Oblig'd to, and you have had relief from---no writings
nor pardon under marrying mrs. Mary here.

[*Pointing to Dunwel.*

Trick. Lord, fir, what a bawd?

Well. The better, firrah, she has a good calling then,
when all fails.

Dun. God's blessing of your heart, fir.

Well. No grumbling, do't, or I'll deliver---remember
firrah how you used my mistress last night, and had the
impudence to rival me---

[*aside to him.*

Trick. Well, fir, of two evils I'll chuse this---give me
thy hand, Moll, thou'st been a loving soul, I must con-
fess.

Dash. So, there's some revenge, I cou'd even cry for
joy now.

Mrs. Dash. And so cou'd I too, if I knew for what.

[*Enter fir Lyonel.*

Sir Ly. Here, where's mr. Friendly---here's your re-
prieve, fir--- Hah! Marinda and Diana!

Dia. Yet with their husbands, fir.

Sir Ly. How, how?---hah! mr. Wellman alive? and
with mr. Friendly?---

God bless ye, god bless ye all, I'm glad on't.

Sir John. Ay, fir, and I am married to this lady.

Sir Ly. I'm glad of that too.

[*Enter keeper with a reprieve.*

Here, mrs. Betty, where are you? Here's a reprieve
come for you:

Betty. Hah! a reprieve! What devil ow'd me this
malicious spight? a reprieve!---damn thee, thou ill, thou
ominous looking dog, ever the messenger of hellish tid-
ings: Oh! I cou'd tear thy hated tongue out---rogue--

[*beats him.*

Sham. Nay, dear, better be patient, and if we must
part---

Betty. Art thou turn'd cruel too, and preachest pa-
tience?

Patience with life!--- no, I defy my fate---

Scorning

Scorning to live without thee, thou shalt see
I'll find a thousand ways to die with thee.---

[Led weeping with Sham. out.]

Sir Ly. By the mass a hearty wench, I'll warrant
her. But come so let's away, good boys, let's home and
dance. But first give money to these poor wretches.

[Throws his long purse amongst 'em.]

From this dire place many to death have gone,
But to be married very rarely one.

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